CORONET

JUNE 35c

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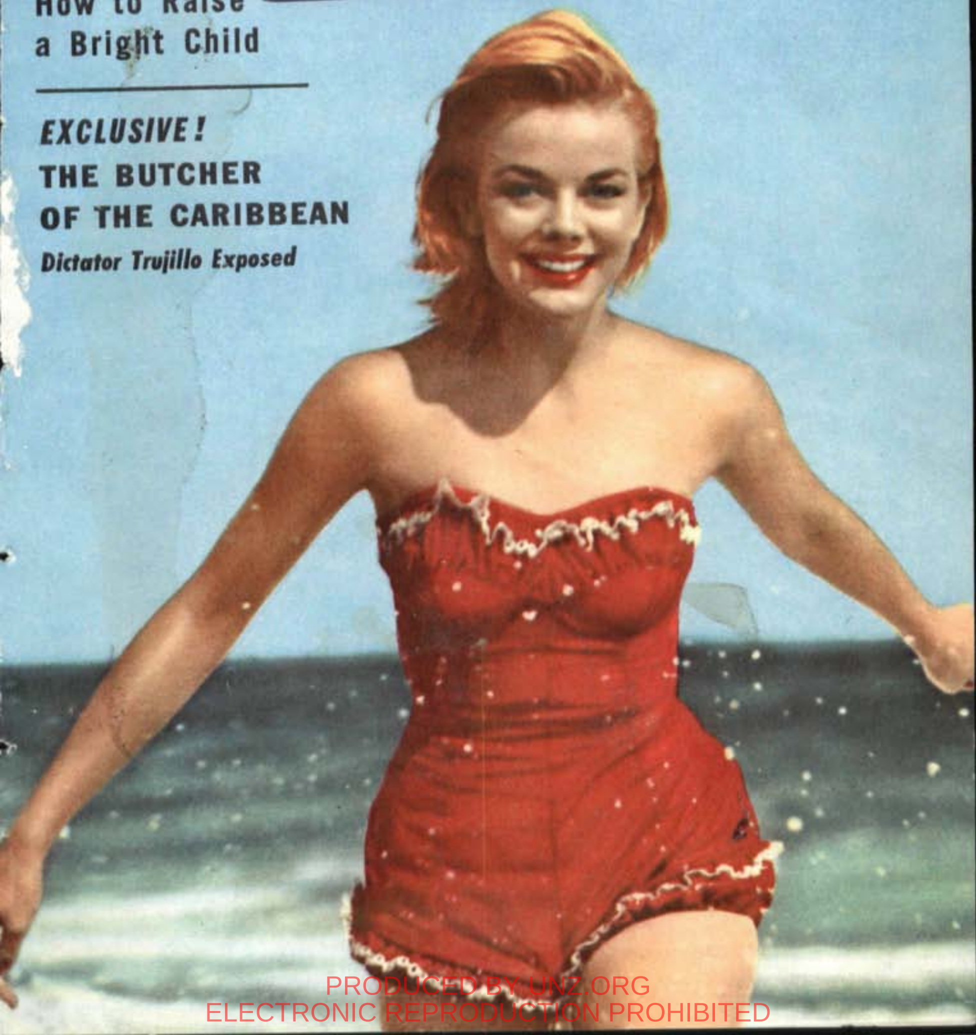
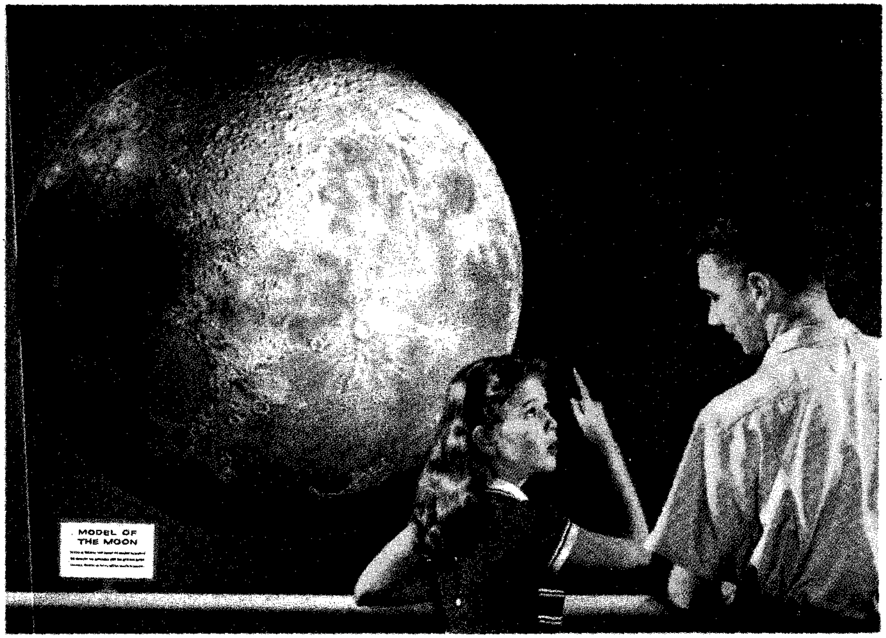
How to Raise a Bright Child

EXCLUSIVE!

THE BUTCHER OF THE CARIBBEAN

Dictator Trujillo Exposed





Moon exhibit courtesy of the Adler Planetarium, Chicago

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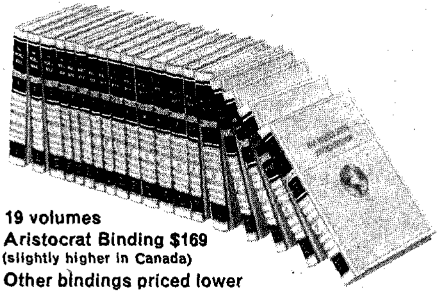

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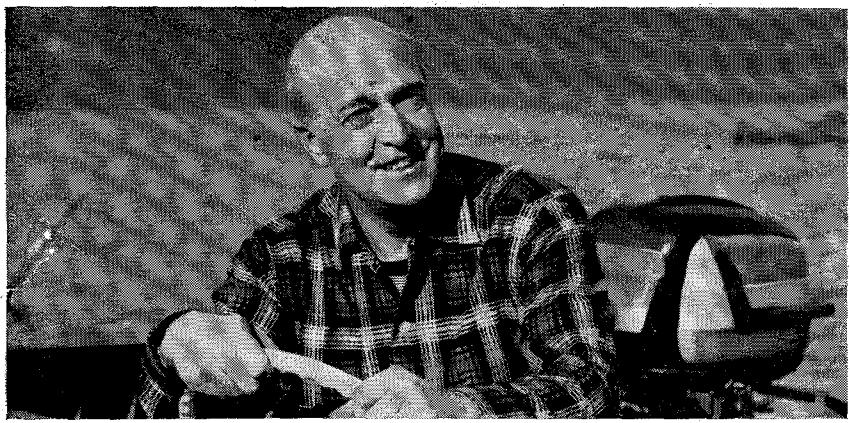

How I retired in 15 years with $300 a month

"Here's one Yankee who's fallen in love with the South! When I retired, I moved to the Florida West Coast. I go fishing in the inlets. It's a tropical paradise, yet it's near enough to drive into Tampa often. I'm beginning a new life—all because of the check for $300 I get each month.

'My retiring came out of a business trip to Tampa in 1942. I was dining at a restaurant and happened to notice Don Nelson, a friend of mine from New York. I went over to wish him a wonderful vacation.

" 'Vacation? Why, didn't you know we moved down here when I retired?'

"I was amazed. 'But you're too young to be retired!'

" 'Nonsense!' he smiled. 'It's what I'd been planning for fifteen years.'

"Don invited me out to his home the next day. 'I sure envy you.' I said, 'I know I never could save enough money.' Then Don explained that he never could have retired on what investments or savings he had. But he had a good salary and he had found a way to make part of his salary buy a retirement income. It was called the Phoenix Mutual Retirement Income Plan.

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"I felt more and more pleased and secure as those fifteen years went by. I decided on the West Coast of Florida because I had old friends in that area. And as soon as my first check for $300 arrived, I was off. Now that I'm settled, the real fun's just beginning."

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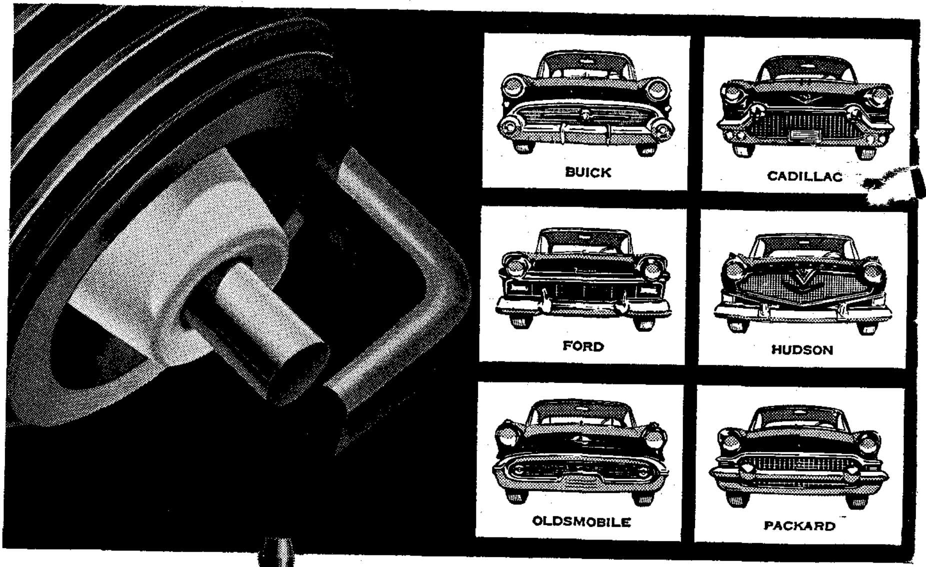
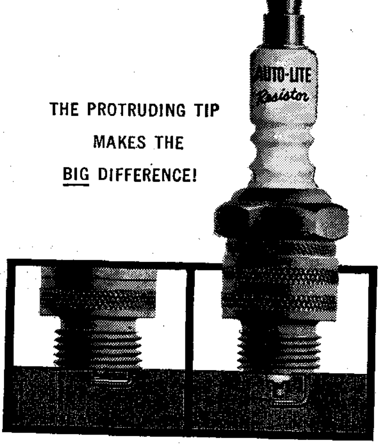
Some spark plugs are designed for low speeds, some spark plugs are designed for high speeds, but . . .

POWER TIP "FIRES UP" YOUR





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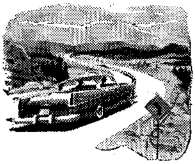

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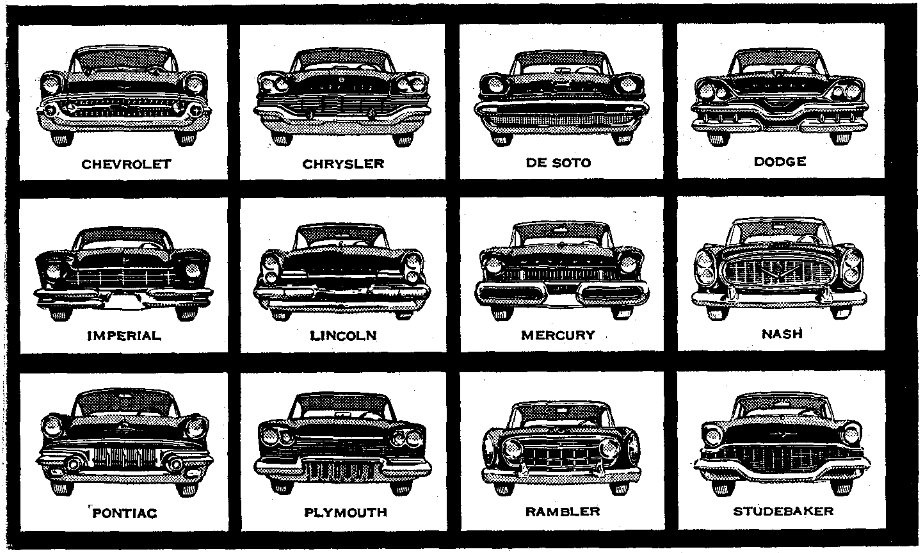

ignition-engineered for today's engines* and today's driving

Today's higher-horsepower engines and today's driving demand *more* from spark plugs and Power Tip gives more! Performance tests on all of America's 18 makes of passenger cars prove that Power Tip "fires up" today's engines for top performance and economy at *all speeds!* Here's why . . .

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6 fl. oz. makes 1 quart

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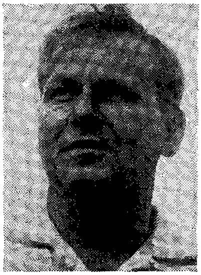
Dear Reader:

Once you have read the startling exposé of the bloody Trujillo dictatorship in the Dominican Republic (page 50), we think you'll agree it is a story that had to be told—and that we couldn't have found two better men to tell it than Congressman Charles O. Porter of Oregon and writer Geoffrey Bocca. Both are men of courage and vigor.

When his fellow Oregonian Gerald Murphy, 23, a flier, was reported "killed in a fight" in the Dominican Republic, Porter braved severe criticism to stand alone on the floor of the House and demand that the U.S. press the Trujillo government for the truth. Thanks mainly to Porter, the Trujillo explanation was exposed as a fake. Now Porter has to carry a gun to protect himself from possible vengeance. But, as his article in this issue proves, he is intensifying his efforts to focus attention on the long and savage Trujillo saga.

Tyranny is no stranger to writer Bocca. At the age of 20, as Britain's youngest correspondent, he covered World War II in Europe and was captured by the Nazis. He later staged a spectacular escape and has been doubly allergic to dictatorships ever since. By the time you read this, Bocca will be off on a round-the-world assignment with his family, maintaining the same furious pace he set on the Trujillo exposé. On this story, within one span of 48 hours, he worked all day researching in New York and interviewed Congressman Porter far into the night. Arising at 6 A.M., he continued the interview on the train to Washington, worked all day in the nation's capital, returned to New York and flew to the Dominican Republic that night. The results of his joint labors with Congressman Porter add up to a shocking indictment of the "Butcher of the Caribbean."

Porter: He's a new hand at carrying a gun.


Bocca: He's an old hand at harrying dictators.

The Editors

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Special Feature

The Butcher of the Caribbean..REP. CHARLES O. PORTER
AS TOLD TO GEOFFREY BOCCA 50

Cover

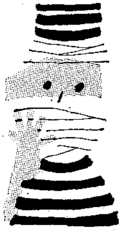
Photograph ....ORMOND GIGLI

YOU

Mom's old-fashioned daughter; which mate wears the pants; and remaking prisoners

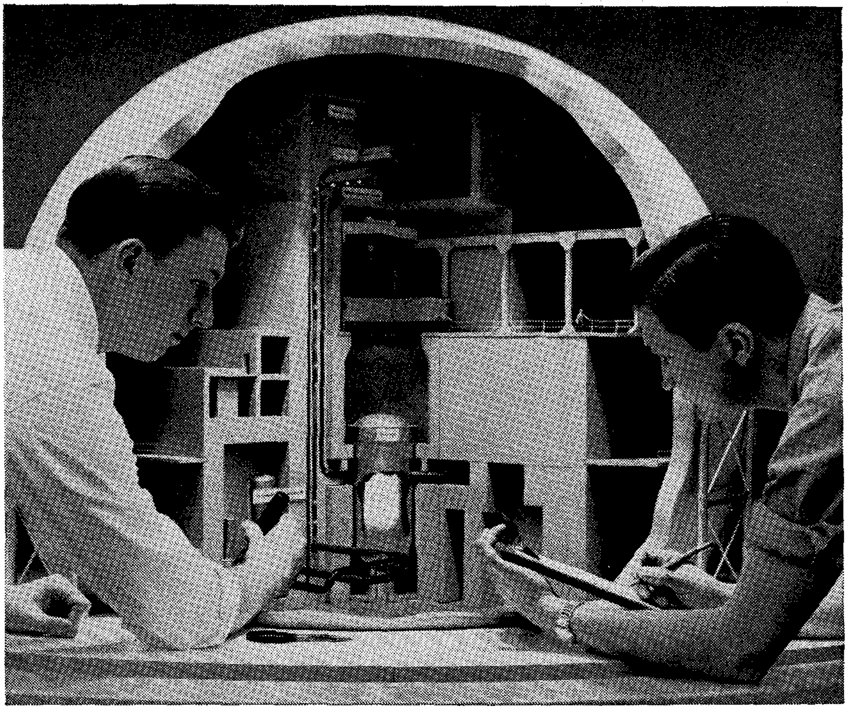
MOM AND POP, RELAX! Every older generation invariably thinks the up-and-coming one is largely composed of the devil's disciples, which is nonsense, of course. A study of 2,000 teen-age girls by the University of Michigan's Institute for Social Research discloses that today's young ladies are as idealistic, practical, romantic and down-to-earth as their mothers before them. Only two in 100 have any gaudy notions about becoming movie or TV stars. And only a similar few have aspirations of running their own businesses. The majority anticipate jobs requiring the time-tested feminine traits of helpfulness and service to others. As for the modern-day practice of "going steady," less than one-fifth of the girls are in favor of the idea. But, like Mom, they hope to catch a man who is intelligent, independent and responsible.

MEN, STEP ASIDE: After a man reaches his fifties, there's more than a fifty-fifty chance that he will be dominated by his wife (if he isn't already), reports University of Chicago sociologist Bernice L. Neugarten, following a study comparing the reactions of married couples who are in the 40-55 and 55-70 age groups. The younger couples agreed that the man in the family had the upper hand. The older couples conceded that the wife was boss.



ABOUT FACE: Plastic surgeon Dr. John F. Pick has altered the ugly faces of over a thousand inmates at an Illinois state penitentiary. He has taken a good look at what makes a criminal—and feels that the taunts and jeers endured by those with physically distorted features had a violent psychological impact on their early lives. In fact, Dr. Pick says, these emotional scars were often responsible for the distorted social views that ultimately

(Continued on page 10)



Meet the men of atomic-electric power

These are two of the new "atomic men" in the business of producing electricity. In the photograph, they are studying a small-scale model of an atomic reactor designed for an atomic-electric power plant.

They, and hundreds of other electric company men, are learning how to harness the power of atomic energy to the job of producing electricity. With scientists and engineers of the Atomic Energy Commission, equipment makers and builders, they are helping develop the new tools, new machinery and new kinds of buildings needed for atomic-powered electric plants.

The nation's appetite for electric power is growing rapidly, and atomic energy promises a vast new source of fuel to make more electricity. That's why independent electric companies are studying, testing and comparing methods and equipment to find the best ways to put the atom to work for America.

America's Independent Electric Light and Power Companies*

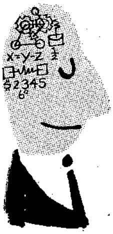
*Company names on request through this magazine

YOU

Love and disease; man's unmatchable brain

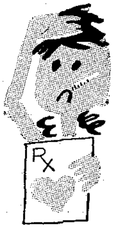
(Continued from page 8)

led to lawbreaking. He finds that removal of the defects through plastic surgery allows the prisoners to face themselves, and eventually society, with more confidence.



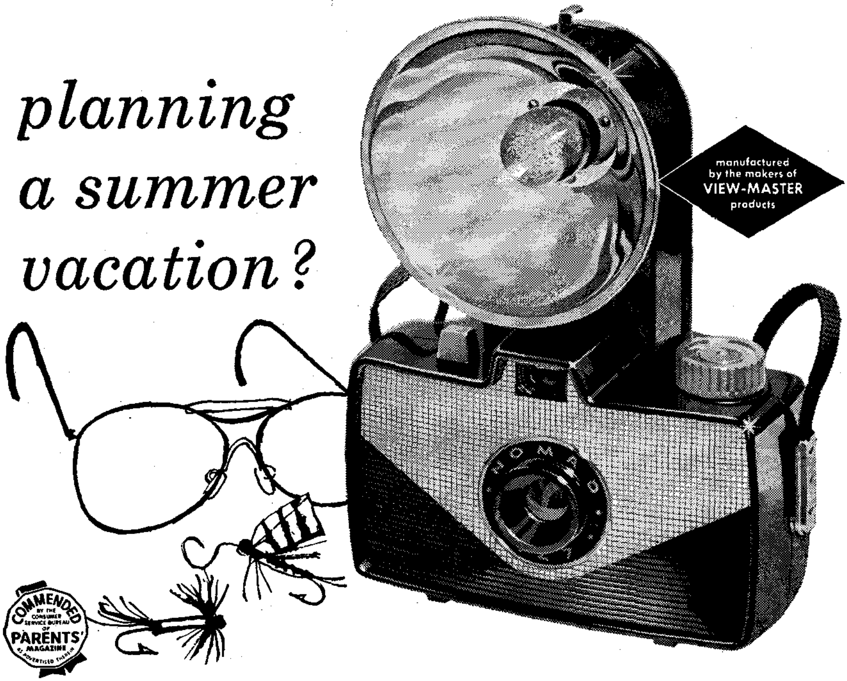
TREASURE YOUR HEAD: Never underestimate the value of your brainstorms. For, according to British neurophysicist Dr. W. Grey Walter, over three billion billion dollars would be needed if science were to build an electronic computer that could match the human brain. Such a supercontraption, requiring a billion power watts, would be capable of an astronomical number of behavior patterns. But Dr. Walter doubts that even then it could outthink man, in spite of man's efforts to prove otherwise.

PAY THE PENALTY: As a "modern" parent you run the risk of making your child neurotic, says Dr. Melitta Schmideberg. Here's how: when you ask Mary to do something, telling her she doesn't have to if she doesn't want to, she may actually want to refuse. But because you've been so "good" about it, she feels guilty and acquiesces. Or, if she does refuse, she's likely to try to make up for her disobedience later, still feeling guilty. In the old days, Dr. Schmideberg points out, when parents made demands on pain of punishment, the child could feel justified in refusing, and express anger openly. This kind of response, it seems, tends to lessen feelings of guilt.



SICK AT HEART: Love and disease have something in common besides contagion, Scottish physician David Morris Kissen reminds us. He's revived a 19th-century notion that when you suffer from a broken heart you are more susceptible to tuberculosis. Two-thirds of the tuberculosis victims Dr. Kissen examined reported a break or serious threat of a break in a love relationship. According to his diagnosis, a death in the immediate family, a severed engagement or other such heartaches were directly connected with the onset of the patient's illness.

planning a summer vacation?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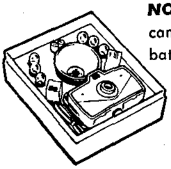

NOMAD CAMERA-PAK holds camera, film, flash, bulbs, batteries.

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AN UNUSUAL ADVERTISEMENT ABOUT REDUCING

New Way to Reduce

BY LOIS CRISTY

Women who are reducing can now speed up their results an unusual new way.

This method removes excess fat with an unusual new kind of diet. This new diet permits eating of almost all the usual foods. Dangerous drugs are not used.

Tiny Device "Speeds Up" Reducing

Reducing results are greatly increased by combining this new diet with a small device that tightens muscles. This tightening, during weight loss, gives phenomenal results.

The small machine causes "beautifying, reducing exercises" without making the user tired. No effort is required; she simply places small circular pads or "Beauty Belts" over bulges of her hips, waist, abdomen and other parts of her body, turns a dial . . . and she's exercising away excess inches while she rests . . . *at home.*

The tightening effect of this effortless exercise also helps eliminate the loose sagginess often caused when weight is lost.

A "Facial" attachment gives tightening, lifting exercise to the muscles under the eyes and chin; a special "Back Pad" exercises the shoulder and back muscles that aid proper erect posture. "Beauty Pads" are also used for tightening, firming and lifting exercise of the *muscles* of the chest and beneath bust.

The small exerciser looks very much like a miniature make-up case; measures 11″ x 9″ x 6″ and weighs less than 9 pounds. This new method requires only 30 minutes daily use of the machine . . . even less after the first month . . . and it is used while the user rests, reads or watches T.V.; she may even sleep. The machine reduces inches, not pounds; the new diet removes the weight.

The device is completely safe and because of the lack of effort the user gets the full benefits of active exercise—without any feeling of tiredness. Yet, the results are as beneficial for reducing as the usually prescribed "reducing exercises".

Used at Home

The tiny device is sold for home use. This relieves the user from the cost and time usually spent in salons. Demonstrations are given, at no cost, in the company's salons or, by appointment, in the home by expertly trained women representatives.

Clinically Tested by Physicians

Physicians in New York City, Los Angeles and Philadelphia conducted "test cases" on hundreds of women. Their reports indicate the complete safety of the product and the remarkably fast results.

Users' reports are enthusiastic. Mrs. Evelyn Brantweiner of Allentown, Pennsylvania, recently wrote the manufacturers: "I've lost 4 inches from my waist, 3 inches from hips and 2 inches from thighs in three months." A Mrs. Caglia of San Jose, California, wrote: "After about 3 weeks I took my hips down from 46″ to 37½″, waistline from 33″ to 26″." She says that she did not use the diet. Mrs. Marie Rizzi of the same city reports a loss of 5 inches from her hips. Mary A. Moriarty, of New Bedford, in one month lost 3 inches around her waist and hips; her dress size went from 20½ to 18. Perhaps the most unusual results were enjoyed by Martha Adams and her sister-in-law, Maxine Frankland of Chicago. Each used the machine for a total of 3 hours. One reports 4″ off abdomen and 3″ off hips; the other 2½″ from abdomen and 3″ from hips. The makers of the little machine are quick to add that such results are not to be expected by everyone. Mrs. E. D. Serdahl (a "test case") used the machine for from 4 to 8 hours a day for 9 consecutive days. These 48 hours resulted in the following reductions: Waist 2″; Hips 3″; Upper Abdomen 1″; Upper Thigh 2″; Knee 1½″, Calf 1″. She says: "I felt no muscular or physical fatigue . . . In fact, the after-effects were all good."

National Magazines Praise

"Vogue" magazine wrote: "Wonderful new machine . . . whittles away excess inches while you relax." "Glamour" said "Safe, passive exerciser. It removes inches." "Mademoiselle" published 2 full pages about it. Other magazines giving it favorable mention were: Harper's Bazaar, Charm and Esquire.

Has Many Uses

The device not only aids in the new "speed-up" reducing method; it also has uses for the entire family. Husbands will, of course, use it to trim down their middle—and use to exercise back muscles that become weary and aching after a "day at the office." Son, if he's in high school, will use it to exercise his sore baseball throwing arm. Big sister will find it helpful in exercising her chest muscles. Even grandmother and that venerable oldtimer, grandfather, will use it to exercise back, leg and feet muscles.

I suggest that if you are really serious about having a more attractive figure that you either write or TELEPHONE Relax-A-cizor, Dept. CT-15: NEW YORK, MUrray Hill 8-4690, Suite 900, 665 Fifth Ave.; CHICAGO, STate 2-5680, Suite 800 Stevens Bldg., 17 North State St.; DETROIT, WOodward 3-3311, 910 Michigan Bldg.; LOS ANGELES, OLeander 5-8000, 980 N. La Cienega; BOSTON, KEnmore 6-3030, 420 Boylston; PHILADELPHIA, LOcust 4-2566, Suite 1201, 1930 Chestnut St.; CLEVELAND, PRospect 1-2292, 1010 Euclid Ave.; SAN FRANCISCO, SUtter 1-2682, 420 Sutter St.

(ADVERTISEMENT)

The Rock Known as Hudson

IN HOLLYWOOD, agent Henry Willson is credited with "discovering" and then renaming young actors with catchy monickers that squeeze easily onto small movie marquees—Lana Turner, Rhonda Fleming, Tab Hunter. Rock Hudson is his latest concrete example.

Hudson was born Roy Scherer, Jr., in Winnetka, Illinois, November 17, 1925. His Swiss-Irish parents were subsequently divorced and his mother married a man who adopted the boy as Roy Fitzgerald.

At a Saturday night movie, Roy — a swimming enthusiast — watched hero Jon Hall blithely dive off a cliff, and determined to become an actor. After serving in the Navy in World War II, Roy went to Hollywood in 1946, worked at odd jobs and mailed photographs to 100 movie agents. Only one answered: Willson, who saw possibilities in the husky 6'4", 200-pound youth, and signed him.

Willson dubbed him Hudson ("short, not too common"). Then they wrangled about first names for two weeks. One day, in desperation, Willson shouted, "Rock!" and the weary novice gave in.

"But it took three years before I learned to answer promptly when people asked, 'What's your name?'" says Hudson.

Bit roles led to a Universal-International contract in 1949. Cast as Prince Charming in a succession of gushy, sentimental films, he inspired a flood of fan mail.

Hudson's big break came when director George Stevens borrowed him for *Giant*. Then MGM paid U-I $200,000 for his services in *Something of Value* (*above*), based on Robert Ruark's best-seller about the African Mau-Mau.

With a limited reserve of small talk, Rock Hudson seems self-conscious in his new role as King of Romance. Perhaps because of his broken childhood home and conflicting loyalties, he is a withdrawn personality. Now married to Phyllis Gates—Willson's secretary—The Rock admits, "I've led a pretty dull life. Nothing really dramatic ever happened to me."

Also Recommended:

GUN FIGHT AT THE O.K. CORRAL, a slick western, action-sparked by Burt Lancaster and Kirk Douglas.

12 ANGRY MEN, a court drama told with detective-story suspense. The acting is superb.—MARK NICHOLS

Why Millions Call Him "HOLY FATHER"

Catholic loyalty to the Pope is the cause of never-ending amazement to many non-Catholics.

They wonder how an exclusively spiritual leader can command the devotion of nearly four hundred millions of people. They can not explain why this vast religious family...representing every race, color, language and political belief on the face of the earth...lives and grows through the ages, while man-made empires have their day of glory and then disappear.

What is there about this one man that causes people to speak of him in a hundred tongues as "Holy Father"?

We find the answer, of course, not necessarily in the holiness of the man himself, but in his Christ-given office. The answer is found by tracing the history of the Catholic Church . . . the history of 262 successive Popes . . . back through nearly 2,000 years to Jesus Christ Himself.

We know as a matter of historical fact that Christ did establish His Church . . . that He commissioned the Apostle Peter as its first head . . . that He sent His Apostles forth to teach men to observe all things He had commanded.

We know from the New Testament that the Church was actually organized . . . that it was governed by the Apostles under the leadership of Peter . . . that it was teaching Christ's truth far and wide, long before the last book of the New Testament was written and the books of the Bible were collected into one volume.

Christ's purpose in organizing a Church was to make certain that the good news of Redemption would be preached to all men . . . even to the end of the world. To accomplish this with fallible men required that He establish a Church—divinely protected from error in transmitting His teaching through the centuries.

The Catholic Church traces its unbroken history back to the Apostles—back to Christ. And Catholics today call Pope Pius XII "Holy Father" because he is the lawful and historical successor to Peter, the first Pope. He is in our time . . . as Peter was in the first century . . . the Vicar of Christ on earth.

Would you like to know more about the Pope . . . why the promises made by Christ to Peter and his successors make the Pope the most important man in the world? Then write today for a pamphlet which we shall send you free, in a plain wrapper. And nobody will call on you. Ask for Pamphlet No. AC-4.

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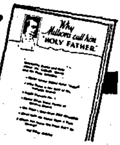

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The Tales Behind the Titles

FOR MANY YEARS, Franz Joseph Haydn was employed by the Hungarian Esterhazy family. He conducted the Esterhazy's orchestra, which often performed on the noble family's remote country estate. Though Prince Esterhazy was generous, the musicians disliked being away from their homes in Vienna for long. But how to impress this on their patron? Haydn finally hit on a subtle device—and wrote it into one of his new symphonies. And one evening in 1772 it was carried out. As the symphony went into its final movements, the musicians stopped playing, one by one, blew out the candles on their music stands and tiptoed from the stage—until none were left.

Esterhazy understood. And the symphony, ever since, has been called the "Farewell" Symphony.

The same composer, it is told, once had great difficulties while shaving. "I'd give a fine quartet for a good razor," he exclaimed in exasperation. His publisher heard about it, bought his client a new razor—and Haydn delivered the "Razor Quartet" in F Minor.

BEETHOVEN'S Third Symphony was inspired by the composer's admiration for Napoleon, whom he at first regarded as the liberator of oppressed peoples. But when he learned that Bonaparte had pronounced himself Emperor, he tore up the dedication. Then, passionate advocate of freedom that he was, he inscribed a new title and dedication: "Sinfonia Eroica," Heroic Symphony To Celebrate the *Memory* of a Great Man.

Beethoven's Sonata Quasi Una Fantasia (the fantasia-like sonata) in C Sharp Minor is commonly called the "Moonlight" Sonata. Legend has it that one moonlit night Beethoven was standing before the house of his beloved Countess Guicciardi, watching a festive party inside. He was asked in, consented to play the piano and improvised the "Moonlight" Sonata. Actually, Beethoven did not give the work this name. A critic wrote that the piece reminded him of "moonlight over Lake Lucerne," and the title stuck.

Beethoven composed his Piano Sonata No. 26 in E Flat, called "Les Adieux" or "Farewell," in 1809 while Vienna was besieged and then occupied by the French. Most of Beethoven's friends and students, among them the Austrian Archduke Rudolph, had left the city. Beethoven hid in a cellar,

(*Continued on page 18*)

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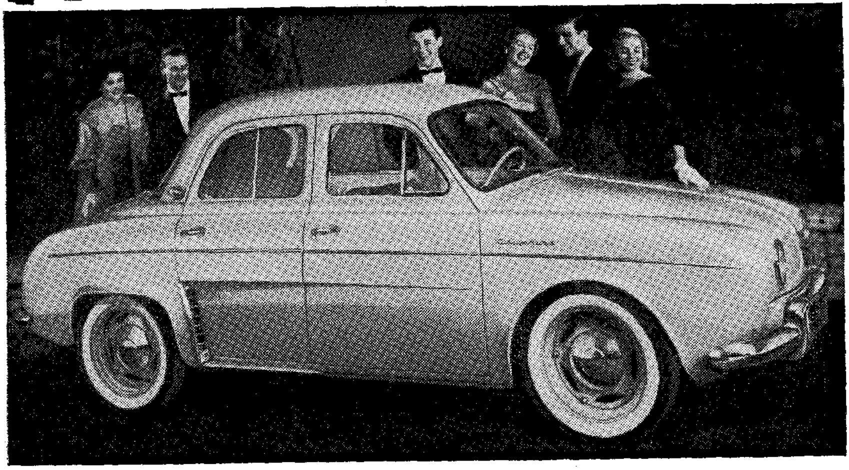

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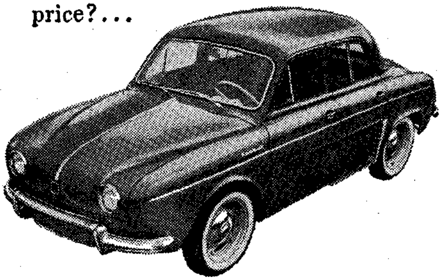

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where his brother shielded the composer's troubled ears with pillows against the booming of the cannon. After the city fell, Beethoven wrote the sonata as a "farewell" for Rudolf, using the first notes to express the German equivalent of that word in music.

When Robert Schumann, in love with Clara Wieck, asked Clara's father for permission to marry the famous young artist, he was rejected and the girl sent out of town. Crushed and unable to understand such treatment, Schumann wrote the little piece of piano music known to this day as "Why?"

The story is that George Sand's dog was running around in circles one day, chasing his tail, when Chopin, who was watching, was challenged to set the scene to music. Whereupon he wrote his famous Waltz in D Flat, Opus 64 No. 1, called the "Dog Waltz." Another well-known name for it is "Minute Waltz" because this is supposedly the time required to play it. But playing it right takes about a minute and a half.

An animal, too, is said to have inspired Opus 34 No. 3, the "Cat Waltz." But does it really matter whether the astounding passage in the fourth part of this waltz portrays the "music" that the cat supposedly produced when it jumped along the keyboard of Chopin's piano?

Coronet's Choice From Recent Recordings

Beethoven, "Harp" Quartet No. 10 in E flat: Quartetto Italiano; Angel 35367
Chopin Recital: Philippe Entremont; Epic LC 3316
Copland, Appalachian Spring; Billy The Kid: Ormandy, Philadelphia Orchestra; Columbia ML 5157
Dvorak, Slavonic Dances: Rossi, Vienna State; Vanguard VRS 495
Franck, Symphony in D Minor: Lehmann, Bamberg Symphony; Decca DL 9887
Handel, Solomon: Beecham; Angel 3546 B
Haydn, Symphonies No. 100 in G, "Military"; No. 101 in D, "Clock"; Wöldike, Vienna State; Vanguard VRS 492
Liszt, Piano Concertos No. 1 in E flat Major; No. 2 in A Major: Foldes, Ludwig, Berlin Philharmonic; Decca DL 9888
Mendelssohn, Songs Without Words (complete): Dorfmann; RCA Victor LM-6128
Rimsky-Korsakov, Scheherazade, Op. 35: Van Beinum, Concertgebouw; Epic LC 3300
Saint-Saëns, Danse Macabre, etc.; Mitropoulos, New York Philharmonic; Columbia ML 5154
Schubert, Rosamunde, Op. 26; Symphony No. 5 in B-flat Major: Walter, Columbia Symphony; Columbia ML 5156
Schumann, "Rhenish" Symphony No. 3; "Manfred" Overture: Kletzki, Israel Philharmonic; Angel 35374
Sibelius, The Tone Poems: Boult, London Philharmonic Promenade; Vanguard VRS 489/90
Tchaikovsky, Romeo and Juliet; Francesca da Rimini: Munch, Boston Symphony: RCA Victor LM 2043
Verdi and Toscanini (Excerpts from Operas, etc.); RCA Victor LM 6041

—Fred Berger

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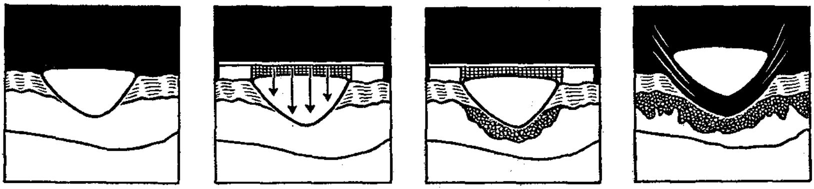

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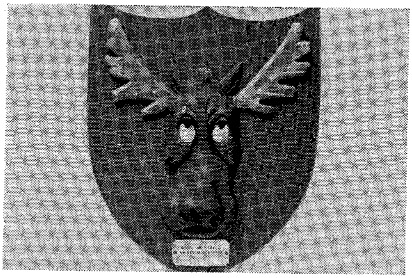
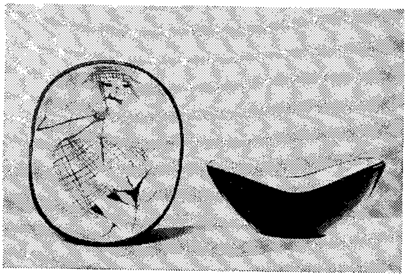
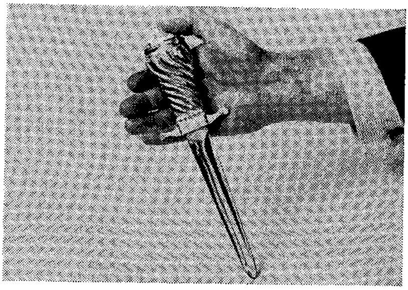


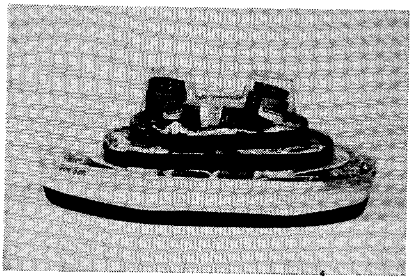
GIVE DAD A WACKY MOOSE PLAQUE for Father's Day. Realistic head is mounted on polished wood-grained hardboard with name plate; 18″ tall by 15″ wide. $9.95 pp. Name engraved on plate, $1.00 extra (takes two weeks). Trophies Unlimited, Suite 2312C, 118 La Salle St., Chicago 3, Ill.



HANDMADE ITALIAN ASH TRAYS will make a wonderful gift for the June bride. Outside is encased in genuine leather, inside is gay drawing on glazed ceramic. Choice of brown, blue or green leather. 5″ x 4″, $5.95 pp. 7″ x 5½″, $8.95 pp. Jianni-Craft, CO-1, 171 E. 77th St., New York 21, N. Y.



SURPRISE POP with this combination Florentine dagger letter-opener and automatic cigarette lighter. Exceptionally well-made of gleaming triple-plated chrome finish; lighter is also easily removable for refueling. $2.45 pp. John Surrey, Ltd., Dept. C, 11 West 32nd St., New York 1, New York.



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(Continued on page 22)

Merchandise may be ordered by sending check or money order to the source indicated. Prices listed include postage. Firms agree to accept all but personalized items for refund.

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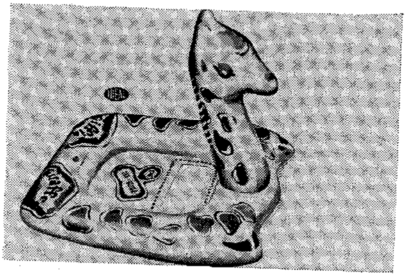
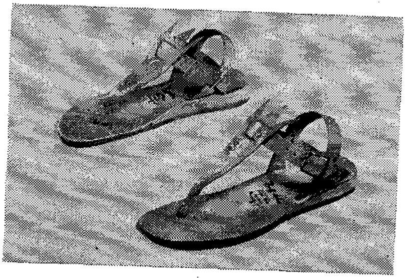
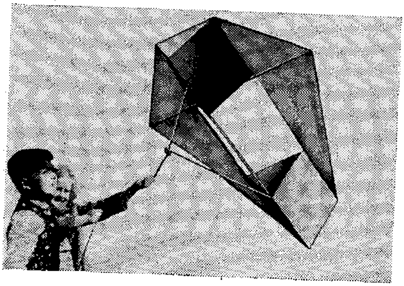


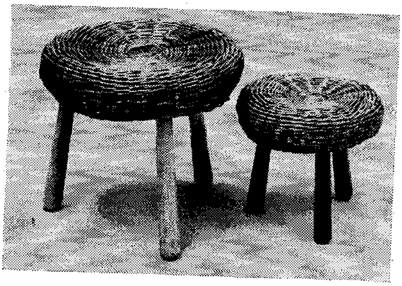
JUNIOR'S IN THE SUMMER SWIM with a gaily decorated Giraffe Boat. Novel "peer thru" window permits viewing below surface of water. Made of sturdy Vinyl by Ideal Toy. Easy to inflate. Measures 25″ long by 22″ high. $2.25 pp. Playtime, Dept. C, 144 Larchmont Ave., Larchmont, N. Y.



TAHITI SANDALS give you that rare combination of cool comfort and good looks. Handmade of natural tan water-buffalo leather with ½″ leather-covered cork wedge. Ladies' sizes 3 to 11, $7.20 pp. Men's sizes 6 to 12, $7.65 pp. Bloom Shoe Shop, COR-1, 311 6th Ave., New York 14, New York.



THE ENTIRE FAMILY will have loads of outdoor fun with a Space-Kite. Made of tear-resistant acetate cloth in brilliant colors of red, blue and yellow. Measures 35″ high, assembled. Complete with 250′ of cord and storage carton. $2.98 pp. Halco Co., Dept. E4, 165 Dwight St., New Haven 2, Conn.



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(Continued on page 24)

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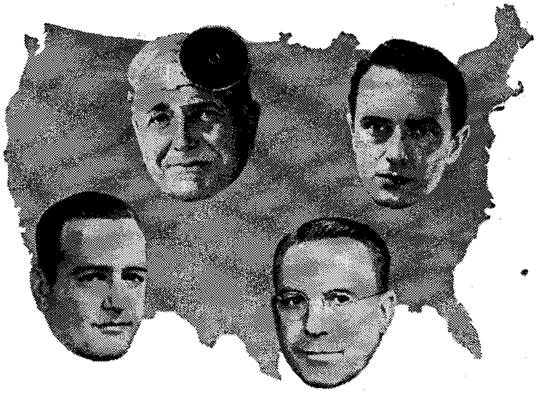

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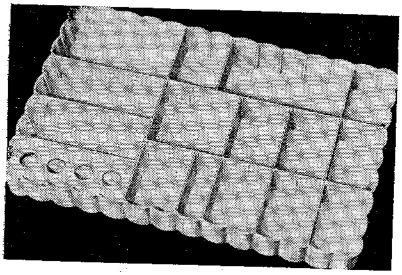
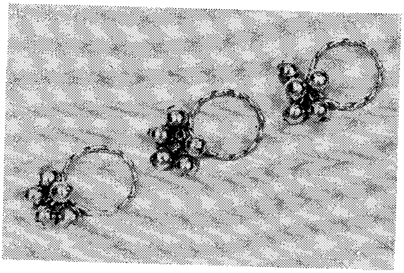
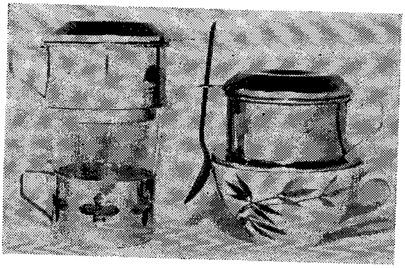


VANITY TRAY with movable dividers gives my lady custom-made space for personal items. Special tray holds lipsticks for easy selection. Sturdy plastic in blue, pink, green or yellow. Measures 9¾" x 14" x 1½" deep. $2.49 pp. Nancy's Bazaar, P.O. Box 340, Elizabeth, New Jersey.



FASHION DECREES not one but two or three rings for her finger. Good-looking "twists" of sterling silver are each topped by a quintet of silvery finish balls. State ring size when ordering. Each ring, $2.25 pp. Set of 3, $5.95 pp. Aimee Lee, Dept. C, 545 Fifth Ave., New York 17, New York.



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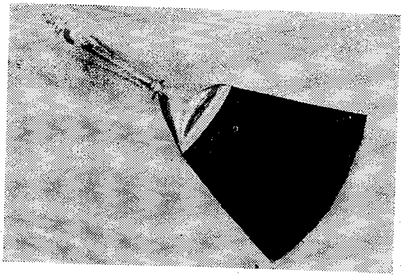

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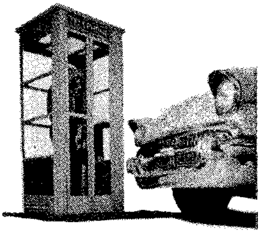
View from Roan Mountain, North Carolina, in the Great Smokies



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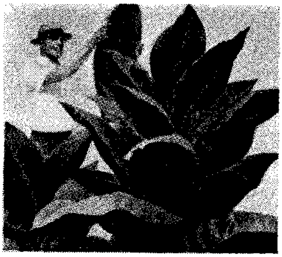

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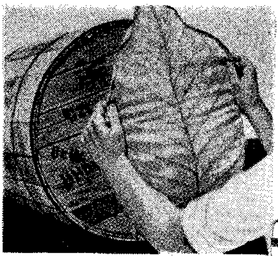

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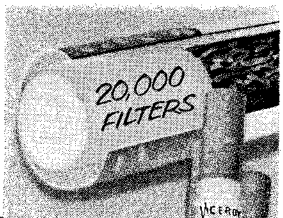

Sam Snead

enjoys a Viceroy with another golfing great, National Open Champion Cary Middlecoff. Says Sam: "Swell to discover a really smooth-tasting cigarette, isn't it?" Says Cary: "You bet! That smoother Viceroy taste is tops!"

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CORONET ♛ JUNE, 1957

I Walked Through Death's Alley

by BILL KING, JR., *as told to* HART STILWELL

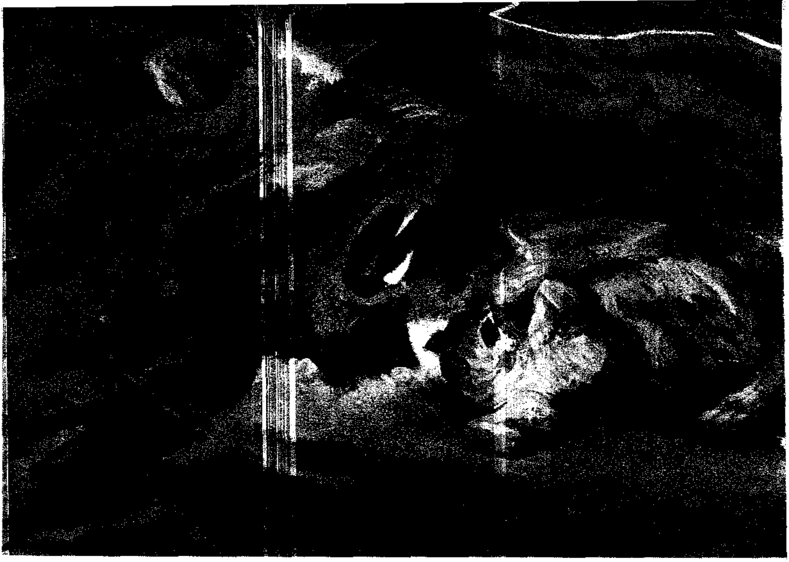
THE HURRICANE that hit Texas in September, 1933, began building up early in the day. From the first moment, I knew we were in for trouble. A wild animal farm is no place to ride out a hurricane.

Snakeville—the animal farm my father, W. A. (Snake) King, operated at Brownsville—was housed in a two-acre enclosure surrounded by a high, stout fence. The day of the Big Wind, we had a population of close to 17,290 wild creatures, mostly rattlesnakes. But there were also five lions in cages, eight or ten mountain lions, a savage old chimpanzee, bobcats and javelinas.

As the wind rose in fury, my mother, father, sister, younger brother Manuel and I made a run to the office building, which was built of concrete blocks. Night settled on us soon there, but it was not entirely dark. A continuous play of lightning way up near the top of the storm gave a strange, eerie light, almost unearthly.

As the hurricane neared its peak, the 150-mile wind ripped sheet metal from roofs and flung it about, and suddenly blasted in the two low windows of the office building where we had found sanctuary. It battered and rolled the lion cages, and the crazed beasts, adding their tremendous strength to the force of the wind, managed to break free.

They promptly started on a kill-



ing rampage, ganging up first on a screaming pony that belonged to my brother Manuel, then moving on to the shed where we kept half a dozen mules.

As the hurricane ripped and blasted, the snake house blew down and thousands of rattlesnakes, along with copperheads, water moccasins and coral snakes, were loosed. Our eight big reticulated pythons, some over 20 feet long, broke out too.

Above the howling, shrieking wind we heard the screams of the mules and the roaring of the lions as they got into the shed. And what we saw at the open window sent a chill through us all. There, staring at us in that unearthly light, was a lion—the bloody head of Manuel's pony in its mouth.

The great killer cat stood surveying the human beings huddled inside. Chances are a hundred to one it would have dropped the pony's head and leaped into the room, to do some real killing, if any one of us had screamed or shown fear in any way.

But all of us, even little Manuel, knew that if you are interested in living a while longer, the thing to do when you stand defenseless before a lion that has been kept in captivity is to stand still and try to appear indifferent. There is a good chance then that you won't attract his attention to you. So we remained absolutely motionless.

The lion stood for a long time. We could barely make out his tail as it twitched back and forth—the danger sign, for a lion does that before attacking, often fixing the attention of its intended victim on the moving tail until it becomes almost hypnotized.

Finally, the lion moved away.

We had just begun to breathe again when we heard shouts from my brother Joe. I stepped gingerly to the window and between gusts made out that he and Agnes and their six small children were trapped in their old, shaky frame house about 50 yards from the office building. The house was about to blow down. He was coming to us and wanted help with the children.

Joe, I figured, didn't know what we knew. Maybe he couldn't hear the blood-crazed, hurricane-crazed lions in the little shed between the two buildings, for they were downwind from him. He would have to come right past them.

In addition, he faced—those other things! In fact, the path between the office building and Joe's house was literally an alley of death.

We had to warn him. So we crowded near an open window, taking a chance on attracting the lions, and shouted in unison, "Lions—Don't—Move!"

Joe yelled back that he'd wait for help.

It was up to me to attempt that nightmare walk through death's alley. And I had nothing to defend myself with. The .38 revolver and the chairs that we used in working lions weren't kept in the office building.

Of course, a chair wouldn't be much good against a crazed chimp, or a mountain lion, or a javelina. Those mean little Mexican peccaries that were certain to be out, too, could slice a man's leg open as easily as you might slice baloney. And as for all those crawling things—

Anyway, I picked up a heavy office chair, figuring it was better than nothing. I had to take the chance—there was no choice.

The instant I stepped out the door the wind hit me like something solid. A howling gust blasted the chair out of my hand as though three strong men suddenly had hold of it. I fell to one knee but darn quickly regained my feet, leaned far over, and began pushing into the wind.

I moved slowly, watching mainly for rattlesnakes, since there were so many of them. A piece of flying sheet metal hit me on the shoulder but did no damage. I bumped into something soft and waited for a slash or bite to follow. It didn't. I dodged a shifting den that came rolling at me, bouncing crazily. All the loose junk in the place seemed on the move.

I tried to watch the ground and still keep an eye peeled for lions, and I slowed down any time I saw something long and big and round, for if I bumped into one of those pythons he might throw coils around me instantly. All that time I was watching for something to defend myself with.

A bit along I saw something that looked just right and was on the point of picking it up—when it moved. It was a big rattler.

Then, not far from the shed in which the lions were staging their bloody show, I found just what I wanted, a four-foot chunk of iron pipe. I hung onto it for dear life. No hurricane was going to snatch that pipe away from me. I moved on through the rain that was driving almost horizontally into my face.

Joe was waiting for me at an open window. He hadn't opened it—the hurricane had. His frame house rested on concrete blocks about two feet high. One corner had been blown off its foundation, and the whole house was leaning. It swayed in the wind, apparently ready to go at any time.

Joe wanted me to carry one of the children while he carried another, but I told him it would be better for him to carry one child at a time as I walked between him and the lions, armed with my chunk of iron pipe.

Joe's oldest child, Josephine, was a little heavy for Agnes to lift through the window, so Joe handed her out. I can still feel the sweat bursting out of my forehead as I took her from Joe. I was completely defenseless then, and for all I knew a lion might be lurking under the house.

Joe quickly climbed through the window and took his daughter in his arms. We moved out, leaning backward to keep from being pushed rapidly along by the wind that was angling in from behind. Joe watched the ground in front of us while I concentrated on the lions.

They set up a terrific racket about the time we passed the shed. There was something different in their snarling and roaring then, I thought. I heard one lion squall as if in pain. This must be a different kind of fight.

We reached the office, handed Josephine to my father, and started back. As we moved along we hunted for another short chunk of iron pipe, or anything else that Joe could use in defending himself if things got really bad.

Near the shed where the lions still snarled and growled in a way strange to me, we saw something that might serve, even though it was a bit large. But as we neared the "thing" it began flopping and bouncing crazily. It was the four-foot tail section of a huge python.

That explained the new kind of sound in the shed. A python had slithered in, provoked a battle with the lions, and they had chewed the huge snake in chunks.

Just before we reached Joe's house, something small and dark shot between us. Joe and I stood still, shivering. It was a javelina, and if it had come a few inches nearer one of us, it might have marked the end of our rescue work, for undoubtedly the javelina would have done some slashing.

We moved on again, reached Joe's house and quickly took the second child from Agnes. Then we turned for the long, slow walk back along death's alley. The maddening part of it all was that we didn't dare move fast. Running would have given us tremendous relief. Instead, we trudged along slowly, trying to act casual.

As we passed the lions again I suddenly stepped on something soft and slippery, and there followed instantly a rap on my leg just above the ankle.

"This is it," I told myself. "But please, God, let me finish this job."

WHATEVER kind of snake I stepped on failed to sink its fangs, I realized in a few minutes, since there was no pain.

We delivered the second child and back we went, fighting the wind, fighting the urge to run, looking always for killers that might show up unexpectedly.

A bloodcurdling scream came from the shed as we passed. The lions were killing another mule in their frenzied rampage. They would kill, battle each other savagely over the liver and other choice bits, then they would kill again.

We made two more trips safely and I began to hope. But as we took the fifth child from Agnes there was a rending and cracking of timbers, and the house actually came at Joe and me, forcing us to jump backward. The building had slipped off another foundation block.

There was nothing to do but move on, leaving Agnes and her baby in the house that might go at any second. That trip seemed five times longer than the first. My dad took the child, and there was only one more trip to make through that inferno of wind and killers.

Joe and I dug in and shoved against the mounting fury of the hurricane. The house was still standing, but at a crazy angle. Agnes handed the baby to Joe, and I helped her through the window. Off we went, Joe with the child in his left arm and holding onto Agnes with his right hand. I walked, as usual, between Joe and the lions.

A lot of things happened then, all at once. There was a cracking, grinding sound behind us, followed by the boom of the collapsing house. Then something, probably a section of shingles, slammed me in the back, almost knocking me down.

And just as I regained my balance and we were even with the shed, out came a she-lion, snarling, battling, moving backward, almost into our path. Another lion was driving it out of the shed in the battle over food.

The lioness' attention was attracted by our movements, and she sprang round to face us. She was about ten feet away, and she stood looking intently at me, the tip of her tail high, switching steadily back and forth.

I knew she might charge at any second. I couldn't see her too clearly, but I could make out the dark splotches of blood on her face and chest.

I didn't have to tell Joe and Agnes what to do. They walked steadily on, never breaking stride, never looking back, never acting as though they knew the lion was there. I had to admire their courage and self-control, particularly that of Agnes, who hadn't grown up around lions. I stood there, trying to act in such a manner as to avoid a charge.

Did you ever try to act as though you were merely waiting for a bus while a blood-maddened, hurricane-crazed lion looked you over from a distance of ten feet? It's quite an experience.

This little drama of life and death had to be played exactly right. That meant never once looking the lion squarely in the eye. For even though I couldn't see her eyes clearly, she could see mine. And if our glances met and I stared at her even for a second, she might take that as defiance. Or she might sense the fear in me, which would be an invitation to charge.

So I tried to be polite and evasive. Gripping the iron pipe, I watched her constantly, but always out of the corner of my eye. And I never moved a muscle. The urge to set off on a wild run, figuring the wind would push me to safety, was almost overpowering. But I knew that I would never be able to get 15 feet.

The lion seemed puzzled at first. I had the feeling she was sniffing, trying to pick up the fear smell that so often tips off wild creatures to the state of mind of a human being trying to conceal fear.

Just how long we stood there, acting out our drama, I can't estimate. But I'm clear on one point—the lion finally made up her mind to charge. I could feel that—even see it. She shifted her feet slightly, cautiously, getting in better position for the lunge. The switching of her tail slowed.

I tightened my grip on my precious chunk of iron pipe.

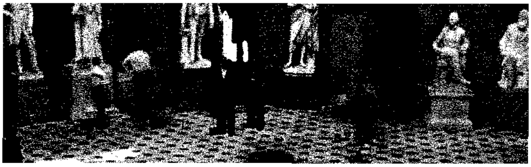
Then to my ears came a horrible noise that actually sounded more beautiful at that moment than any music I had ever heard. It was the agonized screaming of a mule being killed by the lions inside the shed. Instantly, the lioness that was ready to spring at me turned and raced in to get her share.

For a while I couldn't move. All the terrible exhaustion, shoved into the background by the tension of facing the lion, surged to the front and I sagged.

But I finally got moving, and all I had to do was lean backward and let the hurricane blow me to the little building that was our sanctuary. I stumbled through the door and collapsed.

We rode out the hurricane. The lions fought it out. And somehow, after things quieted down, we got what was left of our killers back in temporary cages. It was ticklish business, but nothing like those agonizing trips through death's alley.

the wonder world of Washington

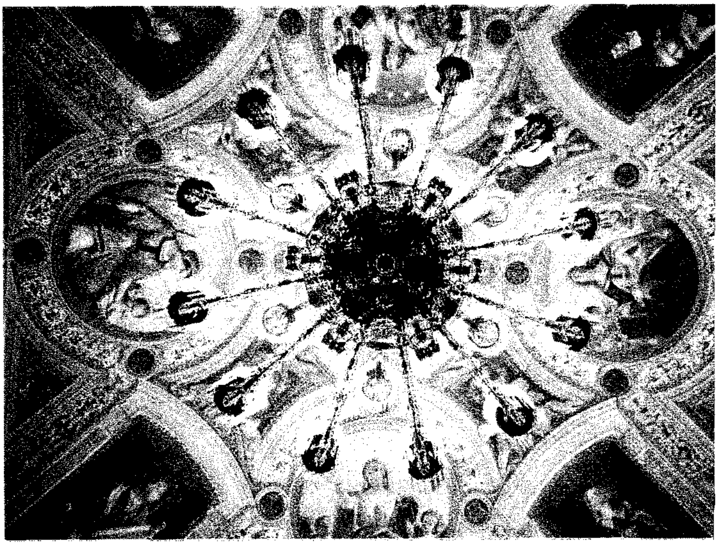


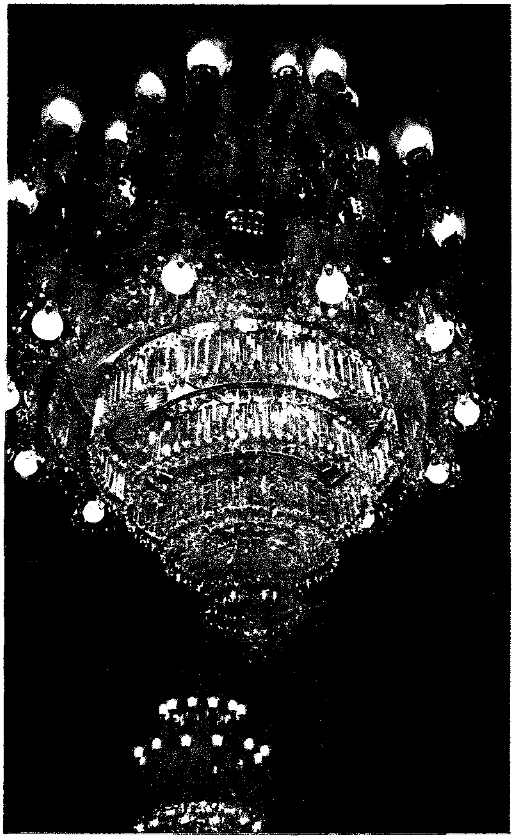
by Mark Nichols

Photographs by Bob Phillips

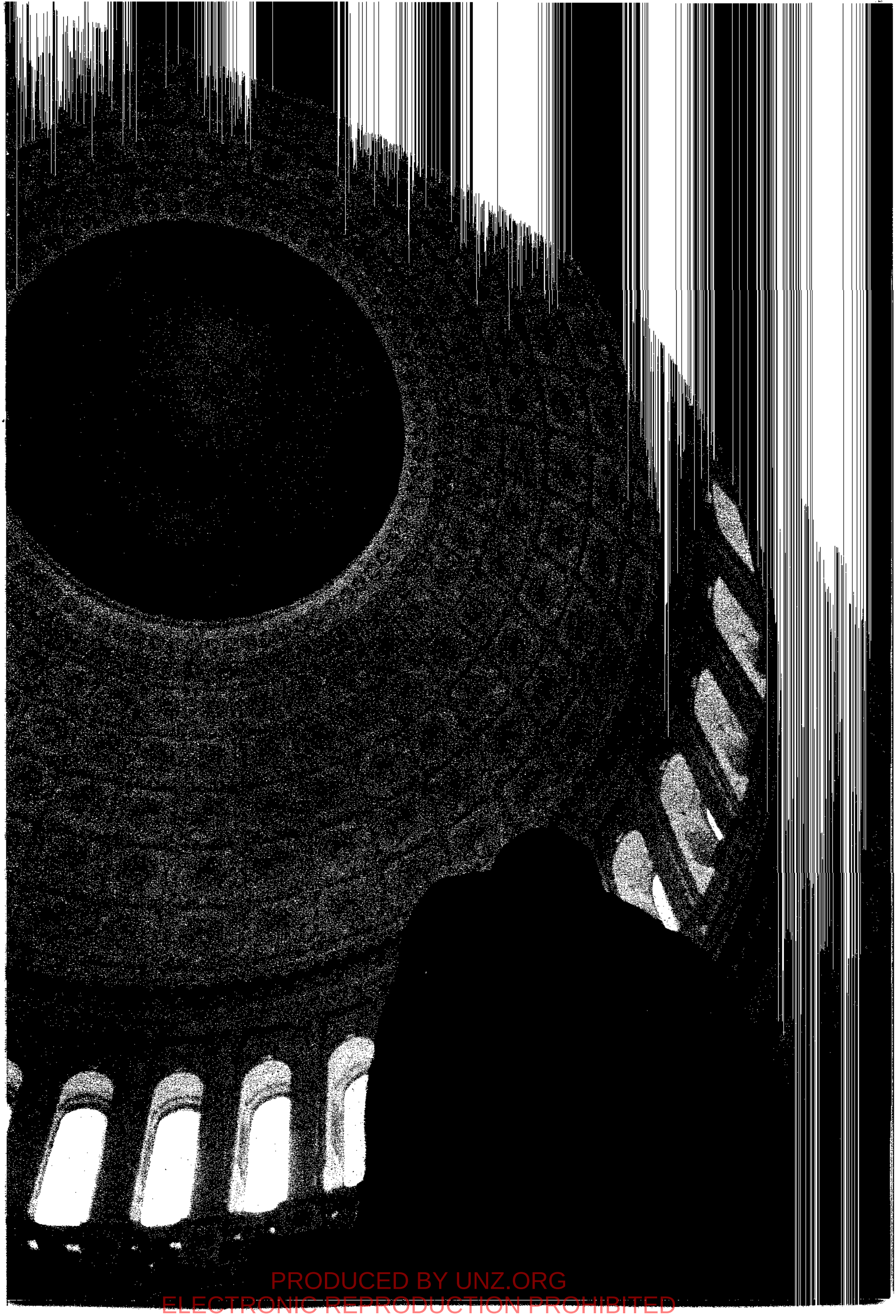
EACH YEAR over 4,300,000 tourists make a pilgrimage to the Capitol in Washington, D. C., birthplace of our nation's laws. Encompassing 400 rooms, it is rich in history and legend. But richer still—almost like fantasy out of Kubla Khan—is its domed splendor when revealed, as the following pages reveal it, through the special magic perspective of a camera's eye.

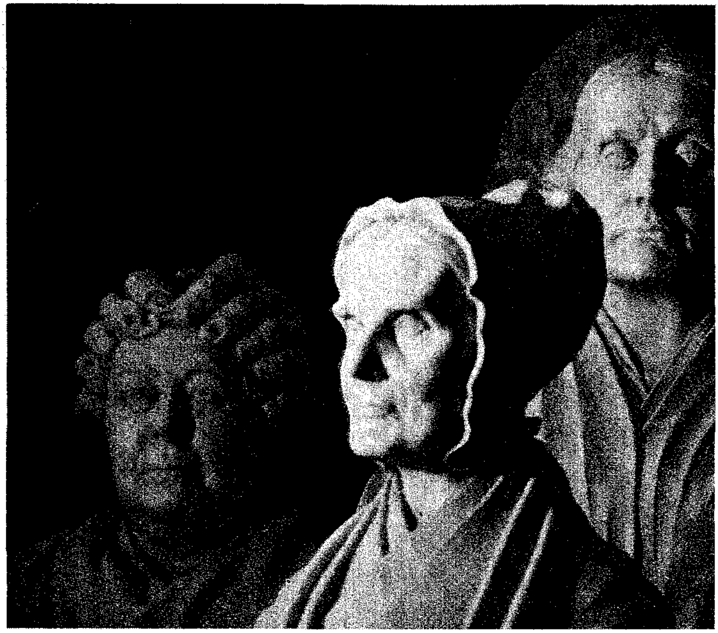
For example, in Statuary Hall (*opposite page*), tourist guides demonstrate the mysterious acoustics which magnify whispers into audible sound. And in the President's Room (*below*), a huge chandelier—originally costing $900 and later gold-plated for $25,000—blends into a dazzling pattern of color and design with the ceiling frescoes of Italian-born artist Constantino Brumidi.





SOMETIMES called the Michelangelo of the Capitol, Constantino Brumidi spent 25 years adorning the building. His allegorical panorama inside the dome swirls over 4,664 square feet of curved surface (*opposite*).
In the Vice-President's office, a mirror reflects the perfect symmetry of a crystal chandelier (*above*) bought in Paris by Thomas Jefferson for the White House. Later, Teddy Roosevelt, annoyed by its tinkling prisms, ordered the fixture transferred to the Senate.

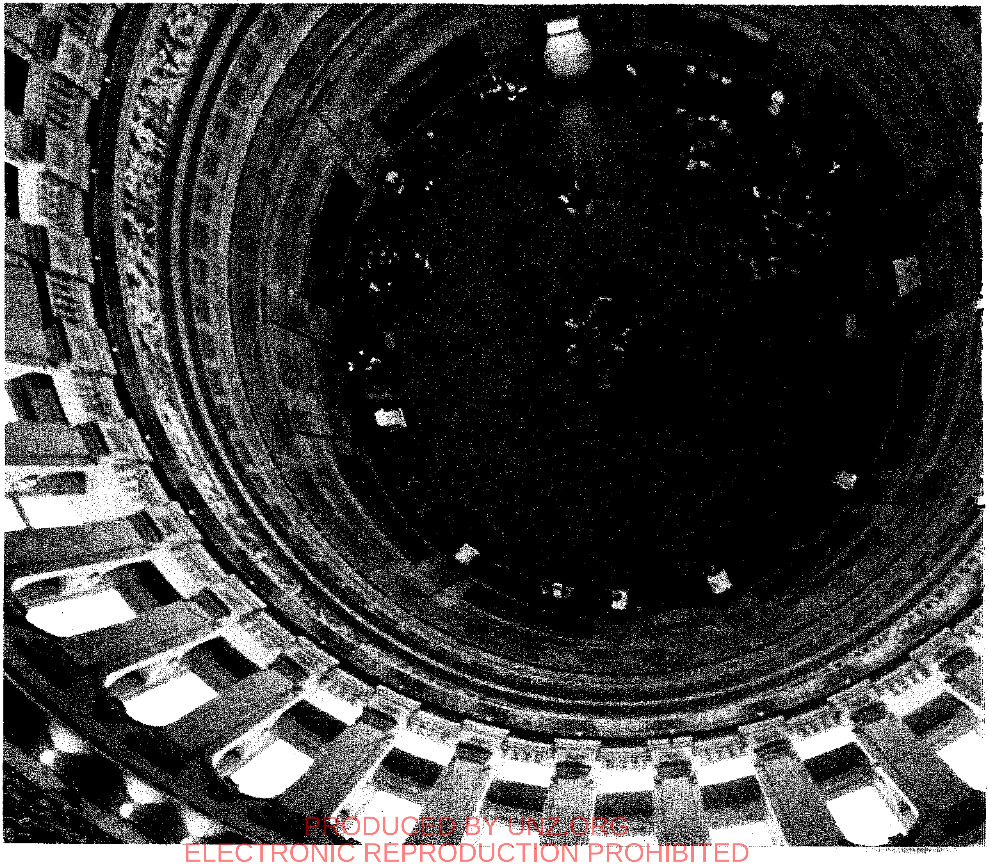


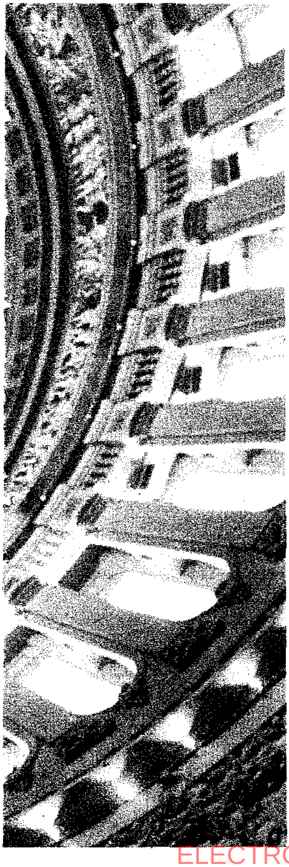


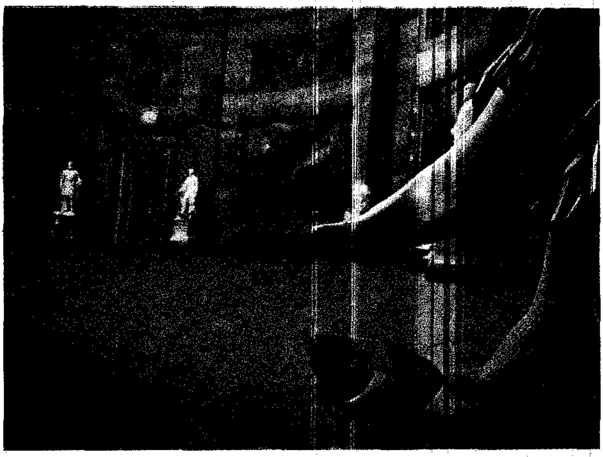
THE GREAT spiritual qualities of Abraham Lincoln were startlingly captured by sculptor Gutzon Borglum in this bust in the Main Rotunda. Borglum subsequently used the profile as a model in carving a bearded Lincoln in his famed relief on Mount Rushmore in South Dakota.

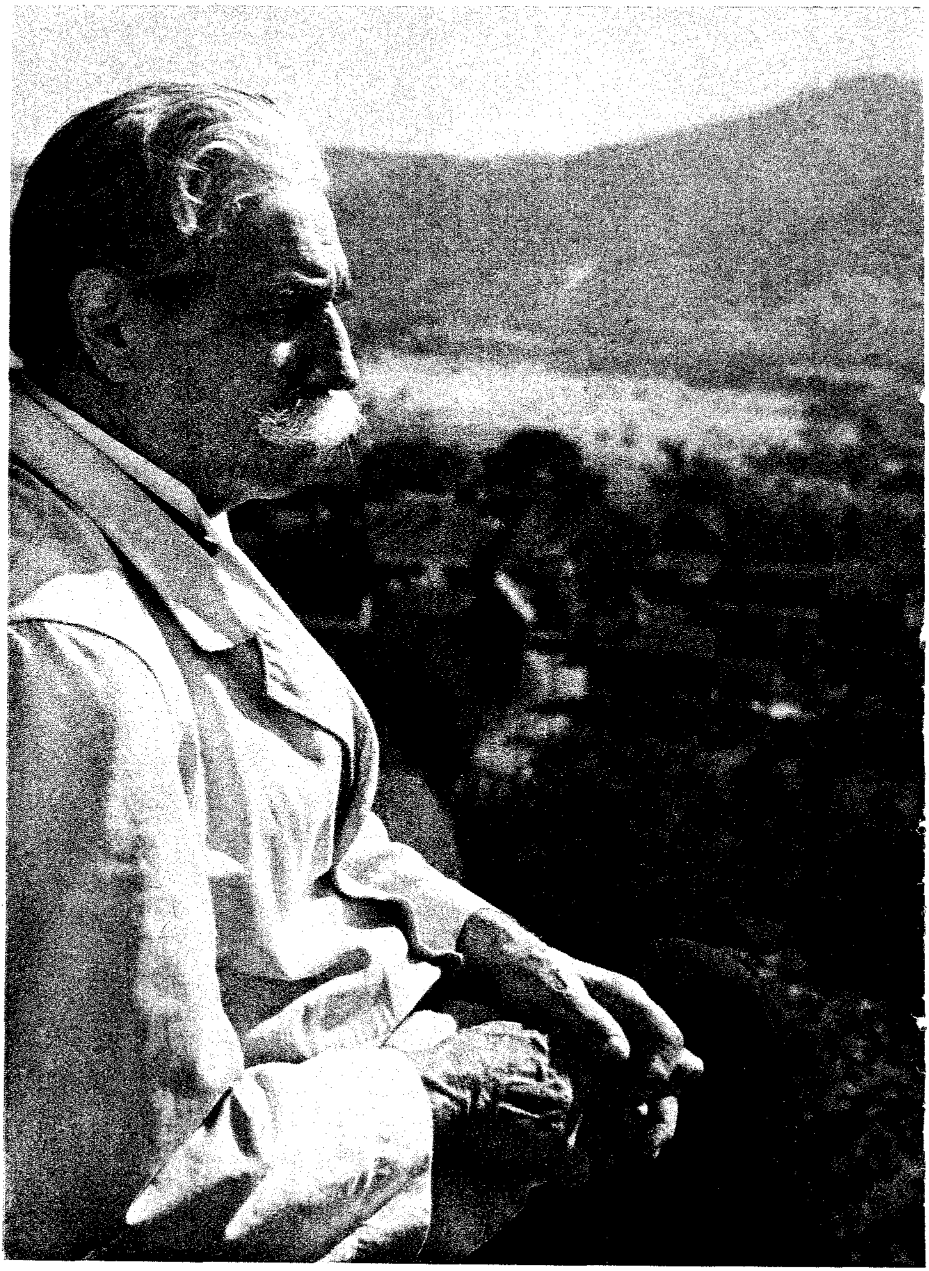
A white marble study of three pioneer suffragettes, Susan B. Anthony, Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Lucretia Mott (*above*), dominates the crypt below the Rotunda. Irreverently dubbed "the bathtub statue" (the women seem to be upright in a tub), it was left unfinished by sculptress Adelaide Johnson because the suffragette cause, at that time, was also unfulfilled.

SINCE the Capitol opened its doors in 1800, it has expanded its services to include restaurants, a post office, ticket and banking offices; stationery, barber and carpentry shops; dispensaries and a resident physician's office. Its maintenance staff includes an official watchmaker, Ernest Bryer, 73, the fourth man to master the intricacies of the old clock outside the Senate chamber (*opposite, top photo*). A spiral stairway, leading 180 feet to the top of the dome for the spectacular view shown below, is no longer open to the public. But after covering the rest of the Capitol's 14 sprawling acres of floor space, visitors are often glad to give their tired feet (*opposite, bottom photo*) a rest.









Unable to rest while others suffered, a great humanitarian tells how he found peace

"Why I Became a Doctor"

by Albert Schweitzer

On Friday, October 13, 1905, I dropped into a mailbox in the Avenue de la Grande Armée in Paris, letters to my parents and to some of my most intimate acquaintances, telling them that at the beginning of the winter term I should enter myself as a medical student in order to go later on to Equatorial Africa as a doctor. In one of them I sent in the resignation of my post as principal of the Theological College of St. Thomas, because of the claim on my time that my intended course of study would make.

The plan which I meant now to put into execution had been in my mind for a long time. As long ago as my student days, it struck me as incomprehensible that I should be allowed to lead such a happy life, while I saw so many people around me wrestling with care and suffering. I could not help thinking continually of others who were denied that happiness by their material circumstances or their health.

Then one morning in 1896 there came to me the thought that I must not accept this happiness as a matter of course, but must give something in return for it. I settled with myself that I would devote myself from that time forward to the direct service of humanity.

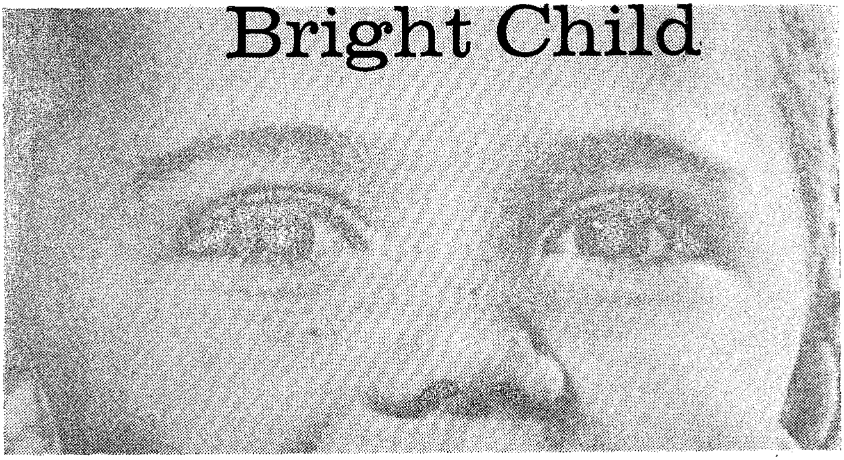
What seemed to my friends the most irrational thing in my plan was that I wanted to go to Africa, not as a missionary, but as a doctor, and thus, when already 30 years of age, burden myself at the beginning with a long period of laborious study. I wanted to be a doctor that I might be able to work without having to talk.

In Equatorial Africa, doctors were the most needed of all things. The natives who visited them in physical suffering could not all be given help. To become one day the doctor whom these poor creatures needed, it was worth while, I judged, to become a medical student.

Many a time already have I tried to settle what meaning lay hidden for me in the saying of Jesus: "Whosoever would save his life shall lose it, and whosoever shall lose his life for My sake and the Gospel's shall save it." Now the answer was found. In addition to the outward, I now had inward happiness.

From the book, *Out of My Life and Thought* by Albert Schweitzer, Copyright 1933, 1949, by Henry Holt and Company, Inc. Reprinted by permission of the publishers.

The Way to Raise a Bright Child



by Abraham H. Lass

As principal of Abraham Lincoln High School in Brooklyn, N. Y., Mr. Lass has taught hundreds of bright children and is bringing up two of his own.

Dave was only four, but everybody was convinced that when he grew up he'd be something important. "You'll hear from Dave," they said.

He started out in elementary school like a house afire. His teachers loved him because he was so bright, so eager, so interested in everything around him, and so far ahead of the others. He knew all the answers to all the questions—and he had questions the teachers couldn't answer.

But, in fourth grade, something happened to Dave. He began to lose interest in school. When he wasn't dawdling or daydreaming, he was getting into minor troubles with his fellow-pupils. His grades plummeted from the high 90s to just average.

In high school and college it was the same story. Dave seemed to have developed a "slow leak." His grades were mediocre, his accomplishments indifferent.

Dave is working now as a clerk in a large business organization, purposeless and dispirited. When he was four, he was full of infinite promise. He could have become almost anything—but this.

It's too bad about Dave, too bad nobody seemed to know or to care about what was happening to him. It's too late to do anything about Dave now. But it's not too late to do something about today's Daves.

Dave was a bright child. Today's bright children are our greatest natural resource. They are tomorrow's leaders, creators, inventors, scientists, engineers. The kind of world we'll have tomorrow will depend upon what we do to give all our bright children a chance to develop their wonderful powers and talents.

At best, we don't have too many bright children. We can't afford to waste even one. In our elementary schools today, there are only approximately 500,000 bright children like Dave, and about 150,000 in our high schools.

About two per cent of our children getting ready for school are bright or very bright. Your child may be one of them.

Here is a composite picture of the bright child drawn from various sources including the famous Stanford University studies of gifted children, the authoritative work of the late Professor Leta S. Hollingsworth, the observations compiled in New York University's Counseling Center for Gifted Children. No one bright child will have all these characteristics. But if your child has a number of them, the chances are that he is bright.

He's an early starter. He begins to walk early—sometimes at nine or ten months. He talks early, well, and much; and in fairly complete, mature sentences. He becomes interested in reading very early, often learning to read with little or no training. Bright children frequently teach themselves to read when they are five or even younger.

He has an insatiable curiosity. He asks more questions, more intelligently, more insistently and more persistently than other children do. And he isn't put off with pat answers. He is especially curious about birth and death, and very early feels a need to have the universe explained to him.

He has many interests and pursues them with great persistence for long periods of time. He becomes the prince of collectors and hobbyists. Stamps, butterflies, birds, animals, photography, engines, rocks, seem to have a special fascination for him. He tends to spend a great deal of his time alone with his collections and hobbies, or in the company of a few select children who share his interests and enthusiasms.

As early as nine or ten, bright children tend to develop an unusual interest in numbers, atlases and encyclopedias; and in games that require thought, like chess and checkers.

His intellectual abilities are unusual and develop early. He seems to remember everything he hears, sees or learns: Latin names of species of birds, fish, prehistoric animals; fluctuations of the stock market; batting averages; characteristics of the chemical elements; makes of cars; types of airplanes.

He shows mature insight into problems and has an uncanny knack for sizing up people and appraising their motives. He has a great capacity for abstract thought and for generalizing about such matters as birth and death.

He is generally younger than fellow-students in his grade. And his knowledge is generally far greater than the average child in the grade is expected to achieve. The late Professor Lewis M. Terman, one of the world's greatest authorities on the bright child, estimated that more than half the bright children "have already mastered the curriculum to a point two full grades beyond the one in which they are enrolled." Hence he tends to seek the companionship of older children and adults.

His vocabulary is large and very often unusual. He is sensitive to words and ideas, and quite naturally links them together. When he talks, he sounds "grown-up," "like an encyclopedia," "like a dictionary."

He doesn't care much for "rough" group games like football and soccer. He prefers sports like tennis and swimming. Generally speaking, the bright child does not excel in activities requiring great physical or manual skill. But, contrary to popular opinion, he is on the average healthier, stronger, and larger than other children.

If you think you have a bright child, have him tested by some reliable, recognized testing service or psychological clinic to make sure. Practically every college or university has such a clinic or can refer you to one. The larger and better schools and school systems have personnel and facilities to do their own testing.

If the tests verify the fact that you have a bright child on your hands, rejoice. You're going to have a wonderful time raising that kid. For there's nothing quite so exciting as watching a bright child develop. But you and he will have problems to contend with.

Fortunately for you and for him, however, there is enough expert advice at hand for you to do an intelligent and effective job of raising your bright child, giving him every chance to realize his great and varied possibilities and grow into a successful, happy human being.

Here is what the experts say will be his major problems:

He's likely to have school problems. Partly because he is bored with the ordinary school routines, partly because his interests aren't adequately challenged by the school program, and partly because he feels misunderstood, overlooked and resented. His revolt against school may express itself in restlessness, daydreaming, getting into mischief, cutting classes, defiance of school authorities.

The right school and the right teacher can head off many of these problems. By providing a program of challenging, creative, varied activities, the bright child will find useful and enjoyable outlets for his energies. Give him a teacher who understands what he wants and needs, and school will be a joyful, stimulating experience.

He's different, so he's going to have social problems. He'll need friends his own age. And it won't be easy for him to find these friends, for he's a marked man. His companions will sense it—and they will let him know in the unmistakable accents of youth that he's different. They'll call him "genius." They'll poke fun at his tastes, at his vocabulary, at his ideas, because they resent and fear those who are "different" from them.

Your cue is to see to it that your child learns to do all the things other children can do and enjoy. Normalize him. Provide the experiences that will give him more in common with other children his age. Teach him to skate, to play ball, to swim, to dance, to box, to wrestle. Encourage him to take part in group games. Let him know that you are proud of his achievements in these directions.

Remember that every child wants to "belong," to be accepted by his group. If he's a good sport, he'll belong—in spite of his differences. As a matter of fact, he'll be respected for his differences—provided he can do what the others can do.

His intense interests tend to drive him in upon himself. In extreme cases, the bright child comes to prefer his narrow world of books, hobbies and a few friends to the larger world around him. This smaller world is more comfortable, more congenial, more manageable, more predictable. Here the child is master of all he surveys.

So make special, planned efforts to get your child out of sedentary, withdrawn routines. See that he gets some kind of outdoor exercise every day, preferably with boys his own age. Take him to zoos, museums, points of historical interest—anywhere so long as he is expanding his experiences in the larger world in which he must learn to live.

If you're beginning to feel a bit apprehensive about raising that bright child of yours, don't be. Bright children are tough and sturdy. Like children in general, they can "stand the gaff" very well.

You can help him by observing these golden rules:

1. Accept your child matter-of-factly. Don't let him think that he's extraordinary, something "out of this world." Encourage him, give him every opportunity to develop. Stimulate his interests. Do everything you can to let him try his wings. Watch him grow. But don't, by showing him off or by excessive and indiscriminate praise, let him develop into a little prig.

Teach your child that others have abilities and talents that he should respect, that—in short—he is not the center of the universe.

2. Don't project your own frustrations and failures on your child. Respect him for what he is—even if he isn't what you want him to be. His happiness will lie in developing his innate talents and abilities. Your cue lies in what he wants, not what you are hoping he will want.

3. Let him be a child and have a long slow taste of the joys of childhood. Don't push him into adult activities until he's ready for them. Don't pressure him. Teach him to relax and enjoy simple, earthy things—and simple, earthy people, too.

4. ***Answer all his questions.*** Keep his curiosity alive. Charles Van Doren, Columbia's gift to quiz shows, credits his interest in practically everything to his parents, who tried to answer all his youthful questions and encouraged him to keep on asking.

5. ***Give him regular duties and responsibilities.*** Don't let him develop a superior attitude toward homely and necessary chores.

6. ***Let him follow all the hobbies he wants.*** Lifelong interests and careers often develop out of these early hobbies. Try (if you are able to) to keep him to one hobby at a time.

7. ***Give him lots of books.*** And don't worry too much about the inferior books he reads—or even the comics. Few, if any, bright children get permanently caught by the comic books or the not-so-comic books. It doesn't take long to outgrow them.

8. ***Prepare him to be resented by those less able than himself.*** Get him to recognize calmly and without rancor why he will be called "long hair" and "egg-head." Teach him to "to take it"—philosophically and with good humor.

9. ***Give him all your love and understanding.*** He needs every bit of it. In this respect he is just like the rest of God's chillun.

Occupational Hazards

BURGLARS who broke into a Massachusetts filling station found only three nickels and used them to obtain cold drinks after they tried unsuccessfully to force open the soft drink dispenser.

DURING a Texas police lieutenant's first day with the burglary and theft squad someone stole his hat.

PLAYING BASEBALL with her grade-school pupils, a 55-year-old New York teacher wound up in the hospital after attempting to slide into first base.

A CALIFORNIA HOUSEWIFE discovered that the reason her electric toaster wasn't working was because it had a two-foot snake inside.

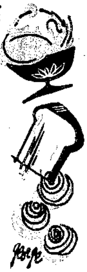
WHEN a Royal Canadian Air Force airman was told of his promotion to corporal, his mouth popped open so with surprise that he dislocated his jaw.

THE MEMBERS of an English volunteer fire department quit in a huff because fire departments from surrounding areas were invading their territory and putting out their fires.

—HAROLD HELFER

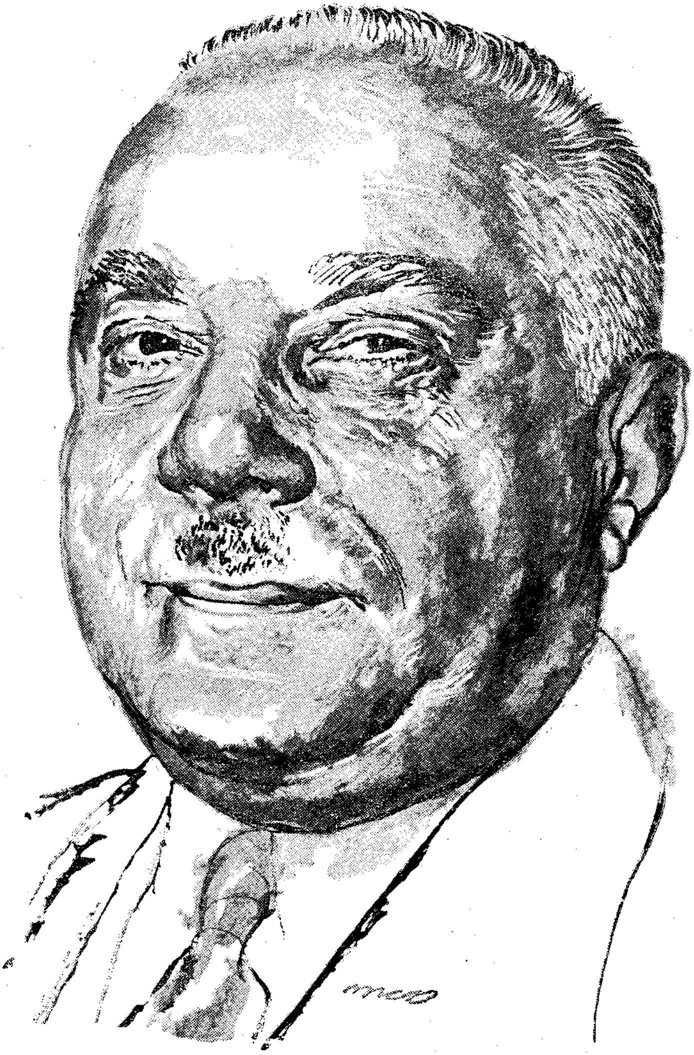
A CORONET QUICK QUIZ

Food for Thought



YOU'D BE AMAZED at how many slang expressions reflect our basic interest in food. Quizmaster George de Witt, host of "Name That Tune" (CBS-TV, Tuesdays, 7:30 P.M., EDT), asks you to "Name That Food" here. Two hints, like two heads, are better than one, so George cues the food phrase and the *kind* of food it contains. Take item 1—Earn a living (Meat). Slang expression: Bring home the *bacon.* (Answers on page 171.)

1. Earn a living (Meat)
2. Reveal a secret (Vegetable)
3. A troublesome character (Poultry product)
4. Mother's little darling (Fruit)
5. That beats all! (Dessert)
6. A convincing example (Dessert)
7. A complaining old grouch (Seafood)
8. Oh, boy! (Meat)
9. In a state of turmoil (Meat)
10. Low-grade entertainment (Vegetable)
11. Real easy (First course)
12. She's not so young (Poultry)
13. Let's talk business (Poultry)
14. That's certainly an ancient joke (Hard-shelled fruit)
15. She's the current local sensation (Breakfast)
16. Stop complaining! (Meat)
17. Play for insignificant amounts (Hard-shelled fruit)
18. In a predicament (Meal accompaniment)
19. He failed because of age (Meal accompaniment)
20. My kind of girl (Beverage)
21. Thank-you notes (Meal accompaniments)
22. They're selling fast! (Breakfast dish)
23. In trouble (Meal accompaniment)
24. For heaven's sake! (Meal accompaniment)
25. He considers himself the whole show (Dairy product)
26. A touchy issue to handle (Vegetable)
27. His car turned out to be a dud (Fruit)
28. An aspiring young actress poses for this (Dessert)
29. She's a real cute little number (Vegetable)
30. Everything's in first-class shape (Dessert)
31. They really packed them in tightly (Seafood)
32. She has a beautiful, fair complexion (Fruit and dairy product)
33. He's closemouthed (Seafood)



The Butcher of

EXCLUSIVE CORONET REPORT

BY REP. CHARLES O. PORTER

as told to GEOFFREY BOCCA

For 27 years Dictator Rafael Trujillo and his hatchet men have bullied, beaten and murdered anyone deemed a foe of the ironically-named Dominican "Republic." Their bloodstained fingers have reached everywhere—even into the U.S.A. And at least 35,000 have been slain, including women and children. Ruthless and irresistible, the reign of terror has swept on . . . But now a courageous Congressman from Oregon has singlehandedly called the bluff of . . .

the Caribbean

Fearing for his own life, Trujillo hides behind a bullet-proof vest while a food-taster protects him against poison

I NEVER DREAMED that upon becoming a Congressman of the United States one of my first acts would be to apply for a permit to carry a pistol, least of all to defend myself against foreign killers within America's borders.

I was not responsible for the publicity my act aroused at the time, nor did I relish it. My friends were inclined to laugh. And so was I. But the Washington, D. C., police were not. I had been told that getting a license to carry a firearm in Washington is not easy. But the moment the police learned I needed it in possible defense against the thugs employed by General Rafael Trujillo, dictator of the Dominican Republic, they issued my license immediately—and warned me that being a Congressman was no insurance against the peril I faced.

My situation was fantastic; but so is this whole story—fantastic in its origin and development, fantastic that it could exist outside of a fiction thriller. It seems incredible that a member of the House of Representatives, representing a district in Oregon, has to take precautions in the capital of American democracy itself against a sinister Caribbean dictator.

Yet, after 27 years of swashbuckling power, the Trujillo regime continues to prosper, at least on the surface, a poisonous anachronism in the heart of our hemisphere—only 850 miles southeast of Miami, Florida. The capital city, Ciudad Trujillo, is the infection center. But its influences are international. The shocking fact is that a highly paid organization of killers is at large in our country, operating chiefly in New York City and Miami, whose job it is to assassinate or intimidate the enemies of Trujillo in the United States. They don't draw the line at expatriate Dominicans. They will murder Americans too.

One such enemy, though he never knew it, was Gerald Murphy, a 23-year-old flier who today is dead—so the Dominicans say—his body apparently devoured by sharks. He happened to be from my district, and his parents, bravely ignoring the fact that the story might have some unsavory elements, implored me to try to uncover the truth about his death. I will come back to Murphy in his own order in this narrative. He is only one of many tragic victims in the savage Trujillo story, although he may well prove to be a decisive one in the fortunes of the dictator.

General Trujillo has been a dangerous man all his life. Today, at the age of 65, he is more dangerous than ever because he is himself in danger. He has been dictator of the Dominican Republic since 1930, before the arrival of Hitler or Franco. He is the world's oldest surviving tyrant.

Now, at an age when most men, even dictators, feel like settling down to enjoy their "success," Trujillo finds himself compelled to be more than ever on the alert. He finds himself having to kill more and more people, to repress and censor and spy still more vigilantly. He, too, carries a gun. Sometimes he even wears a bullet-proof vest and employs such time-honored precautions of tyrants as a food-taster to avoid being poisoned. For the future looms with menace, and the house he has built on the corpses of thousands of murdered citizens is crumbling around him.

His children, despite lavish affection, have proved disappointments. And, though he has installed almost 160 relatives in key posts in the government and armed forces, his dreams of a great Trujillo dynasty are fading. His son Ramfis, who is chief of staff of the Air Force, takes little interest in the nation's affairs. His notorious daughter Flor del Oro, embittered by the failure of innumerable marriages, sits and broods. Denied a passport, she is an exile in her own country, barred from the European life that is her only pleasure.

Only Angelita, Trujillo's younger daughter, has dreams of greatness. She was appointed the Dominican Republic's ambassador to the wedding of Queen Elizabeth II. Today with supreme egotism she herself describes herself as Queen Angelita I and is addressed as "Your Majesty."

The thousands of monuments, busts, memorial columns and statues erected by Trujillo in honor of Trujillo stand proudly, but on borrowed time, waiting only for his death before they are torn down. And what kind of a day that will be can easily be imagined by a dictator who has lived to see the humiliating downfall of Hitler, Mussolini, Stalin and Perón. The capital city, Ciudad Trujillo, will have its name changed back to Santo Domingo, as it was called from 1496, when it was named by Christopher Columbus's brother, Bartholomew, to 1935; and all the Ciudad Trujillo streets, avenues, parks and squares will revert to their original nomenclature.

All this Trujillo knows. He knows that in spite of his agents placed all over the world to propagandize, proselytize, intimidate, beat up and kill, he is on the way out. Even if his enemies don't get him, time will and the result will be the same.

In 1933, the Cuban dictator, Gerardo Machado y Morales, fleeing from his own country, gave Trujillo the most important single piece of advice of his life. "Keep the United States on your side," he said. "Do anything, *anything,* to avoid bad publicity in America." Trujillo did so. Millions of dollars have been spent, and are still being spent, in the United States on propaganda and advertising. More millions are spent in the Dominican Republic entertaining and flattering important Americans. At the same time members of anti-Trujillo movements formed by Dominican political refugees were, and are, attacked by hired thugs.

But now the succession of murders perpetrated by Trujillo's mercenaries in the United States and other Caribbean countries have sickened American opinion. Trujillo, today, not for the first time but more desperately than ever, is fighting for his life.

It is necessary to know Trujillo's background and sensational rise to the top in order to understand the critical forces now being exerted upon him and by him, and how they may be resolved in time to come.

RAFAEL Leonidas Trujillo Molina was born in San Cristóbal. According to the finely researched biography of Trujillo by the American journalist Albert C. Hicks, the dictator-to-be spent his youth as a cattle-rustler, informer and procurer of prostitutes. After the quaint fashion of the so-called republic's military tradition, he was commissioned a lieutenant, and within four years was a brigadier general. By a complicated electoral double-cross in 1930, he became president.

The trail of murders had already started. But now the bloody pace was stepped up. Virginio Martinez Reina, poet and opposition politician, was murdered in the middle of the night by masked soldiers. His pregnant wife was murdered by his side.

When three brothers from Santiago tried to form an opposition movement in 1932, they were shot dead. Afterwards the husbands of their sister and niece, two men called Santillana and Lanzano, "disappeared." (The two women now live in the United States.)

Nor was that all. A cousin of the brothers, named Alfonso, was knifed to death and a small boy who saw Alfonso captured was killed, too.

Trujillo formed a band of stop-at-nothing storm troopers, called the "42," to eliminate his enemies.

In a few years all of Trujillo's political enemies were either dead, imprisoned or in exile. In 1937 he ordered the fearful massacre of between 15,000 and 20,000 Haitians who were working legally on the Dominican side of the frontier.

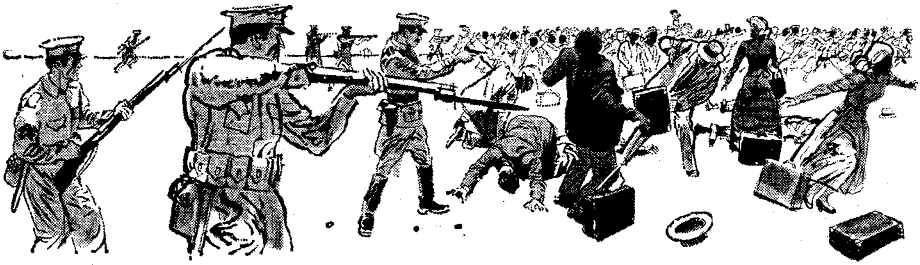
"I found that Haitians had been stealing food and cattle," Hicks quotes Trujillo as saying, when he gave the order to kill. "I found that Dominicans would be happier if we got rid of the Haitians. I will fix that. Yesterday 300 Haitians were killed at Banic. This must continue."

It did. Dominican troops rounded up Haitians on the frontier and hacked them to death with machetes. Screaming thousands tried to flee back to Haiti across the appropriately named Massacre River, which divides the two nations. They were picked off by soldiers who fired until their rifles burned their hands.

Back in Haiti, all doctors were mobilized as hospitals filled to the doors with wounded. Quentin Reynolds was an eyewitness of the holocaust. He saw the wounded arrive and read their affidavits taken from them by a Catholic priest who gave them shelter. All said the same thing: it was murder, ordered by Rafael Trujillo.

Somewhere in the dark recesses of his mind, Trujillo had a nebulous dream of annexing peaceful, backward Haiti which, with the Dominican Republic, forms the island of Hispaniola. That seems to be the only thing approximating a motive

As the helpless Haitians fled screaming, the soldiers kept on shooting . . . until their rifles scorched their hands

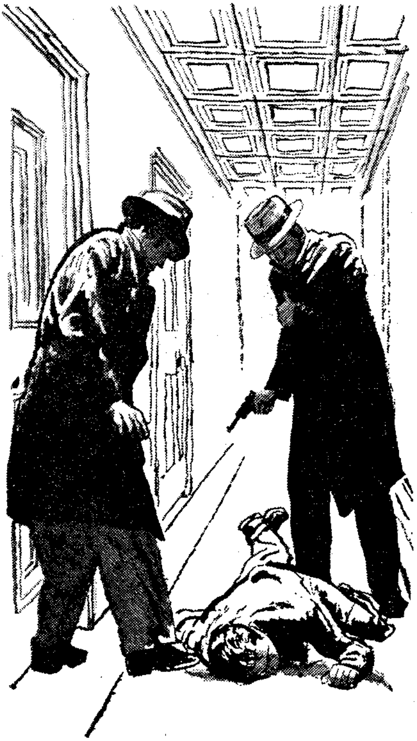


for the slaughter—that and a venomous appeal to prejudice. As Quentin Reynolds commented, the Haitians were to Trujillo's Dominicans what the Jews were to Hitler's Germans. Not even the Nazi mass murders of World War II have obliterated the memory of this atrocity. Nevertheless, Trujillo, by colossal propaganda efforts and the spending of millions of dollars in the United States, was able to blur America's sense of outrage.

ASSASSINATIONS continued literally by the thousands. Authoritative anti-Trujillo circles in the United States and the Latin-American countries agree that there have probably been 50,000 arrests and 20,000 political murders in 27 years. The Dominicans even coined a phrase for it. When a man left his home and family never to return they simply said *"se perdio"*—"He got lost." Political prisoners would die off in curiously large numbers through "hanging themselves in prisons" (leaving notes of "remorse") or getting killed "trying to escape." A few of Trujillo's more typical early murders are cited here to show how remarkably they parallel the more recent murders which he denies.

In 1938 an American Episcopalian missionary, the Rev. Charles Raymond Barnes, tried to smuggle letters out of the country describing the Haitian massacre. He was murdered in his home. To placate American opinion, Trujillo arrested the Rev. Barnes's houseboy, who allegedly claimed the clergyman made homosexual advances to him. The boy was sent to prison for manslaughter and never seen again. The accusation of "homosexuality" became a favorite way for Trujillo to blast his enemies.

A general, Ramón Vasquez Rivera, after the failure of a plot to overthrow Trujillo, was slowly poisoned to death in his cell. Another,



Gunmen lured Requena to a downtown N. Y. hallway in 1952 and shot him.

Coronel Blanco, was found hanging by his neck.

In 1939, Trujillo came to the United States. By much maneuvering he managed to meet President and Mrs. Roosevelt, and acquire a lot of publicity. Not all of it was good. The *New York World-Telegram* wrote: "We are witnessing another display honoring Señor Trujillo from Santo Domingo. Of all the bloodstained terrorists that now encumber the earth, his record is the worst. He is probably responsible for the bloody death of 20,000 helpless human beings. The whole business stinks to heaven . . . Let's send for Hitler and Mussolini and give them the kind of ovation we gave the British King and Queen. It would be exactly as appropriate as turning ourselves inside out for this blood-spattered bully."

World War II made Trujillo an ally of the United States and the postwar crisis made him "a bulwark against communism." This apparently was enough to get him vast quantities of American economic and military aid.

To me, this remains the most inexplicable aspect of the State Department's conduct. Trujillo Land is one of the most prosperous in Latin America, with a healthy trade balance. Yet it is stuffed with American funds under the Point Four program, which was designed to help backward countries. At the same time it is loaded with American arms as part of a campaign against communism—when there is no communism.

Obviously the arms are used for only one purpose, for the regime to turn on its own people. The most sinister aspect is that the State Department will not reveal just how much American taxpayers' money Trujillo has received. Whatever else it might mean, it also means Trujillo has done his work well in Washington.

Through the years, Trujillo has continued to cultivate his American connections carefully. He picked only the "best names" to represent the Republic as its registered agents in the United States. They included the law firms of the late Attorney General Homer S. Cummings and Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr. And Dominican business companies, too, chose such firms as that of Joseph E. Davies and former Senator Millard E. Tydings to represent their legal interests in this country. (They terminated their representation in 1955.) Roosevelt cut his connection with the dictator earlier this year, an act which cost him $30,000 a year.

Trujillo also made it his job to lionize successive American ambassadors. One grateful ambassador even permitted his son to enlist in the Dominican cadet corps and wear its uniform.

I am reliably informed that the present ambassador, William T. Pheiffer, protested to the State Department when he was asked to present a note of criticism to the Generalissimo. He felt it would spoil personal relations "just when I am getting to know him." Needless to say, the official American policy of comradeship with such a notorious figure has appalled other Latin American nations and the oppressed people inside the Dominican Republic. America, they say, keeps talking of morality and moral force but applies it only against Communist tyrants; if the tyrant isn't a Communist then America doesn't care what he does.

Ironically, the relationship between America and Trujillo, which has made America unpopular in Latin America, has done the reverse to Trujillo. In an odd way it has given many Dominicans pride. Much as they hate Trujillo, they remember when Dominican presidents had to wait in Washington anterooms for American favors. Now Dominicans watch with a mixture of delight and contempt when American politicians, diplomats and businessmen come fawning down to the Presidential Palace, eager for a handshake from the boss or an invitation to his dinner table.

This development of perverse national pride is common among dictators. What is less common and what makes Trujillo so much more dangerous than other dictators is his supergreed.

Modern tyrants like Stalin, Hitler, Mussolini and, to a lesser degree, Franco never bothered about personal wealth or adornment. They hungered only for power. But the former cattle-rustler from San Cristóbal has made millions and is hungry for more.

TODAY, all the resources of the Dominican Republic have been brought into line so that they provide a rake-off for Trujillo and his family. He has interests in sugar mills and a milk pasteurizing plant; a lumber cutting and drying trust; a factory that makes edible oils. Also a shoe factory, a cement and a cigarette factory, a slaughterhouse and a glass factory, a liquor plant and an air-conditioning equipment business, radio and television stations, a chemical factory, a shipping company and an insurance company.

Trujillo controls the country's two biggest luxury hotels, the Jaragua and the Ambassador, and takes a cut from their casinos and one-armed bandits. He even has commercial interest in a domestic herb called Pega-Palo, which boldly guarantees to restore sexual virility. American women arriving on vacation at the Jaragua Hotel find themselves face to face with an advertisement that proclaims Pega-Palo is "better than 'Spanish Fly.' "

What Trujillo has made he has invested wisely, mostly in the United States. If there is to be a time of reckoning, he has made sure that he is cushioned against all possible shocks—apart from the one final shock he has administered to so many of his enemies, which may be his lot one day.

Within the Republic the face Trujillo's dictatorship shows to visitors is quaint and almost charming. With the splendor of his uniforms, his 20 residences and his fine new buildings, one tends to forget that the average Dominican's income is under $300 a year. In the newspapers Trujillo is never just Trujillo. He is always "the Benefactor, Generalissimo Doctor Rafael Leonidas Trujillo Molina, Father of the new Fatherland." And this not just once but in every story, which often means in every column.

"Trujillo has ended graft," boast his stooges. To which the more cynical reply, "Certainly. Today there is only one grafter, Trujillo."

In every home and office, Dominicans display a plaque stating "In this house Trujillo is the boss." (Trujillo owns the company which manufactures the plaques.) The plaque is compulsory, as is the business of voting. Everyone must vote. But there is just one party to vote for—Trujillo's. Every few miles throughout the country are military checkpoints with big bumps in the road to make sure the cars stop. "This," the Dominican authorities assure visitors, "is for the protection of visitors and honest folk against possible criminals. It enables the police to follow the movement of traffic." Which is true enough. *Nobody can disappear in the Dominican Republic unless the police wish to make him do so.*

Every evening Trujillo takes his walk through the streets of Ciudad Trujillo like Louis XIV at Versailles. He wears his full uniform bright with gold braid. With him are his ministers, members of his family, soldiers, police, a long cortege with a jeep bringing up the rear. For this promenade, traffic is held up for miles by the police. When the Benefactor sleeps, military patrols with tommy guns and dogs comb the gardens and grounds all night.

The official Government newspaper "El Caribe" has a correspondence column which Trujillo himself writes under various pen names. These lash out unrestrainedly at any member of the community who has aroused the Benefactor's displeasure. It is to this column that all important Dominicans turn anxiously each morning, trembling with the knowledge that if they are mentioned it means the skids are under them.

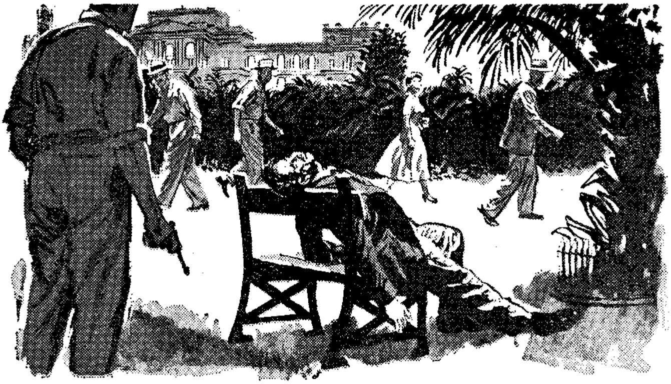
Strange that, in a country where the Benefactor's wisdom, love, and achievements are extolled on every wall and at every street corner, his name is rarely mentioned in conversation; when it is, it is followed by a nervous turning of the head to see who may be listening. Generally when people talk about Trujillo they use euphemisms like "Mr. Smith" or just "him."

No philosophy, no coherent political policy guides the Dominican State; only a feudal devotion to "him," who in turn runs the nation of over 2,347,000 as a personal state, handing out contracts and wealth to the privileged and keeping the underprivileged masses muzzled. Government is by whim.

Trujillo so loves his plumed hat that he issued a law making it illegal for others to wear similar headgear. Recently he made a law putting restrictions on the writing of history in the Dominican Republic, this in case the Benefactor's role is not given due importance. It could be funny. It could be comic opera. Except that the comic opera bullets are real and the comic opera knives are sharp. Thanks to Trujillo, the faucet water in the Dominican Republic is drinkable and the streets are kept clean. But enemies still die by poison and in the streets little laughter is heard.

The first foe of Trujillo's regime to be murdered in New York City was Sergio Bencosme in 1935. The assassins were hoping to kill Dr. Angel Morales, then leader of the Dominicans in exile, and William Loeb, a distinguished New England newspaper publisher and godson of Theodore Roosevelt, who was making anti-Trujillo statements. But the pair were late for their appointment, and had not arrived when the trigger-man burst in. Bencosme, however, was a good consolation prize, being an ex-Minister of the Interior in the Dominican Republic.

New York police identified the murderer as "Chichi" Fuentes Rubirosa, a cousin of the other Rubirosa, Porfirio, whose rise to Dominican diplomat and international playboy started from the ranks of Trujillo's coterie. Fuentes Rubirosa fled to the Dominican Republic where he "disappeared." New York detectives who trailed him saw him in Ciudad Trujillo, wearing an officer's



Murder is done in the open in Trujillo Land—on a man's own lawn, in the parks, in the city streets.

uniform. But they were blandly told by Dominican police that he "was not to be found." They were post-factum correct. Rubirosa was slain shortly afterwards in the prison at Nigua.

Next to die was Andrés Requena, editor of an anti-Trujillo newspaper, who was lured to a downtown address in New York City and fatally wounded on October 2, 1952. Just before he died, Requena handed his printer the manuscript of his last article, in which he said his life had been threatened by Felix Bernadino, the Dominican Consul in New York.

Bernadino was a macabre character. He had been a leader of the "42" and had been released by Trujillo from jail, where he was serving a murder rap. Before coming to New York, Bernadino was Dominican commercial attaché in Cuba. He could not keep out of trouble there any more than in New York. He was discovered by the Cuban police busily engaged in plots to murder various Dominican exiles. According to testimony before a special Cuban commission, Bernadino had even ghoulishly caused a grave to be dug for one of his prospective victims, Dr. Cotubanama Henriquez.

After the Requena murder, the U.S. authorities told Bernadino to leave New York, and today he is a member of the Dominican Congress. His sister Minerva is Dominican representative at the United Nations.

The Dominican Government denied responsibility for the crimes and launched a stream of abuse against Bencosme, Morales and Requena. Meanwhile, strange figures moved in and out of Dominican consulates and embassies in various parts of the world. In 1939 Trujillo sent a semi-literate gunman called "Piogan" Paulino, another alumnus of "42," as ambassador to Haiti in the war of nerves against that feeble country. In 1954 an exchange of bullets inside the Dominican Embassy in London resulted in the death of a marble-eyed Dominican attaché and thug, Don Luis Bernadino, the brother of Felix.

This sort of thing does not happen often in London, and the shots were heard by the co-writer of this article, who had a house only a few hundred yards away. The man who killed Bernadino was Octavio de la Maza, then air-attaché at the Dominican Embassy, and a man who is so important to later events in this story that the murder must be examined in some detail.

De la Maza was a pilot, a huge, reckless adventurer of a man, and an alcoholic. A few months before the murder, he had been hauled into London's Marylebone Police Station for drunken driving. He had roughed up three bobbies before he was overwhelmed and pinned to the floor. Only when the Dominican ambassador was called did he calm down.

Some time afterwards, Bernadino went down to Spain from London to see the Benefactor, who was visiting General Franco. Left behind in London, De la Maza fretted that Bernadino was going to report his excessive drinking to Trujillo. On returning to London, Bernadino got into a drunken argument with De la Maza and was shot dead. De la Maza was recalled to Ciudad Tru-

With macabre thoroughness, Bernadino, it is charged, had a grave dug in advance for one of his intended victims

jillo, charged with the killing and acquitted on the grounds of self-defense. He had more work to do for Trujillo, and was too useful to die—yet.

All through the years, the Trujillo net was closing in on the regime's greatest enemy of all, Jesus de Galíndez. Galíndez, a Basque, was a distinguished scholar and refugee from the Spanish Civil War who had lived in the Dominican Republic during World War II. He came to the United States afterwards and joined the faculty of Columbia University at a time when Dwight D. Eisenhower was its President. A handsome, self-assured bachelor, Galíndez settled down to write the great work of his life, an indictment of the Dominican dictator called "The Era of Trujillo."

In 1953 in Cuba, a Dominican murderer called Rafael "El Muerto" (the Dead One) Soler was offered $100,000 to kill Galíndez. According to Soler's evidence, he was approached on the subject by two men introduced to him by the wife of a Dominican police officer. Soler turned the assignment down. Two years later he was in jail, accused of murdering another Dominican exile, Manuel Hernandez y Santana.

Several times, Galíndez received threatening messages, as did other Dominican exiles, but he ignored them. Then, in one of his sinister shuffles, Trujillo removed his consul in New York and replaced him with General Arturo Espaillat, a soldier with a reputation for fearlessness and audacity, but with few diplomatic qualifications.

It was known that Galíndez had finished his book. There was no doubt a publisher would speedily be found in the United States. To kill Galíndez would be easy. However that would mean nothing if the book still came out, and to steal the book was impossible. Only one thing could successfully silence the work: Galíndez must *disappear*.

Whereupon Galíndez disappeared, in one of the most daring kidnappings in American history. On March 12 last year he lectured on the history of Latin American civilization at Columbia, had a cup of coffee with some of his students, was given a lift down to Columbus Circle and was last seen descending a subway on the way to his apartment on downtown Fifth Avenue.

He never reached home. And he has not been seen since. Among his papers was found a note saying that if anything happened to him those responsible would be found in the Dominican Republic.

I HAD read about Galíndez' disappearance in the newspapers and I confess the item caught my attention only momentarily. In times like

It was in the tyrant's own hotel, crawling with spies, that the young American pilot chose to do his boasting

these the newspapers are full of earth-shaking news stories which hold the spotlight for a few days and are then crowded out by new and even more disturbing events.

But quite suddenly the case entered the sphere of my personal Congressional duty. Gerry Murphy, a keen young flier from Eugene, Oregon, my home town, had become implicated with tragic results to himself.

Some time before the disappearance of Galíndez, Murphy had been writing home about a "new friend" he had made, General Arturo Espaillat, Dominican Consul in New York. On the night Galíndez disappeared, Murphy was commissioned by a mysterious figure to fly "an invalid" from Amityville, Long Island, to Lantana Airport, outside West Palm Beach. There Murphy refueled, paying for the gas with $95 in cash, and flew on to the Dominican Republic. A few days later he returned to Miami, his pockets bulging with money, and laid down $3,412 cash for a new Dodge convertible.

The sum is significant. It indicates how much he must have been paid for that single night's work. No matter how much he loved automobiles he would not have spent every cent he had earned. For a boy like Murphy to casually pay $3,412 in cash suggests to me he could not have received much less than $10,000.

Espaillat, when the case blew up, denied knowing Murphy, and it is worth interrupting the story at this point to show how Trujillo henchmen maneuver to silence their critics.

Espaillat received an advance copy of a speech I was to make in New York denouncing Trujillo. He warned me through the Associated Press that if I linked his (Espaillat's) name to Murphy's he would "take action." I ignored his warning and he did nothing. He was not being timid. His purpose had been served, namely to frighten off newspapers from publishing my speech. In this he was partially successful. Some newspapers omitted my reference to Espaillat in reporting my speech. Others toned down some of my comments. But the *New York Post* ran the speech fully. Espaillat has done nothing about it.

Now, young Murphy was a boy who was not afraid to live dangerously. But he was no fool. He had read the papers and had a pretty good idea as to the identity of the "invalid" he had flown to the Dominican Republic. He began to boast, indiscreetly and in the worst possible place, the bar of the Jaragua Hotel, Trujillo's own hotel, which notoriously crawls with Trujillo spies. In fact, the Dominican authorities were recently embarrassed when an employee of the Jaragua was brought into court for stealing from a guest—and it was inadvertently revealed that the thief was a secret police agent.

In November, Murphy got a new job in the United States and resigned from the Dominican airline. On December 3rd he met his fiancée, an airline hostess, when her plane stopped in Ciudad Trujillo. He told her he had been called to a conference with Trujillo in the Presidential Palace. He was never seen again.

The U.S. Embassy asked the Dominican police to investigate. A month went by before the Dominicans finally came up with a reply. Murphy, they said, had been murdered by another flier, and that flier was none other than Octavio de la Maza, the killer of Bernadino in London three years earlier.

De la Maza clearly had wind of trouble. A few days before his arrest he had appeared, tense and frightened, at the American Embassy to get his mother and father into the United States before the blow fell.

In that he succeeded. But in nothing else. Shortly afterwards, the Dominican police announced that De la Maza had "committed suicide" in a Dominican prison, leaving a note expressing "remorse." The note also included the inevitable Trujillist touch that De la Maza and Murphy had fought after the young man had made homosexual advances.

Murphy, according to the story, had fallen headlong over a cliff into shark-infested waters. Murphy's parents and his fiancée, Sally Caire, hurried down to the Dominican Republic, and were given a cold reception. The police pointed out that Murphy's car was found near the precipice where he fell. To which Sally retorted bitterly, "It's so easy to get killed here. It can be made to look so accidental."

Obviously the story was phony. As one graduate of a Dominican prison pointed out to me, "In order to die, De la Maza made use of three unheard-of luxuries in a Dominican cell—paper, pencil and a mosquito net to hang himself." Richard H. Stephens, American chargé d'affaires in Ciudad Trujillo, outraged the local authorities to such an extent by his open skepticism that the Dominican Attorney General complained to Trujillo about it.

"He (Mr. Stephens) assumed an offensive attitude that could not but hurt my sensitivity," the Attorney General reported rather plaintively. "I did not then protest, in order to avoid being blamed for breaking the cooperation—extreme cooperation—in which we have conducted the investigations . . . Several times the chargé d'affaires with his own hands exerted pressure on the arm of the shower in which the body of De la Maza was found . . . presumably to prove the resistance to the weight of a normal man. This was not all. Mr. Stephens took the noose of cloth with which De la Maza had hanged himself and after pulling strongly on it . . . he put it round his neck. All of which no doubt," the Attorney General concluded with charming understatement, "implied a suspicion of the veracity and seriousness of the Dominican authorities."

The Dominican police denied emphatically that Murphy's invalid plane passenger had been Galíndez; indeed the New York police received a hot tip that it might have been one Francisco (the "Lame One") Martinez Jara, whom they suspected was responsible for the kidnaping. They checked with the Dominicans. Where was Jara?

The Dominican police replied that Jara was missing. Where was his wife? She had been killed "in an auto crash" in Ciudad Trujillo last August. In other words, as many as four people may have been murdered in the desperate attempt to stifle the Galíndez scandal—Murphy, De la Maza, Jara and Jara's wife.

Ever since the Galíndez disappearance, the Dominican authorities in the United States had been issuing frantic denials. They bought four-page advertisements in leading American newspapers to prove that they did not do it; and anyway who cared, because Galíndez, they said, was a Communist.

WHEN I became involved in the case it appeared that I was a Communist too. And Murphy had been involved in some shady airline traffic, so what was I doing helping a delinquent? Round and round, like a kiwi bird, the charges went. From the Dominican Republic even came a hint of how I might myself be rubbed out. It was both ingenious and farcical.

According to the Dominican Army Security Service, a plot was afoot to have me beaten up. Not by the Dominicans, of course. They would not dream of such a thing. It was the Communists who were planning to pulverize me, and then blame it on the Dominican Government! This inspiration out of the clouded cuckooland of police state thinking was seriously given to the United Press in Ciudad Trujillo and cabled here.

This did not worry me so much as the attitude of some of our American agencies and officials. To an alarming degree they appeared to have been softened up by the constant wooing of the United States by Trujillo. From the State Department I received no cooperation whatever in my attempts to unravel the Murphy case. Requests for information were answered by the words, "We'll ring you back." But the calls never came. My speech denouncing Trujillo in the House had, to put it mildly, an antagonistic reception.

Worried, harassed and appalled by the facts of the Dominican situation, working day and night on the Galíndez-Murphy scandal, I was amazed to read that my own majority leader in the House of Representatives, John McCormack, was to accept a medal at a champagne supper at the Dominican Embassy. My respect and admiration for Mr. McCormack was—and is—immense. He has been enormously kind to me since I came to Congress. I wrote to him and protested.

Mr. McCormack's reply was depressingly unequivocal. "Your criticism of me," he wrote, "is more than presumptuous. It is obnoxious."

Presumptuous, obnoxious or not, I was getting things moving. The State Department, with obvious reluctance, was being pushed towards one of the most serious exposures of

Trujillo in his entire career. The FBI confirmed what I had suspected —De la Maza's suicide note was a forgery.

It should be remembered that in the Dominican Republic there lives one of the world's great forgers, Alonzo Alonzo, and his value to Trujillo is clearly shown by his effrontery. He once had the colossal nerve to forge the signature of Trujillo's wife on a bank check, and the only punishment he received was a slight reprimand!

The revelation of forgery, of course, reduced the Dominican Government's case to powder, and changed the entire tone of the inquiry. If De la Maza did not write his own suicide note, then presumably he did not commit his own suicide. And from that point one must also conclude he did not murder Gerry Murphy.

Then who did? The man who actually did the killing we do not yet know. But it is obvious that such a complicated and minutely planned web of lies and intrigue could not have evolved in Trujillo Land unless Trujillo was in on the plot.

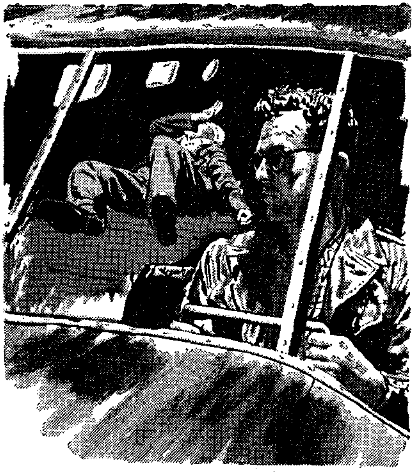
Strangely enough, the man who might have unwittingly contributed to De la Maza's death was our own ambassador William T. Pheiffer.

Pheiffer had word that Murphy and De la Maza had been seen quarreling, and he considered it his duty to inform the authorities. What a heaven-sent chance for the plotters! The American ambassador himself provides the police with an ideal device: get rid of De la Maza and forge a note of confession. That wraps the whole thing up and the case is closed.

In any event, the State Department has completely rejected the Dominican Republic's explanation of Murphy's death. Trujillo, in a panic, recalled his two top Washington envoys after my speech in the House of Representatives.

The reader by now will probably be slightly dizzy from this revelation of first-rate intrigue and infantile lying which characterizes Dominican affairs. He will be nonplused by the straightfaced presentation of alibis that a child would see through, and assassinations which arouse a thousand cries of protest for every voice they silence. But, of course, the fact is that crooks are not smart. That they are is a detective story myth.

If crooks were smart they would



Murphy flew the "invalid" to the Dominican Republic for big money—and death.

not be crooks. Trujillo is an exception. He is a crook and he is able. But in his palace in Ciudad Trujillo he often rages against his subordinates. "Imbeciles," he cries. "I am surrounded by imbeciles."

In one way Trujillo has succeeded. The Generalissimo has temporarily silenced the one great work—Galíndez' book—which might have destroyed him in the United States. But it is a shoddy victory. Trujillo has shown over the past 14 months that he has learned nothing new in the art of assassination.

He is too old to change his techniques. To kill, intimidate and slander are his only weapons against his foes. So he must go on. More opponents will "commit suicide" in their cells, leaving notes of "remorse." More will die "trying to escape." Witnesses in Trujillo's domain of military posts, identity cards and checkpoints will disappear so completely that the Dominican police cannot find them. Trujillo's enemies will continue to be "Communists" or "homosexuals" or both. People will still die in mysterious auto accidents.

The record has gone on too long and the needle is worn through, but there is no other record to play. Consequently, for as long as I persist in carrying on my campaign against Trujillo, I intend to carry a gun. Not because I consider Trujillo's henchmen clever, but because I know them to be fools.

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Human Comedy

Two spinsters were driving along the highway when they came upon a young woman struggling to change a tire. After a quick conference, they decided to give the poor girl a hand. Alighting from their car, they were surprised to see a young man relaxing on the grassy bank. But they said nothing and pitched in. Finally one of them could stand it no longer, and asked the young woman why on earth wasn't her husband changing the tire.

"He's only my boy friend," the young lady explained.

"Oh," the spinster sighed, understandingly—and all three went back to work.

—Charles Ruffing

A high school sophomore selected for her book report in English the story of the 17-year-old daughter of a country doctor. She related at considerable length the trials and tribulations of the heroine: how she had assisted her father in an emergency childbirth, how she had assumed the housekeeping and care of the younger children when her mother became an invalid, how she became the breadwinner when her father died, and how she made the decision to marry a struggling young country doctor rather than a rich businessman.

When asked by her teacher if she liked the story and why, she replied, "I liked the book very much because it shows some of the typical problems we teen-agers have to face."

—Charles Belik

Riding a crowded New York subway one morning, I watched a man become increasingly annoyed with a pretty young woman straphanger who was looking over his shoulder reading his newspaper. After several sharp glances in her direction, he finally turned around and with a courtly bow handed her the paper. She quickly rummaged through her purse and handed him a dime. Bowing again, he returned a nickel change, and the young woman started to read without a word having been spoken between them.

—Irene R. Thomas

During a recent New York dock strike, white collar office workers of one steamship company went to the pier to help the passengers of an arriving ocean liner with their luggage.

A passenger, on his first visit to the United States, nudged his wife as they came down the gangplank. "You see," he told her, "here in America even the porters are well-dressed."

—Betty Raeber

Do you remember any funny original stories in the world of Human Comedy? Send them to: "Human Comedy," Coronet, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N.Y. Payment on publication . . . No contributions can be acknowledged or returned.

"My Patients Are My God"

by **Marcus Bach**

FOUR OPERATING TABLES are set up in the immaculately scrubbed village schoolroom. An elderly man, two middle-aged women and a boy in his teens are lying on the tables. On the floor nearby, 12 other patients sit cross-legged, waiting. It is eight o'clock in the morning.

The man called Modi, to whom thousands in India owe the blessing of sight, enters the room. He is a boyishly young doctor of 40, soft-spoken, shy. His face is the face of an ascetic. Some call him a saint.

With phenomenal skill and speed measured only by a shimmer of light on the hypodermic needle, he pierces, just below the eye, the cheeks of all 16 patients. There is no cry, no sound. The women in their *saris*, the men in their homespun white *dhotis*, poor rural people, count themselves favored to be here. They simply lift their heads to him and stoically take the injection.

Outside in the swept-up yard, 110 other patients sit cross-legged, waiting. Only a few are well-dressed, the rest show the unmistakable imprint of poverty. But all have one thing in

Dedicated to restoring the sight of India's afflicted masses, this surgical genius, often called "saint," performs as many as 200 operations a day—and has already saved thousands from blindness

common: blindness or impending blindness.

They have come from scores of Indian villages on foot, feeling their way, guided by relatives or friends. Some came in bullock carts. A few had bus fare.

Yesterday, with the help of his four nurses, the doctor examined 460 of them. Some were given medicine and sent home; others received advice and instruction—all free.

Who pays this famous eye surgeon? No one. Today he is in this village, tomorrow in another. Why does he do it?

He once gave a hint of the reason when he declined an invitation by saying, "I am sorry I cannot come, but you see my patients are my god, the operating room is my temple, and the instruments are my *puja*." *Puja* are the objects and sacraments involved in Hindu worship.

Now Modi bends over the first patient. His slender hands move with breathless quickness and competence. And a cataract operation has been performed.

He moves to the second table. The scalpel flashes in the light of the operating lamp.

The speed and surgical genius of this man are incredible. He has performed more than 40,000 eye operations: *cataract cases, 99 per cent successful.*

The first patient has been placed on a pallet and members of India's youth movement, the Seva Dala, carry him gently to a nearby building where he will receive post-operative treatment and care. The silence and orderliness of the proceedings, the perfect submission of the patients, transform the village schoolroom into a shrine. One of the 12 seated on the floor is brought to the table just vacated. A nurse readies him for his operation.

This will continue, this mission of mercy, until all 110 have lain under the knife. There have been days when this surgeon to Mother India's blind has performed 200 operations in his 16-hour day. Helen Keller, who visited him, prayed God's blessings upon his work and spoke of him as "a light piercing the darkness in selfless service."

Sight, to thousands in India, is this man called Modi. Few know his full name: Dr. Shree Murugappa Chennaveerappa Modi. The 40,000 patients on whom he has operated and the 60,000 more whom he has treated call him "the brother who gives us sight."

He is a native of Bijapur district and Gandhi helped make him what he is. Modi followed the Mahatma during his student years and today the spirit of Gandhi walks with him as he goes from village to village in a one-man crusade against his country's greatest scourge. India has one of the highest blindness rates in the world. There are an estimated 1,500,000 completely blind in the subcontinent and 4,500,000 partially blind.

The government had no program to help those in rural areas where poverty and blindness groped their hopeless way hand in hand. Young Modi, as a student helper in a hospital in Bombay, caught the challenge through Gandhi's vision of service: "A man gives nothing unless he gives himself."

MODI'S FATHER, a Bombay merchant, was not wealthy. There were four children in the family, but it was decided that Murugappa should have help to match the determination he had to help himself. He became a registered medical practitioner the following year, 1934, and entered an intensive period of research and internship.

The Board of Indian Systems of Medicine granted him the diploma of Bhishaghwar (Anglo-Ayurvedic diploma) and he then enrolled for postgraduate work at the K.B.H.B. Eye Hospital in Bombay. Here he performed more operations than the eight other doctors combined, and was cited as the most skillful and successful surgeon in the ophthalmological field.

Modi could have had a thriving practice in any city in India, but in 1943 he left cities and hospitals and followed his call into the rural areas. He opened his first "Free Eye Camp" at Patan in Gujarat, near Gandhi's birthplace. The clinic was in the Gandhian tradition. It refused to distinguish between rich and poor or to show any preference for caste. The examination and treatments were free and the doctor and his volunteer staff worked 16 hours a day because "the need was there."

When a thousand patients came to Patan during the first two weeks, new services had to be added, for many brought their relatives and friends and it was necessary to provide free board and lodging.

Dr. Modi's disregard for his own well-being, however, is often the concern of his patients and staff. Asked about this, his reply is characteristic: "My patients are my medicine."

He lives simply, eating his vegetarian meals, Indian fashion, with his hands. His occasional remarks are devoted to his patients, for he lives, eats, thinks only in terms of his mission. He is always completely relaxed, his voice mellow and unhurried.

Those who wonder whether the influence of Gandhi still lives in India today find their answer in Modi. Next to Nehru and Vinoba Bhave, he has caught the imagination and hearts of the Indian people.

Shortly after the opening of the Patan camp, the parents of Dr. Modi began thinking in terms of a wife for their son and, following Indian tradition, began a search for an eligible Brahmin girl. Horoscopes, family connections and fate led to Srimati Leelavati, the daughter of a wealthy landowner.

Her father, Rayappa Mokasi, came to talk over the matter with the doctor who, as usual, was in the midst of eye examinations. Asked for his decision, Modi said, "I will marry her if it is my parents' wish. But I cannot promise to take care of your daughter. She will very likely have to take care of me. The blind of India need us more than we need each other."

Fortunately, both Rayappa Mokasi and his daughter were in complete accord with this viewpoint of dedicated service and the young couple was married.

Mrs. Modi realized that in order to best serve her people it would be necessary to extend the Patan camp idea and this was done to cover the major part of South India, including Kanara, Bellary, Mysore and Gooty, with examination centers planned also for Rajasthan and the Punjab. Donations from Rayappa Mokasi and other individuals helped in the development. Volunteer corps were organized. Rural schools and halls were cleared for 15-day periods and converted into hospitals equipped with operating lights, tables and pallets.

Modi, with a passion for orderliness and efficiency, was constantly working out new methods for serving the greatest number of patients. He devoted the first two days at a village camp to consultations and pre-operative treatment. Then there were two intensive days of eye operations, followed by 11 days of post-operative treatment during which time Modi conducted detailed examinations of patients, prescribed glasses and medicines, and lectured on the preservation of sight.

He gets home to Dharwar once every three months to spend a few days with his wife and their young son, Amarnath. But even when traveling by train, he goes up and down through the cars examining the eyes of passengers. Once when his wife accompanied him, he completely forgot about her and, having examined the eyes of all the travelers, felt his work was done and got off alone—at the wrong station.

In 1949, after having examined some 500,000 sufferers, dispensed free medicine to over 100,000 patients and performed thousands of operations, Dr. Modi came to the U. S. to study new techniques in such things as corneal transplantation and the use of eye banks, the implantation of plastic lenses and advanced methods of intracapsular cataract extraction.

Dr. Modi has almost 100% success in cataract cases, never charges fee.

Asked what he thought of America, he said, "The main characteristic of Americans is that they have no inferiority or superiority complex. They don't look up to anyone or down on anyone. Oftentimes I mistake a clerk for the boss."

On his return to India, the Mysore government decided to provide direct financial aid and to tie in the Modi program with the government's Department of Public Health. The Mysore government's endorsement led to aid from individuals and indirect help from the governments of Bombay, Hyderabad, Madras and Coorg. A number of merchants now make it a practice to donate food for patients when Modi comes to town.

The Eye Camps, which today serve more than 1,000 villages, are integrated in a "Traveling Eye Hospital" system. Modi has been equipped with a van and a driver, volunteer nurses and assistants, several of whom are former patients whose sight has been restored.

National honor came to Dr. Modi on India's Republic Day (January 26, 1956) when he received the "Padma Shri" award from President Prasad in recognition of his work.

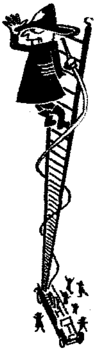
A member of Parliament, Shri S. Nijalingappa paid him this tribute: "It is rare to find a man who is imbued with such lofty ideals to serve humanity. Wherever he goes he brings light and cheer to the unfortunate blind of our land. His fingers look as though they had been made by a kind nature to perform the delicate task of restoring sight to the blind. The country is grateful to Dr. Modi."

Rumale Channabasaviah, who is in charge of the Free Eye Operation Camps, was asked: "Isn't there a chance of overworking Dr. Modi?"

"You cannot overwork a man with a mission," he replied. "I have seen him perform 270 operations in a single day. To those who doubt that this can be done with nearly 100 per cent success, I can only say, 'Come and visit the camps.' "

Dr. Modi has his own quiet way of voicing the same spirit and acknowledging the same success. He says simply, "Seeing is believing."

Where's the Fire?



FIREMEN called to extinguish a fire in a water fountain in Louisville, Kentucky, found an electric motor in the fountain had developed a short.

A SALEM, OREGON, housewife phoned firemen and reported her attic on fire. It turned out that the back of her dress was on fire. She was treated for first- and second-degree burns.

A MAN in Louisville, Kentucky, was charged with arson because, police said, (1) he was standing near the third of three small fires set in an alley, (2) he was carrying a box of matches, and (3) he said he didn't smoke.

—EDITH ROBERTSON

Baseball's Daffy Day

by LAWRENCE A. KEATING

PROBABLY the maddest major league baseball game ever recorded was between the New York Yankees and Washington Senators in Washington, April 26, 1931. This collector's item included a home run that made a third out—and a player thumbed to the showers for what he was thinking.

The zany proceedings began in the first inning with two out and Yankee Lyn Lary on first. Lou Gehrig, competing with Babe Ruth for the season's home-run title, hit a ball into the center-field stands where it struck a seat and bounced back on the field. Outfielder Harry Rice threw it in as Lary arrived at third. Thinking the ball had been caught by the outfielder, Lyn strolled to the dugout. Gehrig crossed third after him and went on to the plate.

Umpire Bill McGowan promptly ruled him out for having "passed" a base runner, making the third out.

Then Senator Ossie Bluege hit a Texas leaguer into right field where Dusty Cooke, racing to take it at his shoetops, fell hard and lay still. Bluege scored a home run and Cooke went to the hospital.

The Senators' Doc Cronin got a triple when Yankee fielder Sam Byrd fell down trying to catch his fly ball. But Cronin had trouble at third base because his teammate Heinie Manush was there and wouldn't budge. Manush thought two were out instead of one and didn't want to make the third out sliding for home.

Presently the Yankees, not to be outdone, had two runners on third. First baseman Joe Judge rushed across the infield and tagged both. Umpire Tom Connolly called the wrong Yankee out and had to coax him back from the bench.

In the ninth, with Yankee outfielder Ben Chapman at bat, Umpire McGowan called, "Ball!" Catcher Spencer acted as though he thoroughly disagreed. McGowan thumbed him out of the game.

"You can't do that!" Spencer yelled. "I ain't said nothin' yet!"

"You're out of the game," McGowan insisted, "for what you were intending to say." His decision stuck.

The final score—Senators 9, Yankees 7—was relatively unimportant. But Lou Gehrig's home-run total that season tied Babe Ruth's at 46. The first-inning homer Gehrig hit but failed to collect would have put him in the lead.

the servant who bossed the queen

by Irwin Porges

IN THE GREAT PALACE drawing room the elegant assemblage of guests stood about conversing in restrained whispers while footmen in crimson livery passed quietly among them with refreshments. At the upper end of the room sat a stout, middle-aged woman in a faded dress. Those near her stood at respectful attention, not speaking until she chose to address them.

Suddenly all heads turned as a burly, bearded man in Scottish Highlander costume entered the room and strode across to the seated woman. She looked up, smiled, and murmured a few words.

The man, not bothering to acknowledge her greeting, demanded hoarsely in a thick Scotch brogue that carried across the room: "What are ye doing with that auld black dress on ye again? It's green-moulded!"

The guests stared in open-mouthed amazement; the woman in black seemed unaffected. Without a word, she arose and left the room. Victoria, Queen of England, had gone to change her dress.

The Queen had accepted this incredible rudeness from a man who was only a servant; and she was obeying it as a command.

The man, John Brown, is one of the most controversial figures in British history. An uncouth Scotchman, he wielded inexplicable power over Victoria. She chose him for her intimate friend, allowed him to order prime ministers and foreign dignitaries about, to dominate the palace household, and boss and bully the Royal Family.

Victoria was 29 and married to Prince Albert when she first noticed John Brown on a visit to Scotland in 1849. On a later visit, the sturdy Highland youth, eight years her junior, was assigned to accompany the Queen's carriage and lead her pony. Brown's rugged strength and self-reliant attitude aroused Victoria's admiration, and from then on he was always with the Royal Party. In letters to friends, the Queen referred to him as a groom, footman, page and "almost a lady's maid."

But for all his sturdy self-reliance John had one great weakness—strong liquor. The first hint of this came on a picnic near Balmoral Castle. To John fell the task of brewing tea for the Royal Party. It took only one sip for Victoria to discover that the tea had an unusual flavor, and she praised it enthusiastically.

"Well, it should be good, ma'am," Brown replied. "I put a grand nip o' whisky in it!"

On a trip through the Scottish Highlands, a footman became suddenly faint and there was no liquor available to revive him. Victoria ordered that from then on bottles of liquor be kept in the back of the carriage at all times.

There were no further incidents, but since Brown habitually rode in the back of the carriage, it can be assumed that the bottles were often drained.

After Albert's death, Victoria withdrew to the seclusion of Windsor Castle, refusing to take part in public functions. With her spirits at low ebb, she sent for John Brown to come to London. From then on they were inseparable.

This close association of Victoria and John caused only a mere undercurrent of malicious gossip until the newspapers began referring to Brown as "The Great Court Favourite," "The Shadow Behind the Throne," and "The Doom of the Queen." One cartoon showed Victoria in her black mourning clothes, astride a horse, with the caption beneath reading: "All is black which is not Brown." Magazines lampooned both the Queen and her servant, and at private clubs there were continual innuendoes and sly references to Victoria as "Mrs. Brown." Eventually it became a scandal which rocked the British Empire and added considerably to

Victoria's growing unpopularity.

John was often seen about Windsor Castle in a drunk and abusive state. At these times he ordered the Queen about, spoke coarsely to the Royal Children, who despised him, and tongue-lashed court officials as well as distinguished guests.

On one occasion when sent for by the Queen, John, unusually inebriated, was found in bed fully clothed. Informed of Victoria's summons he refused to stir, growling, "She kens damned well that I'm drunk!"

It is said that he once staggered into the drawing room during a public affair and fell flat on his face. Victoria hastily apologized to the startled guests, remarking that she *had* felt a slight earthquake tremor!

BROWN'S FAVOR, because of his influence with the Queen, was constantly being courted. A friend, asking his help in placing a boy in the Queen's household, informed Brown that the lad didn't drink, swear or play cards, obviously the worst kind of recommendation to make to Brown.

After pondering for a moment, John replied, "I'm verra sorry, but he sounds too guid to live long. And the Queen dinna like the quick-dying kind."

Later, however, he relented and gave the boy a job; but in a heart-to-heart talk told him that in order to be a man he must have a few vices.

Brown's bluff manner of speaking got him continually into trouble with the court and the British public. When meeting an old acquaintance who commented that John must see a lot of important folk in London, he answered loftily, "Me and the Queen pays no attention to them!"

The news that Brown had not only linked his name with Victoria's, but had placed his name first, caused a furor of public indignation and demands for Brown's dismissal. To all this, Victoria, insistent that she would not be dictated to, was indifferent.

It is a paradox that England's Queen, who often ignored the advice of her Prime Minister, rejected the suggestions of the Royal Family and upheld the majesty of her position with such rigidity that she would not permit foreign ambassadors to be seated in her presence, should accept the commands and criticisms of a mere servant. Nevertheless, she followed Brown's curt instructions to take his arm, or to put on her shawl, and listened without resentment to his caustic comments that her clothes were wrinkled or sloppy, her hat askew.

Once, when the Queen's baggage went astray on a trip to the Duke of Richmond's lodge in Scotland, she was faced with the possibility of having to sleep in her clothes or nothing at all. This was unthinkable to England's Majesty; she refused to go to bed, and Brown was summoned. He came in, examined the bed and then said, "It's a good bed. Are you tired?"

Victoria replied that she was, but she wanted her nightgown.

Brown's blunt advice was, "Stop fretting. You'll snore just as good for laying down in your chemise!"

Their strange relationship scandalized the British Empire —and jarred Victoria on her throne

Later, with the Queen adamant, he agreed to search for her baggage, but when he returned with the missing gown after spending most of the night out in a heavy rain, Victoria was fast asleep—in her chemise.

Brown never hesitated to let Victoria know who was boss. At a dinner a young footman, one of his favorites, dropped a silver salver and the noise caused guests to look up in disapproval. Victoria ordered the servant reduced in rank.

When Brown heard about it, he told the Queen sharply, "What are you doing to that puir lad? Haven't you ever dropped anything yourself?"

The servant was restored to his former position.

In dealing with court officials, Brown was equally peremptory. A minister who asked his opinion on whether or not he should take a short vacation to go fishing received this brusque reply: "You'll not be going fishing. Her Majesty thinks it's time you did a little work!"

Prime Minister Gladstone was given to lengthy discourses at the dinner table on topics which bored Victoria. On one occasion the two had a difference of opinion; and Gladstone, with all deference but in his usual long-winded fashion, was explaining his side of the question. Brown, watching Victoria, noticed her patience was fast running out.

Suddenly, in the midst of his explanation, Gladstone felt a strong finger jabbed into his back. Turning around in astonishment, he heard Brown's rough command, "You've said enough!"

Victoria's servant, to whom prime ministers were merely the Queen's hired help, had chosen his own method of halting the boring flow of words.

Because of his boorish manners and bullying tactics, Brown was constantly at odds with the Royal Family. The sons of the Prince of Wales, in later life King George V and the Duke of Clarence, enjoyed playing pranks on him. Descending the stairs at Balmoral Castle, Brown tripped over a string which had been tied across the staircase, and fell headlong. The snickers of the two young Princes, concealed nearby, could be heard.

Infuriated, Brown seized them and whipped them soundly. The Prince of Wales protested to Victoria about Brown's actions, but she, as usual, defended him, maintaining that the boys deserved the punishment.

There has been much speculation about the reasons for Brown's influence over the Queen. Scandalous stories about their relations have never been proven. It seems evident now that Brown provided her with the stalwart support needed to replace that given by her beloved Albert. In Brown's frankness and common sense, Victoria, herself despising sham and hypocrisy, found a relief from the pretense and double-dealing of court life.

Perhaps the best explanation of Brown's influence, however, can be found in Victoria's faith in spiritualism. Under the spell of R. J. Lees, a famous spiritualist writer, Victoria became convinced that she could communicate with her dead husband. Lees mysteriously indicated that this communication could only take place through a medium in the Queen's household, and it was assumed that Brown was the medium.

There were innumerable seances, and conflicting stories about reported contacts. But there is no reliable information to reveal whether or not Prince Albert was ever reached.

At a time when Victoria's popularity with the British public had sunk low, and when John Brown was the most thoroughly hated man in the Empire, a startling event occurred.

Arthur O'Connor, a 16-year-old boy inflamed by Irish Republican freedom demands, conceived a fantastic plan. At gun point, he would force Victoria to sign an order freeing members of the Irish organization, the Fenians, from jail.

Slipping into the palace gardens, he waited until the Queen's carriage arrived, ran to the window and thrust a pistol in her face. While Victoria screamed for help, Brown grappled with the boy, grabbed the pistol, and knocked him down.

The fact that the pistol had not been loaded, and that O'Connor had only intended to scare Victoria into signing the paper made no difference to the public. Brown became a national hero overnight and Victoria's popularity surged to an all-time high.

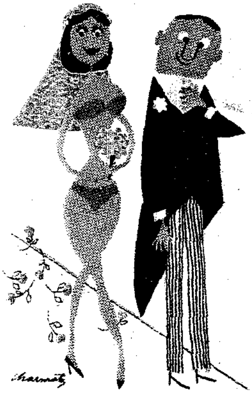
Brown's loyalty and deep concern over Victoria's safety eventually caused his death. After patrolling the castle grounds all night to make certain that men rumored to be bent upon her assassination were not about, he caught a severe cold and died shortly after.

In gratitude to the man who had dedicated his life to her, Victoria had a statue of him erected at Balmoral and a granite seat was inscribed in his memory at Osborne. She also announced that she would write the story of his life for publication. There was a stir of apprehension in royal circles, and because of fears that old scandals might be raked up, and that the Queen's popularity might suffer, she was eventually persuaded to give up the idea.

But what might have caused the greatest sensation of all did not become known until years later. The secret diaries of John Brown, personal accounts of his day-by-day association with the Queen, were impounded soon after his death. Faced with the disclosure of confidential details of her private life, Victoria ordered that Brown's writings be destroyed.

With the destruction of the diaries went all hope of solving the enigma of the strange friendship between Victoria and John Brown, the simple Highlander who for more than 20 years ruled the Queen of a vast empire with an iron hand.

WACKY WEDDINGS



by FRANK L. REMINGTON

THERE'S NO TELLING where, how, or under what circumstances candidates for marital bliss will merge their lives. Not long ago, a young couple repeated nuptial vows in the magnificent Grand Ballroom of Virginia's Luray Caverns. Asked why, the bride explained she had promised her man-hating mother "never to marry a man on the face of the earth!"

Weddings have been performed in such improbable places as airplanes, atop flagpoles, and even in a cage full of lions. One bridegroom went through the ceremony by telephone. Poor fellow had come down with the mumps.

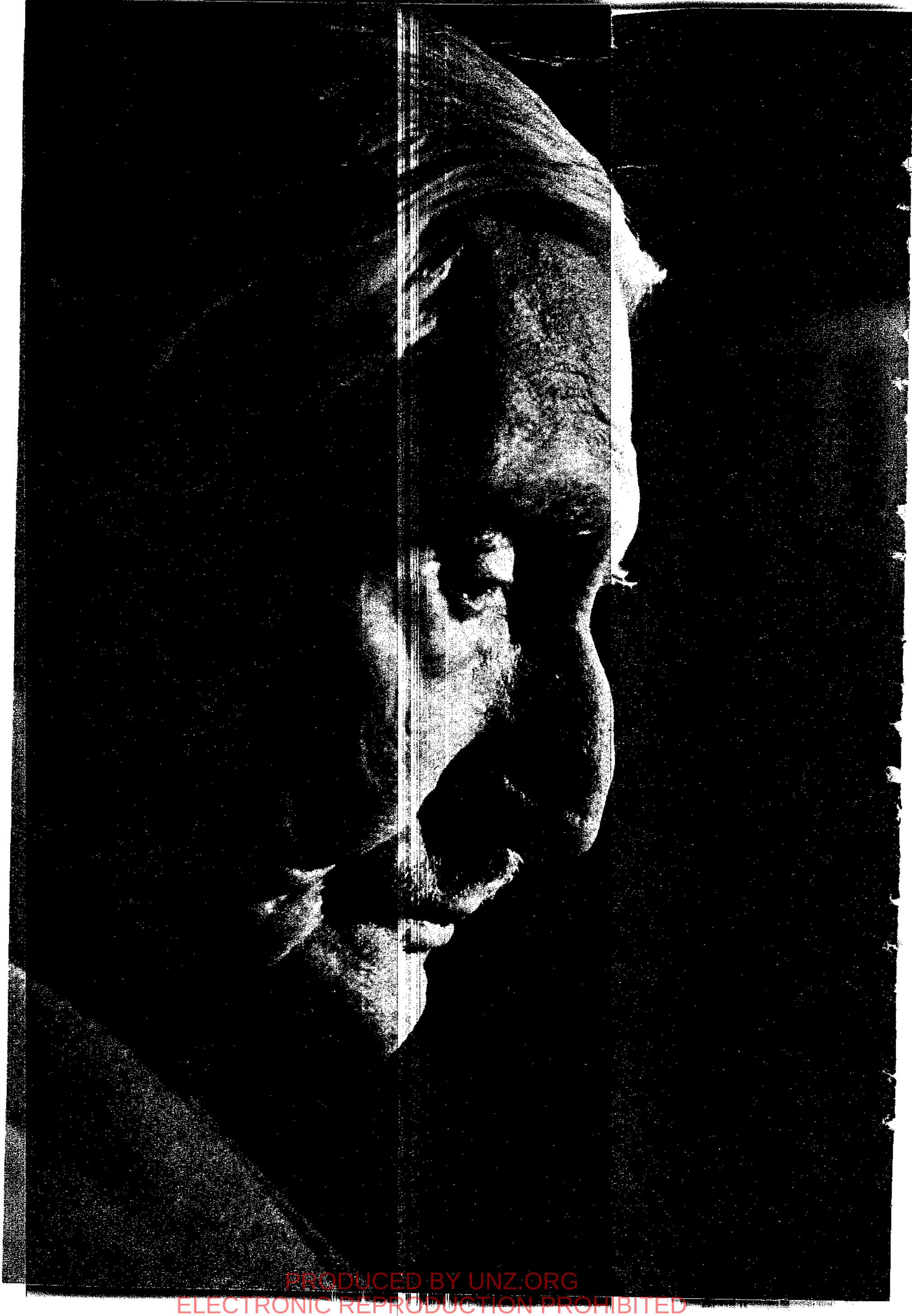
In Nevada, some years back, Miss Dorothy Williams sauntered into Reno's Marriage License Bureau with a man on each arm. "They both want to marry me," she told the clerk. "Trouble is, I can't decide which one to accept."

The clerk resolved her problem by flipping a coin. "Heads," called Harold Nelson—and heads it was. He married the gal; the rejected suitor served as best man.

Butcher-shop executive Stan Richards added an appropriate flourish to his nuptials—he and his newly wedded wife promenaded from the church under an arch of soupbones held overhead by 14 butchers. When Dr. Roger Bannister, first man to run the mile under four minutes, took a wife, ten athletes in track suits formed the guard of honor. Clad only in a revealing Bikini swim suit at her nuptial ceremony, an uninhibited Los Angeles bride explained: "It seemed appropriate for a hot day like this."

At a New Hampshire ceremony, Sumner Dodge started to repeat "I do" with Shirley Holt, when his knees buckled and he fainted. The best man rushed to his side—and followed suit. Shirley waited patiently until the two revived, when the rites continued.

On Claudia Scalcon's nuptial day, 400 spectators packed the church. "Do you take this woman to be your lawful wedded wife?" the priest asked bridegroom Vittorio Jannitti-Piromallo. Vittorio hesitated in obvious indecision. "No," he finally blurted. So saying, he turned heel and strode briskly out of the church. Didn't come back, either.

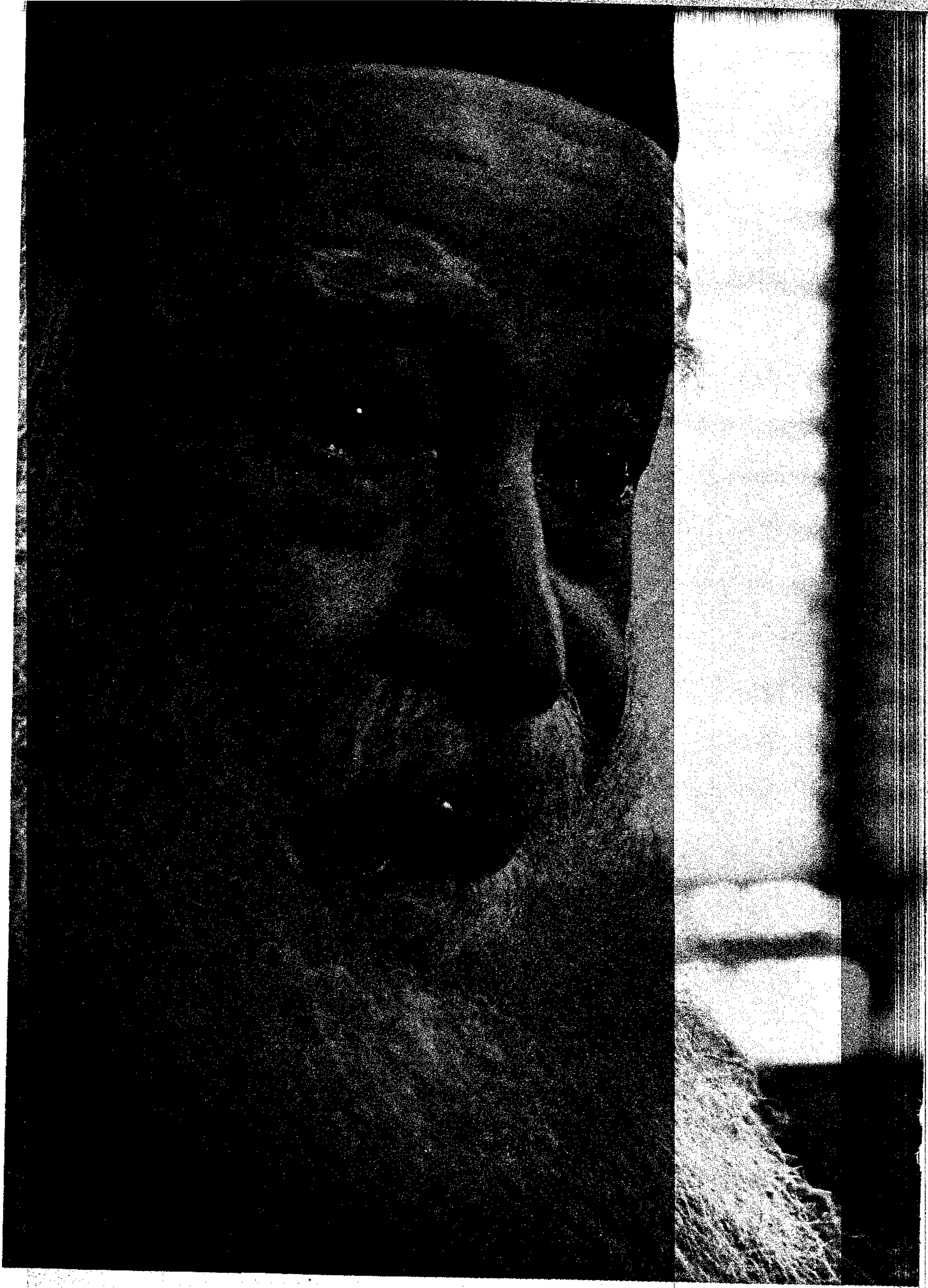


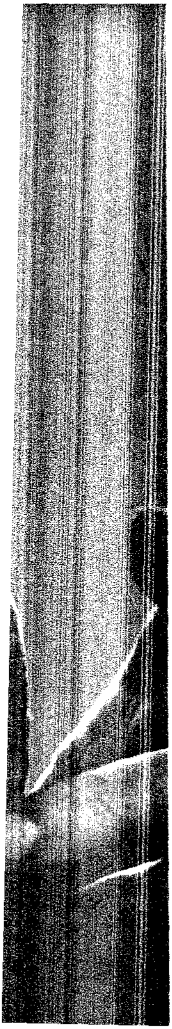
a sextet of CENTENARIANS

For all the wonders of science,
not too many of us live beyond
the Biblical threescore years and ten.
That is the nature of man. And yet, not all men.
For in her infinite variety, nature has singled out
a chosen few to live on as centenarians.
In America today, according to a recent
U.S. Government survey, there are some 4,400 such persons—
at least 100 years old or older.
Many are still hale and hearty, still at work,
with 61 receiving Social Security payments.
On the following pages is the picture story
of six of these people,
embarked on a figurative second lifetime.

"You don't get old—just a bit older"

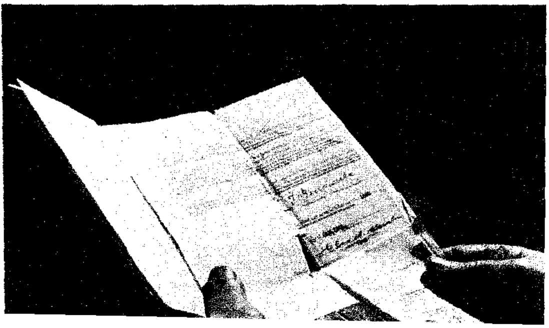
"HOW SHALL I phrase it?" At the age of 100, this never-ending problem of the professional journalist still gives pause to Arthur A. Hargrave (*left*), editor and publisher of a weekly paper, *The Rockville Republican,* in Rockville, Indiana. He got his first job delivering the paper he now owns when he was a boy, and worked his way through Wabash College in 1881 by setting type. For the next seven years he did stints as a printer, reporter, editor and publisher of pamphlets for a Presbyterian missionary center in Iran. In 1888, he bought the *Republican.* And he's been running it—and writing a weekly column—ever since. His wife died in 1938. But his three sons and two daughters are all living. The youngest son, William, 63, is his business partner.

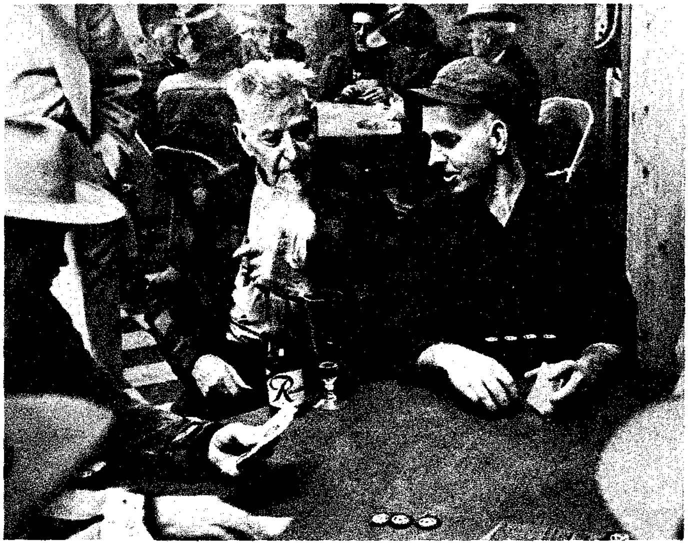




"The townspeople rose up and tore me from my captors"

RABBI ICIK BENKOVITZ, at 104, is spiritual leader of two congregations in Chelsea, Mass. Chelsea has been his home ever since he and his wife, whom he married 73 years ago, came from Lithuania in 1922. To serve his congregations, Rabbi Benkovitz walks 10 miles a day. His happiest memory "was the day I married my wife"; the most dramatic when "I was held hostage by the Bolsheviks during the Russian revolution. I was about to be executed when the townspeople rose up and tore me from my captors." The best years of his life, says the rabbi, "began the day I arrived in America." He and his wife, who is 92, have four children and seven grandchildren.





"I was a slick one

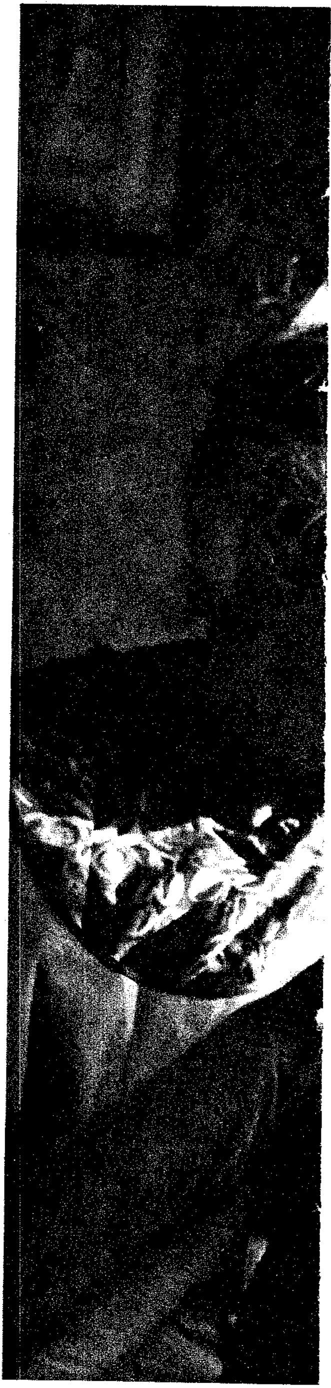
in them days . . .

slicker'n a beaver slide"

SALTY-TALKING George Motz, of Kamiah, Idaho, has just turned 101. "And I expect to live quite a while," he says, "because I get a kick out of living. I still like to get to town and hoist a few beers and flirt with the girls—the pretty ones." An old Indian fighter and cowpuncher along the Chisholm Trail, Motz remembers his first job as a mule skinner with the U.S. Army: "The troops I was packin' with ran into a passel of Injuns. The general and scout got wounded. There we was surrounded, so they decided we had to get help. I was a slick one in them days—slicker'n a beaver slide. I told 'em I'd put on an Indian war bonnet, ride through the squaw camp and bring help. Well sir, I did just that." Motz's only infirmity is his poor eyesight: "Discourages me from remarryin'."

"You must trust in the Lord . . . and do good things"

CHARLIE SMITH is 115 years old. He looks a spry 70. Born in 1842 in Liberia, Africa, he was kidnaped at the age of 12 by a marauding band of slavers. Taken to New Orleans, he was sold on the slave market to Charles Smith, a rancher, of Galveston, Texas, who gave him his name and made him servant to his two children. After the Civil War Smith's owner told him. "You're your own man." Smith stayed with the family until the children married, then drifted eastward to Florida, where he now lives in a small cabin outside Polk City. He does his own cooking and cleaning, and supplements his monthly Social Security checks by picking citrus fruits—sometimes from atop a 20-foot ladder. He likes to play checkers and cards, hunt and fish; and attributes his age to "trust in the Lord and doing good things." Married three times, Smith has a son in Bartow, Florida.

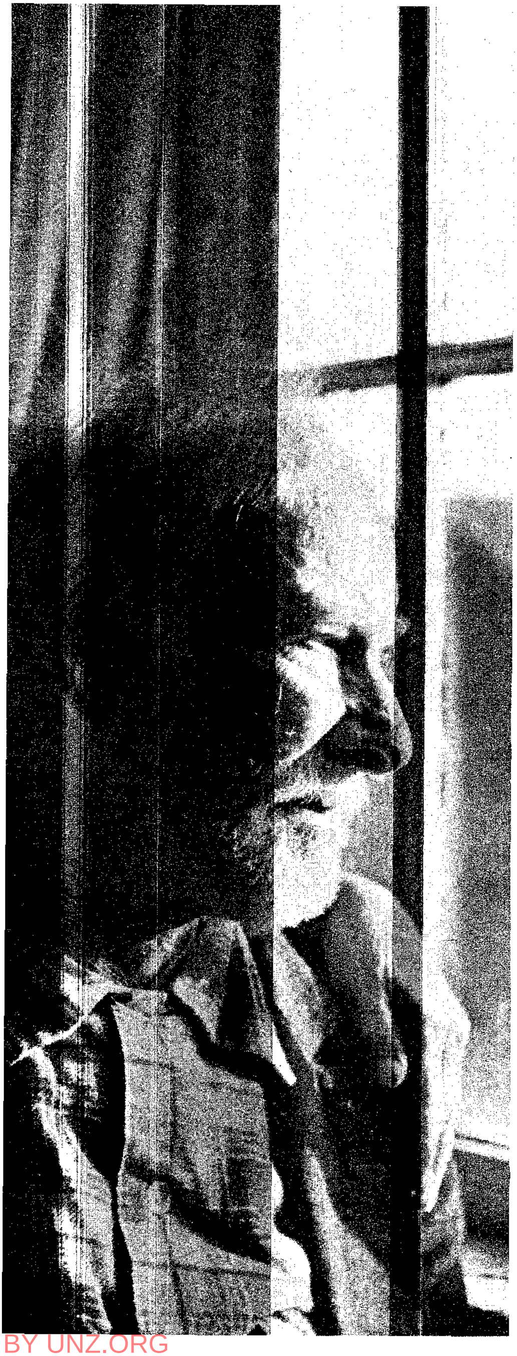


"No use a man just settin'

and waitin' . . . if you

rest too much you rust"

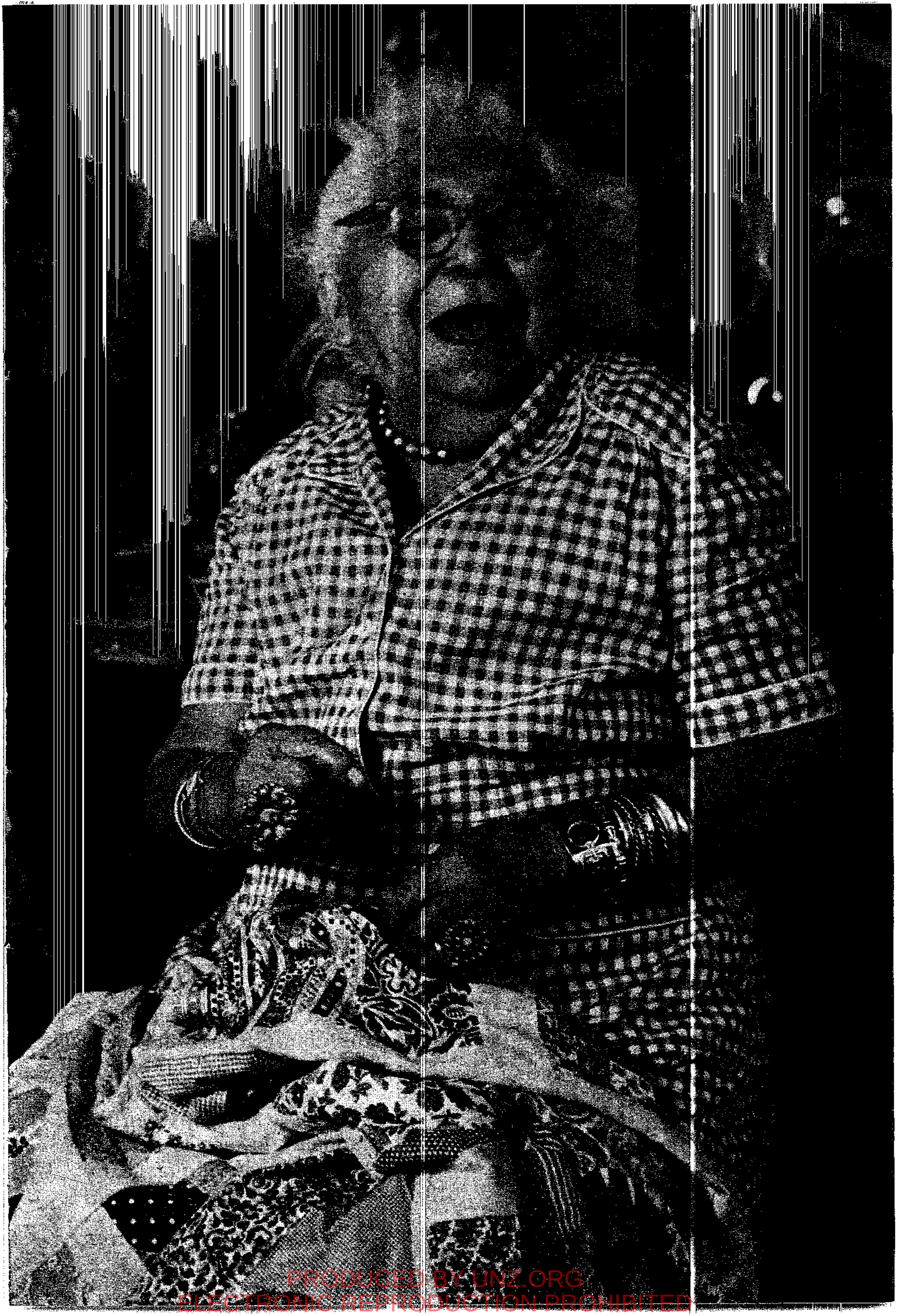
On his 100th birthday three years ago, John W. Beaird, of Louisville, Kentucky, decided he wasn't quite ready to sit idly at the window and watch life pass him by. So like other forthright men he took a bride—Mrs. Mertie Welch, a widow of 69. Beaird, who had been a widower for 14 years—he was first married in 1884—has six living children, 32 grandchildren, 34 great-grandchildren and seven great, great-grandchildren. He was born in Spencer County, Indiana, in 1854, and spent almost a century toiling as a farmer, riverman and sanitation worker. Though he chews tobacco, Beaird doesn't drink or smoke. The first time he visited a doctor was when he was 98, and then "only for a checkup." He remembers every president since Lincoln and has no quarrel with anything modern, except modern music: "Sounds like a jackass braying." If he had his life to live over, he says, "I'd learn how to read and write. Never had the chance, and that's my big regret."

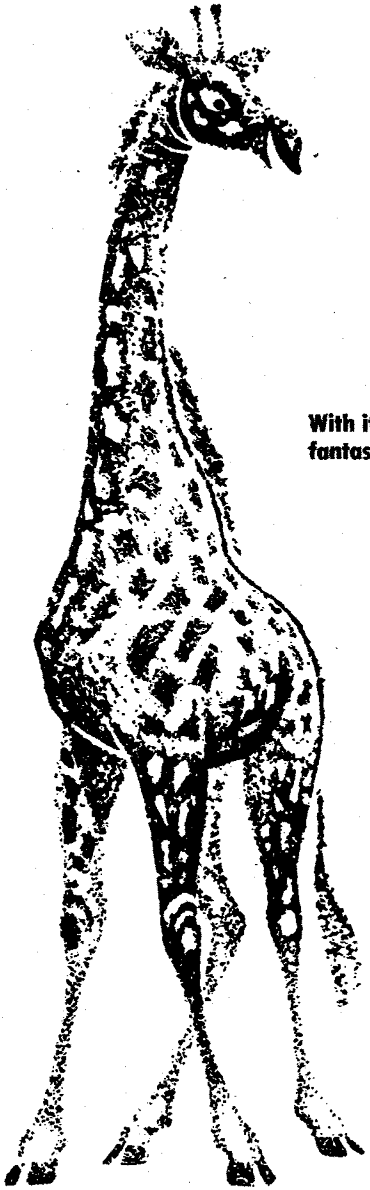


"Only myself, the birds and the horny toads"

DESPITE her 108 years, Tatzumbie DuPea, of Los Angeles, California, is a smiling, energetic woman whose life reads like epic fiction. When she was only a few months old, her mother was slain and her family scattered when white settlers massacred members of her Paiute Indian tribe in California. Saved by her grandmother, they found refuge in Death Valley where, Tatzumbie recalls, "I had no one to play with, only myself, the birds and the horny toads." After her grandmother died, Tatzumbie set out to find her people's tribe. Starving and hungry, she was found by a white family who took her in and taught her the ways of civilization. In 1931, Tatzumbie appeared in the movie "Cimarron" and has since played in dozens of films.

Permission to publish pictures and biographies granted to Coronet and the Social Security Administration by the persons involved.





The Giraffe: Nature's Magnificent Mistake

With its head zooming 12 feet above its heart, this fantastic creature may hold clues to human ills

by PETER FARB

FOR THE past couple of years, heart specialists from the United States and many foreign countries have been going on rugged safaris into Africa to study the heart and blood pressure of one of the world's most curious creatures, the giraffe. For the workings of its blood-circulation system are fantastic.

The head of a full-grown giraffe stands nearly 12 feet above its heart, and the tremendous pressure needed to push blood up this immense neck makes the giraffe's heart the most powerful pump in nature. It weighs nearly one-fourth as much as the animal's whole head. But when the giraffe suddenly lowers its head to drink—a drop in altitude of nearly 18 feet—the blood has to be *held* *back* from the brain. Yet somehow the giraffe is able to keep its brain constantly supplied with just the right amount of blood.

Science must find out how it does this. For the giraffe possibly holds clues to our body's survival in the ultra-high-speed jet age. (Too, it may provide facts about human heart diseases, now the leading cause of death in this country.)

The animal pumps blood with twice the force of a normal human heart. Yet by the time the blood reaches its brain, the pressure has been reduced to what a human body could stand; and, amazingly, when the giraffe lowers its head, there is little change in pressure. If a jet pilot could achieve this feat, he would be able to pull out of powerful dives without blacking out.

THE TALLEST living thing on this planet aside from the trees, the giraffe can stick its neck out to a distance of seven feet. Yet, long as this neck is—and it consists of only seven vertebrae, the same number as man's —it is *still* too short for the animal to bend down and drink. Because of its stilt-like legs, it finds lying down to sleep an uncomfortable experience; this is one reason it usually snoozes standing up.

To drink, the giraffe submits to some frightening contortions. The front legs must be spread far enough apart so the head can reach down to the waterhole. Out to the sides go the forelegs in short little jerks, as the whole animal shudders with the effort of a gargantuan split. To get upright again it simply jumps a few inches in the air and snaps its heels together, very much like a soldier coming to attention.

The giraffe drinks rarely, even outdoing the camel by sometimes going for weeks without water. Most of the water it needs is found in those living pincushions of Africa, the thorny acacia and mimosa trees. The giraffe has no rivals for the flowers and tender shoots of these trees because no other animal can reach them, even if it wants to. The edibles are easily plucked off by the giraffe's foot-and-a-half-long tongue—which it manipulates like a hand—and then rubbed across the thick, hairy lips to shave off the thorns.

The giraffe doesn't mind these thorn patches because its hide is extremely tough and about an inch in thickness, armor that can flatten out a soft-nosed bullet fired at almost point-blank range.

The giraffe can speed along at nearly 32 miles an hour, making it one of the fleetest of animals and permitting it to outrace its one enemy, the lion, by a considerable margin. Seen at a distance, a running giraffe resembles a rocking rowboat in a heavy sea, for it moves the legs on the same side almost simultaneously.

Its long, almost double-jointed legs make this weird animal one of the very few in the world that can kick in all four directions at the same time. Occasionally it does just that—and falls flat on its face.

At the end of each leg is a massive sledge hammer of a hoof almost a foot long. These flailing hooves are its main defense against lions, and cases have been recorded where a giraffe's kick tore off a lion's head. A single lion is no threat to an adult giraffe; the lions have to surround and gang up on the big fellows—or else catch one trying to unwind itself from drinking at a waterhole.

But during mating time, when two bull giraffes argue over a cow, they use an entirely different weapon, their tiny horns. There are usually two of them, measured merely in *inches,* and these horns are absolutely worthless as weapons. Also, to make sure the animals don't hurt each other, nature has kindly rounded the horns off—as well as padding them at the ends.

Witness a duel between two giraffes: they face each other, pawing the ground like two rams ready to smash head on. Instead, they approach slowly. Then, swinging their necks like golf clubs, they batter away at each other. After a few minutes of this charade, the two mighty bulls stop to rest and nurse their bruises.

For many years, giraffes were thought to be mute. But they do have vocal cords capable of making sounds. At rare times they have been heard to bellow as loudly as a roped steer, to moo like a contented cow, snore, and make little pipsqueaks almost like a mouse.

The rhinoceros is one of the few beasts rated lower in intelligence than the giraffe, and by not much. But the giraffe's lack of intelligence is offset by its winning ways and good nature. It can't seem to stand being alone, and travels in large herds sometimes reaching 20. The other non-carnivorous animals of the African veld seem to enjoy having this big, good-natured oaf around, and his giant neck serves as their periscope, eternally on the lookout for danger.

The giraffe's sorrowful expression has won over the most hardened hunters. One British naturalist described it this way, "The eyes of the giraffe are most beautiful—dark brown, shaded by long lashes, and peculiarly tender and melting in expression."

A tough game warden in the Transvaal confessed after his retirement that he had never been able to bring himself to follow orders and shoot giraffes that were nibbling telephone lines. Once a giraffe looked at him, his shots all went wild.

As civilization advanced on their African home, the giraffes declined rapidly in numbers. Today conservationists are concerned about their survival. So, too, now are doctors—because this unbelievable animal may become a new tool in their fight against heart and blood-pressure ailments.

STAMP COLLECTORS all over the country are discovering that they can add to their collections the easy way—by mail—through Coronet Family Shopper. It offers a listing of outstanding special stamp offers.

America's Fabulous Farmer

by ALBERT ROSENFELD

With daring techniques and a flair for "Thinking Big," this agricultural wizard has harvested a fortune from 4,000 arid acres in New Mexico

DRIVING UP the old highway that follows the Rio Grande through New Mexico's Mesilla Valley, you come upon an idyllic scene: green cotton fields fringed with gently nodding pecan trees; flocks of White China geese, their feathers flashing in the sun; all in conformity with the city dweller's notion of how things ought to be down on the farm.

Suddenly, this pastoral serenity is shattered by the roar of an enormous tractor-drawn vibrator that violently shakes the pecan trees like some mythical giant gone berserk. In its wake, hundreds of wire claws scratch up the fallen nuts. Overhead, a plane zooms low to spray the cotton with insecticide.

Appearing from nowhere, a buff-colored Cadillac kicks up dust as it squeals to a stop. Out steps a husky, sandy-haired man in faded khakis. Except for the vigor and determination of his stride, there is no way to tell him from one of the hired hands.

This is Deane F. Stahmann, farmer, engineer, promoter, scientist, dreamer, millionaire; conceiver, creator and operator of one of the most unusual agricultural enterprises on earth—4,000 of the most intensively cultivated acres this side of China.

Stahmann Farms, Inc., for all its rural charm, is a modern industrial complex, its vast acreage veined with an intricate road system and dotted with homes, offices, warehouses, slaughterhouses, cotton gins, packing and processing plants, research laboratories, and an airport with four planes in its roomy hangar.

Deane Stahmann has few peers in the farm world when it comes to "Thinking Big." When he went into cotton, for instance, he became the biggest cotton man in a big cotton-growing region. When he decided to try pecans, he planted the biggest grove in the world. When he added geese to his operation, his production of oven-ready fowl almost overnight exceeded that of all other U.S. processors combined.

"Stahmann is a phenomenon on the American scene," says New Mexico's Senator Clinton P. Anderson, former Secretary of Agriculture. "I'm acquainted with farmers all over these United States, but if there's one who rivals Stahmann for sheer enterprise and scope of imagination, I haven't met him."

The sprawling area now known as Stahmann Farms, Inc., was once part of the old Spanish land grant of Santo Tomás de Iturbide. When young Deane took over back in 1925—mostly on borrowed money—only a small part of it had been under haphazard cultivation. The rest was a sand-and-clay wilderness. It offered exactly the kind of agricultural and engineering challenge he had been preparing himself for.

Deane's father and grandfather had been farmers before him. Deane himself was born on a farm near Bruce, Wisconsin, at the turn of the century. When he was eight years old, the family settled in Clint, Texas, near El Paso. (The pretty girl on a neighboring farm became his first and only sweetheart, then his wife and the mother of his three children.)

Deane never wanted to be anything but a farmer. Not the old plodding kind of farmer, though, toiling to wrest a meager living from a few stubborn acres. He intended to be a streamlined, mechanized farmer, on a large scale.

"So I became something of an engineering-school bum," he recalls. "I wandered from Texas College of Mines and Metallurgy to the University of Pittsburgh to the University of Arizona I wasn't after a degree. I was after engineering know-how. And once I had picked up what I felt was enough for my needs, I couldn't wait to apply it."

He applied it at Santo Tomás, converting its barren wasteland into a land of plenty. He had to go deep into debt, but such was his self-confidence that it did not seem a gamble. Hiring expensive machinery, he leveled the land, moved huge quantities of sand into the clay areas and vice versa until he finally had the kind of soil mixture that satisfied him, and dug a network of irrigation canals.

Then he experimented—nearly always successfully, always on a large scale—with alfalfa and onions, tomatoes and cantaloupes, Jerusalem artichokes and Irish potatoes, even sheep and Hereford cattle. He finally settled on cotton as the best money-maker.

He not only raised top-grade, top-price cotton, but built his own laboratory and cotton gin, developed a number of new strains (he spends $40,000 a year on research), and bought an experimental farm in the Mexican tropics so he could raise a winter generation of cottonseed. With help hard to get, he brought in hundreds of full-time laborers and built them a self-contained community where they work, shop, play, worship, marry, multiply, and die. They enjoy an employee profit-sharing plan, a retirement program, and other benefits rare in the farm world.

Today, Stahmann's labor force numbers 450, with an extra 300 transients during the cotton-picking season. For insurance, he has a stock of mechanical pickers on hand, just in case.

Back in the early days of the Depression, with cotton prices fluctuating erratically, Stahmann began to feel uneasy about depending on a single crop. Besides, cotton was a lot of work. Each year you had to break ground, plant and replant, and keep worrying about how well it would come up and how the fickle market was going to behave.

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So he started looking around for a product involving less labor and risk, and eventually chose pecans. You planted the trees once, and they produced for 300 to 500 years on a virtually self-sustaining basis. When the nuts were ready for picking, you simply went and got them. Pecan trees were hardy and there seemed to be a steady demand for the product.

In neatly patterned rows in the middle of the cotton fields, Stahmann planted 96,000 pecan trees. "The neighbors tried to be polite," he says, "but you could tell they thought I had gone plumb loco. I'm used to that now. If somebody doesn't say a new venture of mine is crazy, I begin to think maybe it won't succeed.

"What people don't know is that when I go into something new, it's not just a sudden impulse. It's something I've researched thoroughly. When I do finally make the plunge, I make it a big plunge, because I *know* it's going to work.

"The pecan industry is today where the citrus industry was years ago," he insists with almost religious conviction. "In the not so distant future, pecans will be as regular a part of the American diet as orange juice is today. For serious bodily deficiencies could be remedied by going back to a more natural diet—one rich in pecans, for instance."

As his pecan sales jumped, Stahmann talked neighbors into planting pecan trees, began advertising and selling nursery stock all over the country, and even opened an office in Mexico to spread the gospel of the pecan. (His nursery stock, strictly a sideline operation, today brings in up to $70,000 a year, augmenting the income from his pecan crop which runs to 3,000,000 pounds annually.)

He built shelling, processing and packaging plants on the farm, set up his own marketing system for Del Cerro brand pecans, built warehouses that would store millions of pounds of nuts, ground up the shells for road surfacing and fertilizer, and published a Stahmann cookbook with prize pecan recipes. He even organized a lavish pecan festival.

Any farmer but Deane Stahmann would have sat back contentedly, convinced that his farm was producing at maximum efficiency. After all, there is only so much you can get from an acre of land. No matter how you look at it, two and two only add up to four. Except in Stahmann's private farm arithmetic—where, if you work it right, two and two might make five.

Stahmann looked around for an additional crop to raise on his acreage—without cutting down on cotton or pecans. He settled on geese, which love the weeds and grasses most inimical to the growth of cotton.

In short order, Stahmann had thousands of geese working through the cotton rows as superefficient "hoe hands," eating the pesky grasses but leaving the cotton alone. In the process, they fed and fattened themselves, bred more hoe hands, and fertilized the land and the irrigation water with their droppings.

Stahmann built elaborate hatcheries, incubators that could handle 3,600 eggs a day, and an assembly-line slaughtering plant geared to process 2,500 geese daily. This created a new problem: to keep his plant going at maximum efficiency, he would have to raise many more geese than he could run on his land.

His solution was typically Stahmannesque. He began selling five-week-old geese at low prices to other Southwestern cotton farmers for use as hoe hands. After ten or 12 weeks he bought them back at current market prices, for final fattening and slaughter. Thus he had somewhere to run his geese and keep them fed from chickhood on. Meanwhile, he pushed research on uses for goose-down, vowing to find a use for "everything about the goose but the honk and the goose pimples."

Here, at last—with the broad fields of cotton, the rows of pecan trees, and the goose to complete the cycle—was the perfect operation.

For all his business acumen and engineering genius, Deane Stahmann is still, essentially, a simple man of the soil. He is never too busy to stop and run a handful of earth lovingly through his fingers, to fondle a cotton shoot, to enjoy the shade of a pecan tree, or to admire his great White China geese.

"They say I've exploited these acres of mine shamelessly," he'll tell you. "Well, I have exploited them all right, but not shamelessly. I've made a lot of money off them, and I expect to make a lot more. But I've also given them back a lot. And on the whole, I think I'll leave them richer than I found them.

"It just goes to show that the exploiter and the exploited can *both* get rich, if you work it right." Just as two and two can make five, if you work it right. And working it right is what Deane Stahmann intends to be doing for a long time to come.

Sales Psychology

A MINNEAPOLIS DRUGSTORE sends a pint of ice cream along free with each delivery prescription and this note:

"Sorry to hear you're ill. Get well fast."

—NEAL O'HARA (*McNaught Syndicate*)

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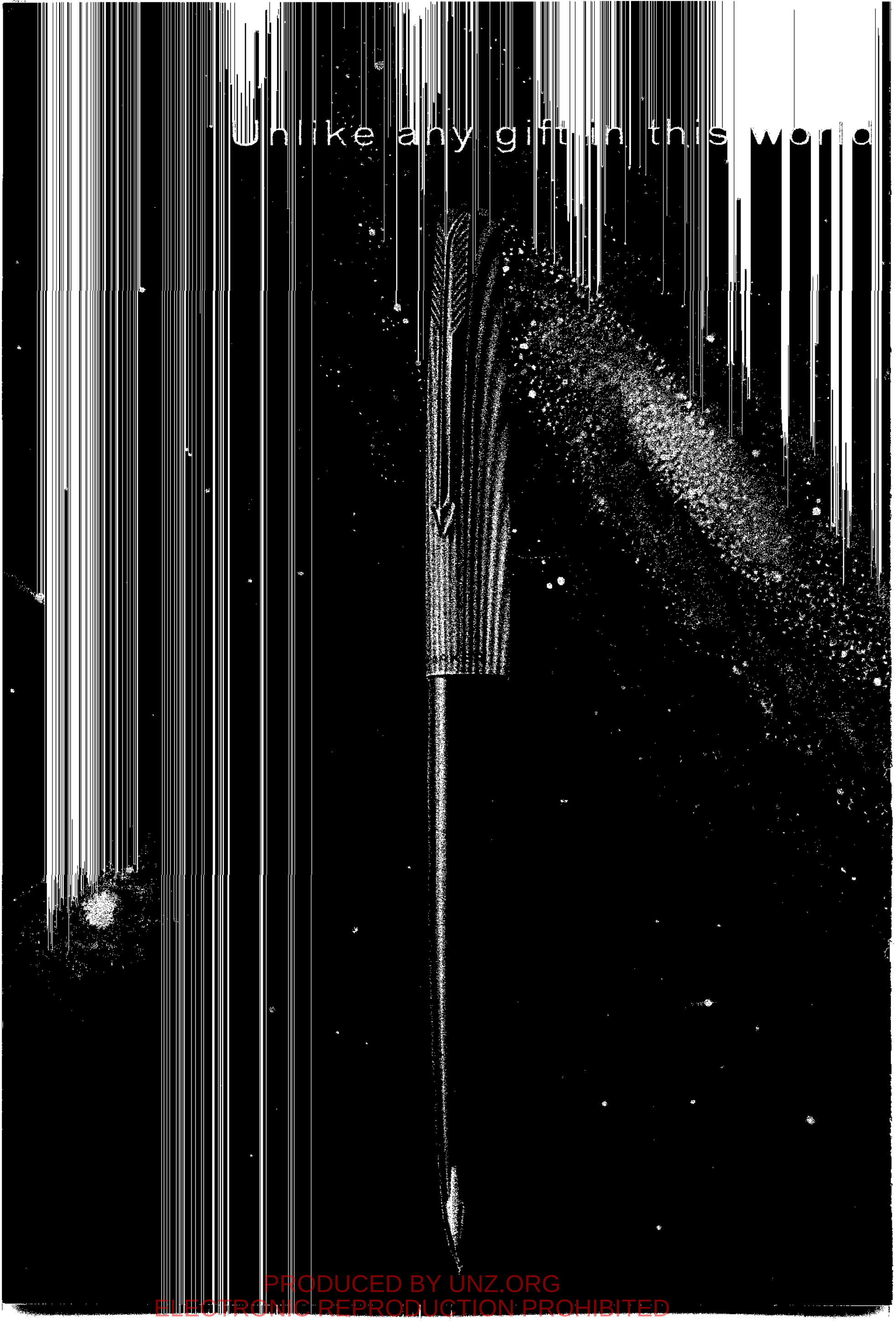
Amy Vanderbilt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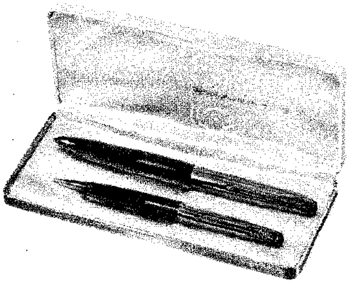

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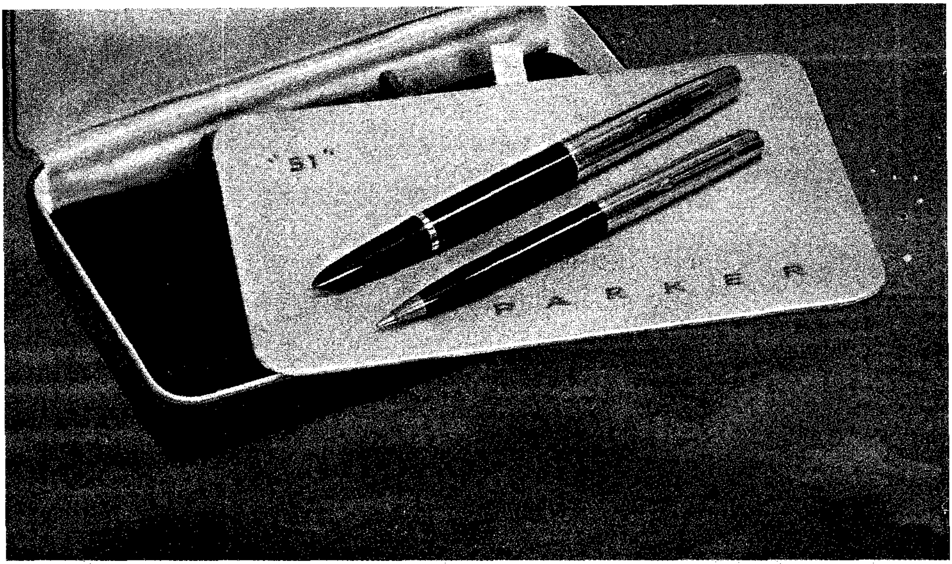

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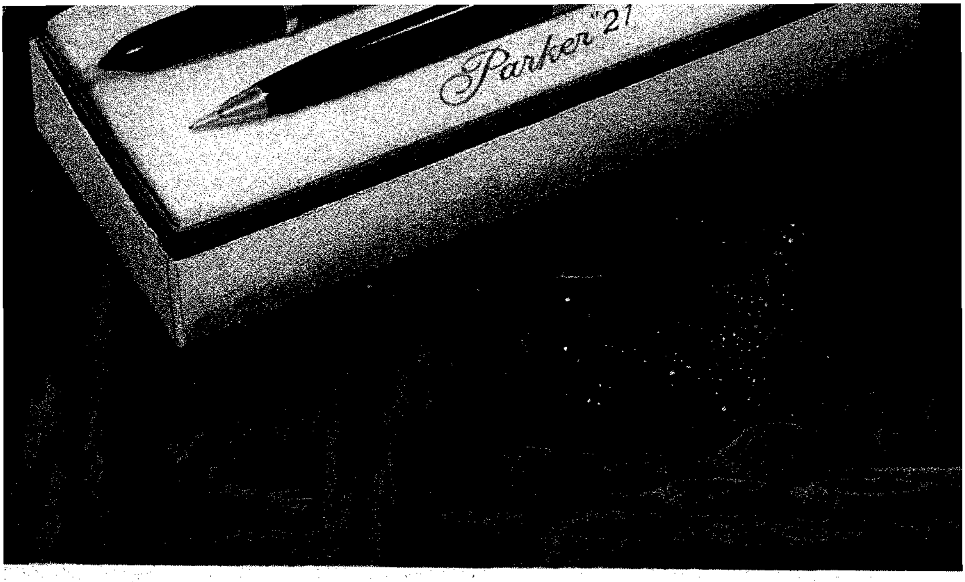

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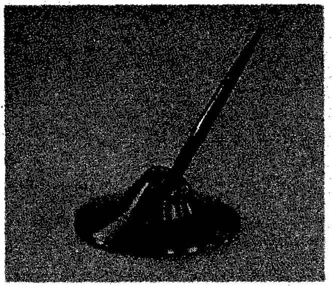
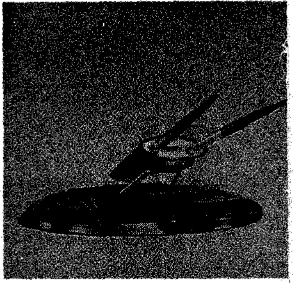




AMY VANDERBILT SAYS: *"As you have seen, there is a Parker pen suitable for every occasion. Of course, you'll prefer to give a Parker."*

with the ladies

TWO SPINSTERS, who had given up their New York apartment and moved to the country to fulfill a lifelong ambition to keep chickens, ordered 150 hens and 150 roosters from the local poultry dealer.

"Ladies," the poultryman remonstrated, "you don't need 150 roosters."

"Oh, yes, we do," insisted one of the spinsters. "We know what it means to be lonely." —MRS. HELEN TRUE

MY COUSIN DELLA was 55 years old when her mother, some 20 years her senior, fell and broke her hip. After nine weeks in the hospital she returned home to her normal life. She soon discovered, however, that excessive movement was painful, and even getting dressed was a problem. She solved this by wearing those large, slipover-type maternity dresses.

My cousin decided to buy some of these dresses for her mother at our town's leading department store.

As she browsed through the maternity apparel, a young salesgirl approached her, studied her gray hair and asked hesitatingly: "May I help you?"

Della replied, "Why yes, I'm looking for something in a maternity dress."

The girl, momentarily stunned, stammered, "You want a maternity dress?"

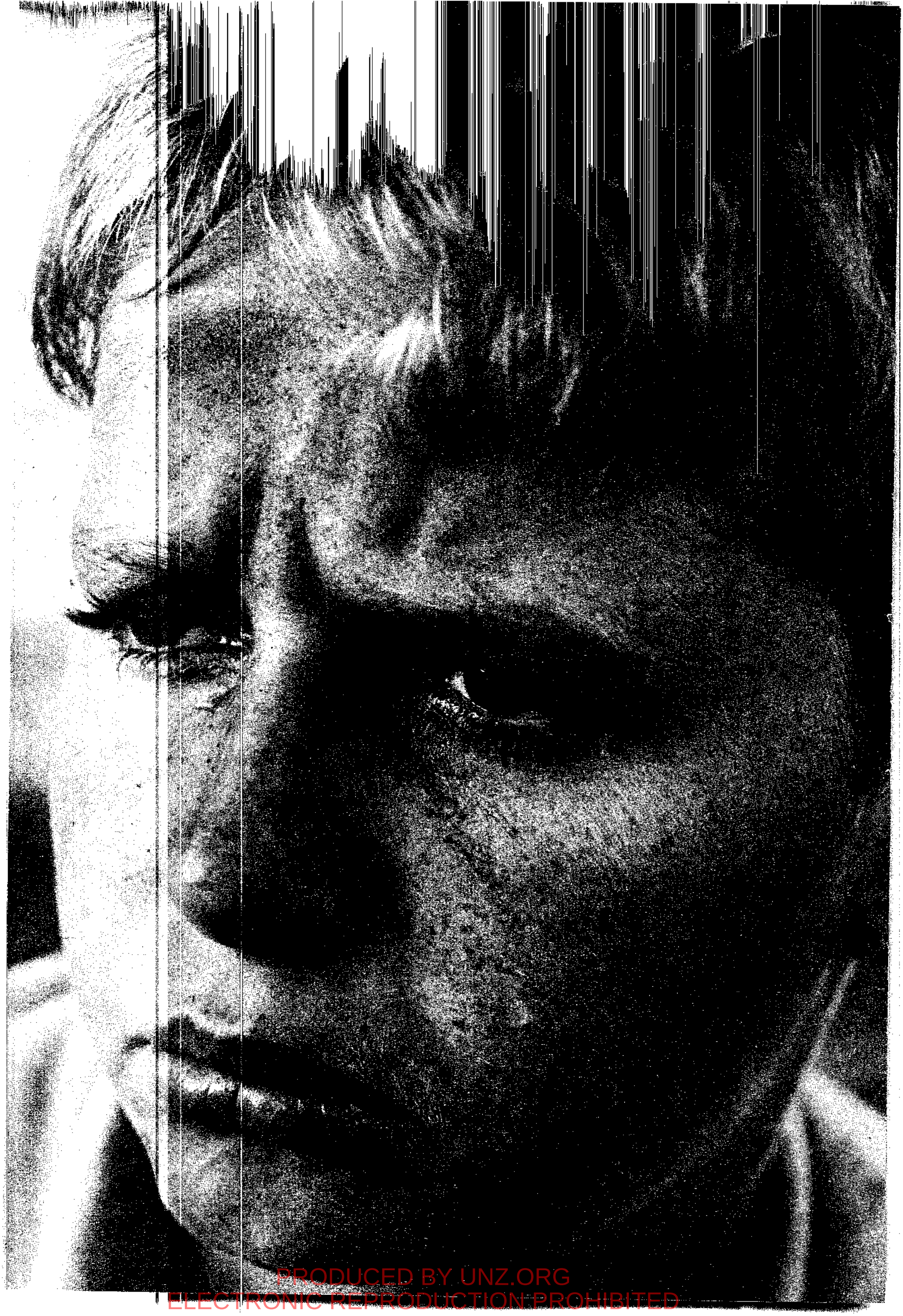
Noting her puzzled expression Della quickly explained: "Oh, it's not for *me,* it's for my mother."

—JAMES W. HANKER

MY AUNT LYDIA, at 82, still manages a three-storied house, doing most of the maintenance work herself. One day, trying to be calm, I said to her casually, "The neighbors tell me they've seen you on the roof. How do you get up there?"

My aunt pointed through the attic window to wooden rungs nailed to the side of the house. I eyed them, and the dizzy distance to the ground below, and gasped, "Aunt Lydia, how dare you!"

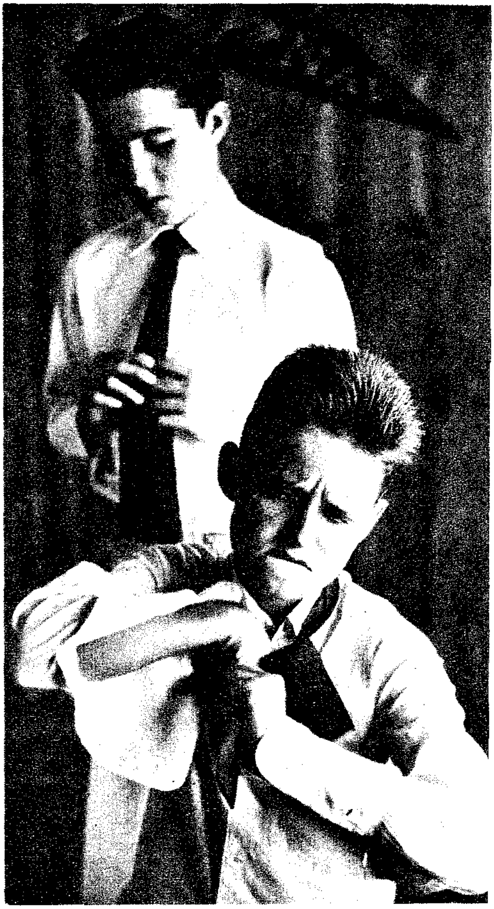
"Oh, I'm real careful," my aunt assured me. "I always wear my bloomers." —ELLEN TOMLINSON



KID BROTHER

Overshadowed, he seeks his own place in the sun

by James A. Skardon



THE LAD staring out into space (*left*) and wrestling with his tie (*lower right*) is 13-year-old Keith Barnes, of Miami, Florida. He is miserable. For he spends most of his waking moments struggling unsuccessfully to emulate his older brother, Allen, 16, seen in the background.

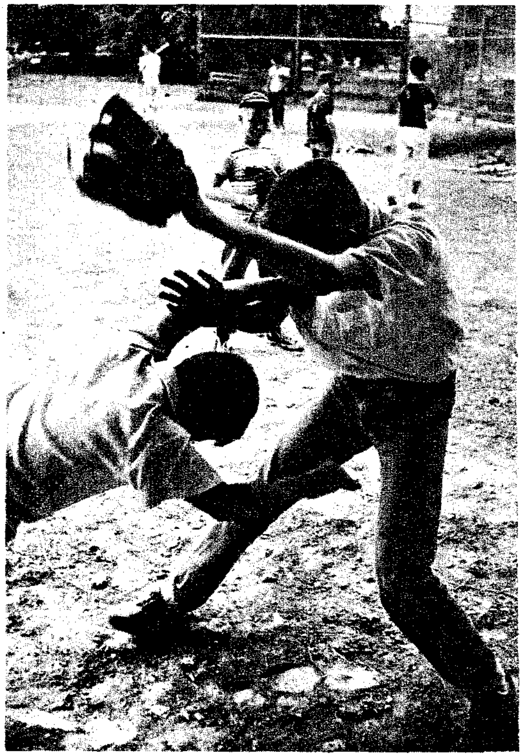
Over and over Keith is forced to accept the fact that as a kid brother he must play second fiddle to the brother who is his idol, companion, protector—and sometimes tormentor. For big brother calls the tune. Eventually, time changes all this. But it is a harsh process. Here on the following pages is the picture story of Keith Barnes who, like all kid brothers, is a boy in search of himself.

photographs by Carroll Seghers II

Always reaching—
yet falling short

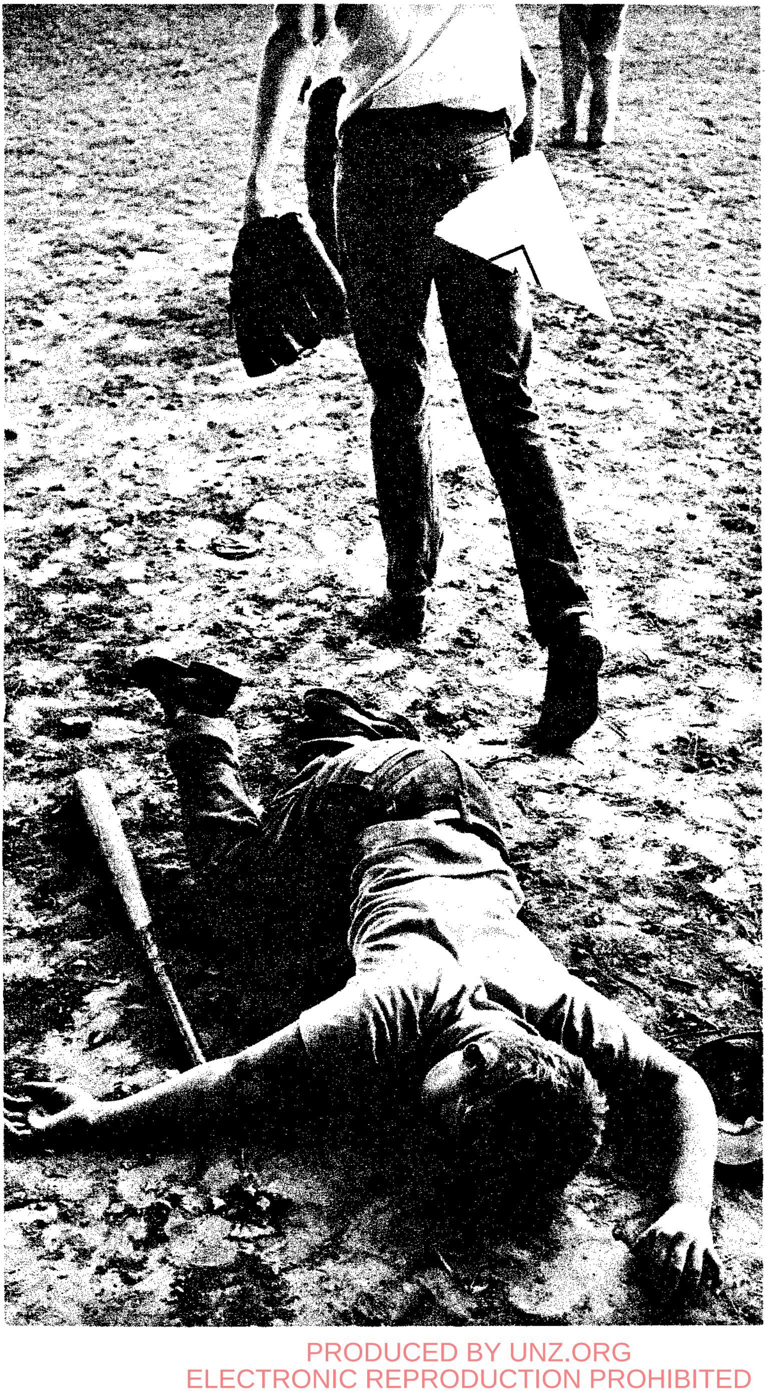
A KID BROTHER'S LIFE is full of frustration. In a touch-football game Keith is easily outrun by big brother Allen. As the unwanted third party on a date (*upper right*), Keith tries to hide his chagrin by mocking his brother with a pantomime depicting Cupid shooting himself with an arrow. When Allen shaves for the first time (*lower right*), Keith, acutely sensitive to the ever-widening gap between them, once again resorts to ridicule.

When the boys were younger, Allen used to take Keith to school to show him off. Now he'd rather not have him around "because he acts silly." Keith, for his part, can't understand Allen's loss of interest in such things as snakes and scorpions, which Keith still finds so intriguing. With the growing number of "differences," Keith not only feels resentment at being left out of things, but becomes increasingly uneasy and bewildered by it all.



Violence—and an idol suddenly topples

KEITH AND ALLEN have been friendly rivals in almost everything they've done. Yet open clashes have seldom occurred because Keith has always bowed to his brother's wishes. Now, when Allen demands that he surrender a baseball glove, Keith refuses. Allen grabs the glove and Keith fights back—not only for the glove, but for his status as an individual. Allen quickly smashes him to the ground and then walks away. Crushed, Keith feels his aloneness more painfully than ever. Bravely he manages to force an "I-don't-care" laugh. But the hurt is deep.

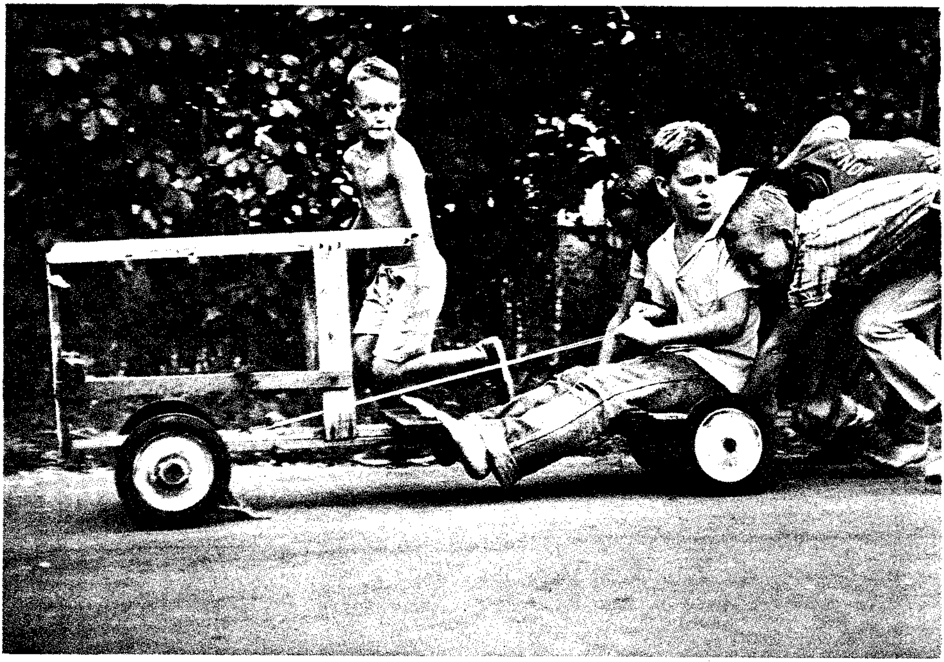


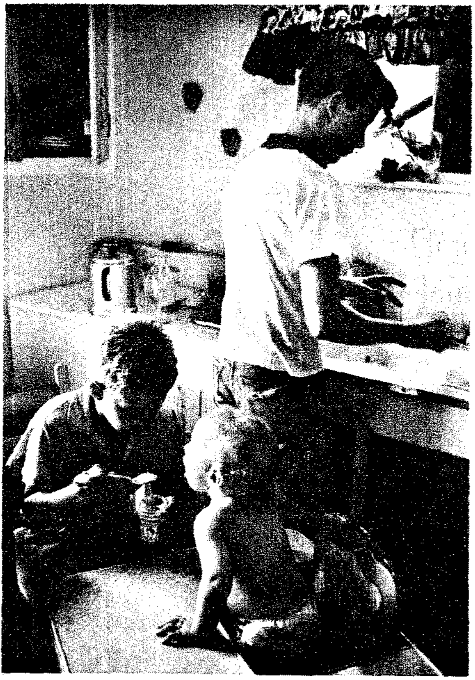
On his own, he flexes his muscles

KEITH has depended so much on Allen's "code of behavior" that he once tried to hide a badly slashed knee from his mother for fear Allen would brand him a sissy. But now, with his idol's image shattered by the fight and similar incidents, Keith begins to think and act independently.

He takes over a "hand-me-down" soapbox racer (*below*), in which Allen has lost interest, and bosses the crew with as much authority and gusto as his brother ever displayed. He even tries dating (*right*), and affects a pseudo-sophisticated slump as he and his girl friend Mary Ann stop off for cokes.

Formerly Allen always protected Keith, fighting other kids who attacked or insulted him. Now Keith, increasingly aware that he will have to rely on his own abilities, hoists weights (*lower right*) to build up his body and strengthen himself to scale previously inaccessible heights.



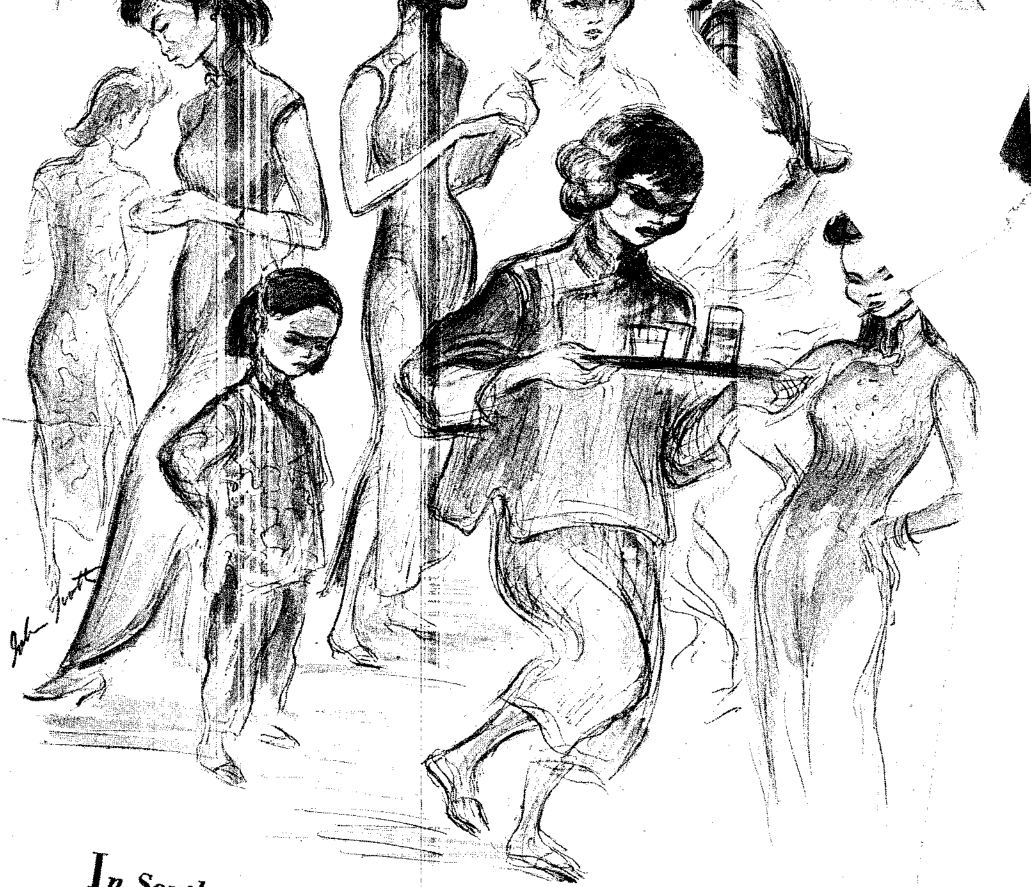


The memories that make for manhood

THE DAY will come when Allen and Keith will separate completely—Allen to study architecture—Keith to be a medical missionary. But once their "growing pains" have ended, they will retain some of the closeness that only brothers know.

They will be linked by memories: sharing hardships and illnesses, working together on Allen's paper route (he pays Keith $1 a week); splitting the income from lawn-mowing jobs. They will remember the good times, too; the happy, sunny days spent flying kites or fishing in a nearby stream.

For Keith, the kid brother, there are rewards to go with the hardships. Living up to Allen has helped him to develop and mature faster—emotionally and physically. He has learned to listen and to follow, but also to command and lead. And best of all, he has learned to be a good big brother himself to the family's new kid brother—two-year-old Rusty.



In Southeast Asia, children are still sold—
body and soul—to traders in human flesh
and consigned to a life of shame

slave girls of the East

by John Carlova

In a Singapore night club not long ago, a Chinese waiter offered to sell me a 16-year-old girl. There was no catch. For $300 the girl would be mine, body and soul, literally my slave.

The offer was made openly. My wife was with me at the time. We had known the waiter for several years. I had asked him if he knew of a good laundress we could engage, and he replied:

"Why do you hire servants? It is very expensive to keep paying wages. Why not *buy* a laundress? I can get you a good one—a 16-year-old girl—for only $300 American."

We declined the offer, naturally, but we were not shocked by it. For we had lived in the Far East long enough to be familiar with the Chinese system of selling, bartering and exchanging children and girls. This 20th-century form of slavery is illegal, of course, but the laws against it are almost impossible to enforce. The Chinese—and, indeed, other nationalities in the East, including some Europeans—regard them in the same light that Americans regarded Prohibition—with easy contempt.

At a conservative estimate, among the 12,000,000 overseas Chinese living in Southeast Asia, there are at least 50,000 slave girls, says Dr. Chen Han Lim, formerly an official in the Chinese Nationalist government and an expert on Chinese affairs.

The Chinese custom of child bondage is centuries old. The girl slaves are known as *mui tsais,* which, rather ironically, means "younger sisters." They are sold or given away by their parents usually because of poverty, a sincere wish to give their child a chance for a better life, or merely a desire for profit.

In Hong Kong, for instance, I overheard two chambermaids discussing one's unborn child. "I got $20 for the last one," the mother-to-be related, "but the market is bad right now. I'll be lucky if I get $15 for this one."

Occasionally a child is bought by a well-to-do couple and brought up as an "adopted" daughter. In other cases, although the child is given some work to do, she is well-treated, properly fed and adequately clothed. She might even be sent to school to acquire a slight education.

But, unfortunately, the vast majority of *mui tsais* are sold to "brokers," cold-blooded dealers in human flesh who bring them up either to be resold as domestic servants or, in the case of the prettier ones, put to work as prostitutes.

In 1922, the *mui tsais* found an unexpected champion in Winston Churchill, then British Secretary of

State for the Colonies. Churchill set in motion legislation to outlaw the system in Hong Kong. Similar legislation was introduced in Singapore and Malaya in 1925. These laws, however, are easy to get around and are of little use against the solidly established custom.

The "younger sisters" themselves seldom complain or attempt to break their bondage because a Chinese will rarely go against custom, even a disadvantageous one. Also the *mui tsais* are mostly illiterate and ignorant, and fearful of leaving a known position for an unknown one. Some of the girls *like* their situation in life and are unwilling to change it. And the entire system is policed and "protected" by two of the strongest Chinese secret societies in the East, the *Ang Bin Huey* and the *Wah Kee.*

THERE IS no way of knowing how many girls have been intimidated, injured or killed by gangsters of these societies. But there are hundreds of unsolved *mui tsai* murders on the books of police in Hong Kong, Singapore, Malaya, North Borneo and Indonesia.

In Singapore, a Chinese woman was jailed for three months in 1953, then banished from the colony, for keeping a 16-year-old *mui tsai* chained by her neck to an iron-barred window. The woman had bought the girl when she was two months old. The price paid: $1.20.

A woman in Malaya was fined $75 for nearly beating to death a 12-year-old girl. The woman admitted she had bought the girl but insisted she wanted her as a "prospective wife" for her 13-year-old son.

Another woman was jailed for three months in Singapore after a nine-year-old *mui tsai* testified she had been "branded" on the back with a red-hot poker. The woman casually explained she had been afraid the *mui tsai* would run away, and so had "marked" her for future identification.

One of the biggest and most sinister of all the "brokers" involved in the buying and selling of "younger sisters" has never been touched by the police. He is a fat Chinese, coarse-faced but well-dressed, who can be seen almost any night sipping orange juice in the lounge of a Singapore luxury hotel. He is known throughout the Far East as "Fah Wong Kow," which means "King of the Flowers."

The name is apt. For he specializes in the buying and rearing of beautiful young girls, who are sold to wealthy Chinese. The prices vary, but a really attractive girl can bring anything up to $5,000.

Although "Fah Wong Kow" has kept well clear of prosecution, five women believed to have been his agents were arrested in 1955 in Kuala Lumpur, the capital of Malaya. They were all found guilty of buying girls for purposes of prostitution and sentenced to jail terms ranging from six months to four years.

The Public Prosecutor told the Chief Justice the women each earned up to $50,000 a year. They had bought pretty young girls as far afield as Hong Kong, Macao, Siam and Indochina, as well as Malaya, for sale in the lucrative Singapore market. "Farms" had been maintained where girls were brought up to regard sex as their sole aim in life. All sense of right and wrong had literally been extracted from these children.

Later they had been sent to "finishing schools." Here they were taught to dress well, dance, skillfully use cosmetics, converse pleasantly and, in general, please a man. Then they were graded and placed for sale, the most attractive going to wealthy Chinese as virgin "brides." (Those who are discarded after a time by their wealthy patrons are drawn back into the *mui tsai* fold, downgraded and put to work again.)

Custom stipulates that the "owner" must provide the *mui tsai* with board, lodging and clothing, and either release her from bondage when she reaches the age of 20 or find her a husband. In the case of domestic servants, this custom is sometimes followed. In the case of prostitutes, the question rarely arises, since the girls know no other life and are reluctant to strike out on their own. They simply keep going until they wind up on the streets.

Even then, the vicious cycle continues, since most streetwalkers buy *mui tsais* as insurance for their old age. When these girls grow up—and they are considered grown at 14—the streetwalkers initiate them into prostitution and collect their earnings.

Is there any hope for these girls? Sir Han Hoe Lim, a former Legislative Councilor in Malaya and prominent in the fight against the *mui tsai* system, states: "Education and the growing, greater freedom among Chinese girls will eventually beat the *mui tsai* custom. The present call is for continued police and social welfare vigilance."

Mr. T. P. Cromwell, Singapore's Director of Social Welfare, puts it this way: "The rapid development of social conditions in the East has resulted in a reluctance on the part of parents to sell their daughters as *mui tsais*. Improving economic conditions also means there is less pressure of poverty. But even when a girl *is* sold as a *mui tsai,* all she has to do is come to us and we will remove her from such conditions of quasi slavery."

In recent years, an average of one *mui tsai* a month has sought Singapore Welfare Department protection. Prosecution of the "owner" is usually possible only after such an approach.

In 1955, a Chinese woman "broker" mistook Reginald Ebart, a Welfare Department supervisor, for a wealthy rubber planter and offered to sell him a young and pretty "housekeeper-concubine" for $400. Ebart pretended to agree to the deal, met the woman later at her home and handed over the money—just in time for two detectives to walk in and arrest her.

Some *mui tsais* manage to "buy" themselves out of slavery and succeed outstandingly in life. Madam Fong Ai Lin, one of the wealthiest women in Malaya, was sold as a *mui tsai* when she was two years old and grew up as a servant in the home of a wealthy racehorse owner. She kept her eyes and ears open, heard some good tips, bet a few dollars she had accumulated by collecting rags and old newspapers, won, bet again and won more.

She invested in a laundry opened by a friend and the laundry prospered. Ai Lin, then 17, bought her freedom for $300. She went to work in the laundry, expanded the business and then began buying property. Today, at 62, she owns laundries, apartment houses, plantations and tin mines worth millions. She has bought freedom for hundreds of "little sisters" and given them homes and jobs.

Romance, too, has rescued a number of *mui tsais*. Before World War II, it was common practice for Europeans in the East to buy "housekeeper-concubines." The practice is far less common now; but it still goes on, particularly among planters in remote areas of Malaya and Indonesia.

One young planter, a former Royal Air Force officer, bought a pretty, 16-year-old *mui tsai* in 1954. Early in 1956, he went to England on a six-month leave. But he quickly returned to Malaya with the air of a man who has made a great discovery. "I love you," he told his *mui tsai*. "Will you marry me?"

She shyly said yes, and they came to Singapore and were married.

This is one *mui tsai*, I believe, who will live happily ever after. It's too bad it happens so rarely.

Just Supposing

IF ONE WOMAN AND TWO MEN were shipwrecked on a desert island for a month, what would happen?

If they were Spanish, one of the men would kill the other.

If they were Italian, the woman would kill one of the men.

If they were English, nothing would happen, because they hadn't been introduced.

If they were American, nothing would happen because the men would be too busy talking business to join the lady.

And if they were French—there would be no problem.

—*Cornhusker*

How Does Your Salary Compare?

by Sidney Margolius

How much you earn on your job depends on where you work. So if you're after top money, you may find the clue in this nationwide survey that pinpoints the "jackpot" areas

POWERFUL economic trends are in operation today that may directly affect how much you find in your pay envelope in the near future, and even whether you can find suitable work. For the actual facts of America's fast-moving economy have exploded many popular notions about pay rates, job opportunities and where in the country your pay buys the best living.

Surprisingly, a startling difference in pay for the same work exists in different places—even in the same places. The typical lawyer in New York or Chicago earns $12,000 a year, for instance, but in Boston he makes $10,000. A woman who sews in a work-shirt factory gets $1.15 an hour; one who works on suits, $2.06. A man who builds autos receives $2.48 an hour, while his brother, building trucks, earns only $2.07.

A switchboard operator in Atlanta gets $48, soft Southern accent and all. Transplant her to Los Angeles and she draws $63. A junior draftsman gets $62 in Providence; in Denver, $84.50.

Right in the same town, a stenographer or clerk for a public utility company or a manufacturing concern often receives $10 a week more than one employed by a bank. A bookkeeper working for a wholesaler often gets 5 to 10 per cent more than a bookkeeper in a retail establishment.

The chart of average earnings with this article verifies Horace Greeley's advice to "Go West." The big-pay towns now are Los Angeles, San Francisco-Oakland, Detroit and Chicago, with Portland, Milwaukee, Cleveland and Denver coming up fast. Eastern cities like New York, Philadelphia and Boston, long supposed to be big-money centers, have now become mediocre-pay places for many occupations.

Scarsdale, in New York's golden Suburbia, may have a typical family income of $17,000, but an electrician in Chicago has $12 more at week's end than one in New York City. A private-duty nurse gets $14 a day in Portland, Maine, and $16 in Portland, Oregon.

Also, significantly, not everybody is sharing in 1957's almost-full employment and relatively high pay. Many "pockets of depression" exist in once-booming textile, coal, railroad-shop and farm-machinery centers. Far behind, too, are some 10,000,000 workers still not covered by the Federal or state minimum wage. This has a noticeable effect on pay of workers who are in service industries especially.

The chart shows how drastically the South lags behind in pay. But more surprisingly, the widespread notion that it costs less to live in the South is proved untrue by Bureau of Labor Statistics surveys. Atlanta, Birmingham, Houston, Memphis and Richmond are all higher-cost towns than New York, generally supposed to be an expensive place to live. New Orleans does turn out to be the lowest-cost big town in the entire country; it is also one of the lowest-paying.

Not only are pay rates already highest in the West, but that's where more jobs have opened. The greatest recent industrial expansion, the Census Bureau reports, is in Ohio, California, Texas and Indiana. In comparison, giant New York City has been declining in employment.

Young people are getting pay rates these days that startle mature workers. This is a boom year for secretaries, for instance, and a girl with fair shorthand can command as much pay as many college graduates and also such fringe benefits as male companionship and relaxed commuting.

The stenographer famine is so acute, especially in New York and Washington, that the Federal Government itself recently sent out this impassioned plea: "Calling all stenographers! Uncle Sam wants you and you can earn $3,175 a year and up! Work on Constitution Avenue where history is made . . ."

The pay spread between routine typists and qualified secretaries has widened to where the secretary now generally gets $22 to $27 more a week than her sister in the typing pool. Only two years ago, the more usual difference between the two was $18 to $22.

What's happening in many occupations is a telescoping of pay. Newcomers start out with more, but pay of experienced workers is comparatively static. A young engineer with ivy still clinging to his hair can start his career this summer at $5,000-$5,500, the Engineers Joint Council estimates. An engineer in mid-career today typically earns about $10,000, Dr. Edward B. Peck of Rutgers reports. Subsequently, judging from present rates, he'll reach $11,000 and rest about there.

Physicists, mathematicians, and other scientific, technical and mechanical workers are reveling in a great demand for their skills. This summer a man who knows a microwave tube is not a device for home permanents can bargain for his pay, name his prospective pension, get advanced education at his employer's expense and decide whether he wants to work in an area of the country where he can swim next winter or ski.

New plants in Arizona, California and Florida are luring engineers with vows of sunshine now and pensions later. A new plant in Red Bank, New Jersey, offers radio and television engineers not merely jobs, but "uncrowded schools and beautiful beaches." Electronics, aircraft, servomechanism, radar and related companies now even interview college juniors, much as the big leagues scout the bush country in a search for budding talent. In fact, they've even been raiding the faculties for scientific and engineering talent, the American Federation of Teachers reports.

A TEMPORARY contraction in our normal population bulge 20-odd years ago plays right into the hands of young people arriving on the job market this year, and will for at least the next six. The low birth rate of the depressed 1930s means there now are relatively few new workers available.

This scarcity is being felt everywhere from advertising agencies to eateries. Last spring for the first time, the New York State Employment Service sent a special recruiter to colleges to find trainees for advertising and publishing firms unable themselves to match the recruiting drives, higher starting pay, company-owned country clubs and other enticements that big manufacturing companies were offering employees.

There is also a shortage of young women. Hotels and restaurants say they can't find enough young waitresses. Mature women too are now finding it much easier to get various kinds of office jobs because of the dearth of decorative young ladies, New York employment officials state.

The nationwide shift from assembly lines and farms to white-collar work also is making more jobs for women. Already three out of ten workers are women; and in only eight years, the U.S. Labor Department estimates there will be as many women at work as men.

As a sign of the white-collar times, last year for the first time there were more Americans wearing ties and nylon stockings to work than blue jeans.

One of the important influences on how much you get paid is the overwhelming demand for specialist skills. The Second Industrial Revolution, as experts call the current automation trend, is making it harder for people with only muscle or small skills to keep up with the general pay rise, and sometimes to find jobs at all.

In the typical industrial town of Hartford, Connecticut, the U.S. Bureau of Employment Security reports nearly half the job seekers are semi-skilled or wholly untrained workers, but only about one-fifth of the job openings are in these categories. On the other hand, there are heavy local demands for all types of engineers, tool and die makers, machinists and sheet metal workers, as well as for competent, trained stenographers.

In New York, the State Employment Service reports a chronic oversupply of truck drivers, helpers, vehicle loaders, construction laborers, elevator operators and porters. But New York metal-working industries are short of skilled mechanics. There's a surplus of chauffeurs, but the National Automobile Dealers Association reports that 100,000 more trained mechanics are still needed.

The scarcity of trained young workers is especially noticeable in suburban areas, where many engineering companies nowadays tend to set up shop. Of 25,000 high school graduates a year in New York's Nassau County, for example, less than 800 have the kind of technical training that employers there are seeking.

For all wage earners, the big fact of the future is that while only one out of seven of America's 65,000,000 workers now can be classed as craftsmen and technicians, according to the U.S. Apprenticeship Bureau, during the next two decades we're going to need three times as many skilled people, and fewer unskilled and semi-skilled.

Even on the professional level, it is the specialist who gets the dramatic pay. A medical specialist has a typical income of $18,000, reports *Medical Economics*. Some average even more (orthopedic surgeons, about $25,000; gynecologists, $22,000). In comparison, general practitioners averaged over $14,800 in 1955.

Is your own pay keeping up? Last year most people's went up in the neighborhood of 4 per cent. By January, 1957, the average industrial wage had reached about $83 a week, compared to $79 the year before. An "average," of course, conceals a lot of lower wages, as the chart of pay in major industries shows. Too, most of the raise the average chap got was erased by a jump in living costs of nearly 3 per cent. So when you compare your own pay with 1955-1956 rates shown in the charts, add about 4 per cent to show approximately where you stood at the start of '57.

As you'd expect, engineers, scientists and other technical personnel got the biggest pay raise from mid-1955 to mid-1956—8.6 per cent, the American Management Association reports. Top executives were next, with increases of 5.9 per cent. Their subordinates, the middle-management executives, received 5 per cent more pay.

Teachers, who have been notoriously low on the pay totem pole, are starting to catch up a bit, with an average boost of 5 per cent in 1956. Increases of plant workers and office personnel ranged about 4 to 6 per cent.

Salesmen came at the end of the procession, with an average increase of 3.5 per cent. Pay for selling varies from top to bottom the most of any occupation except law. Three-fourths of the salesmen surveyed earned anywhere from $5,000 to $15,000 in 1956. Salesmen for major industrial equipment like diesel locomotives were found to earn the highest salaries.

Among the skilled crafts, electricians, carpenters, plumbers, machinists and tool and die makers generally are highest paid. Of the big production industries, construction workers most often get the highest hourly rates, but, as the chart of weekly earnings shows, not necessarily always the highest weekly pay, let alone annual earnings, because of the seasonal and cyclical nature of the work.

When you size up the pay potential of an industry, it is wise to learn how much employment you can expect, since you have to live by the year not just the week. Note that electricians in factory-maintenance jobs get less per hour than the commanding $3.28 earned by construction electrical workers late in '56. But they are more likely to have steady work.

ONE KIND of personal skill is paying off even better than mere technical training. That is administrative ability. The best-paying job among chemists, for example, is nontechnical administration, with typical earnings, after 19 years of experience, of $1,070 to $1,320 a month compared to $763 for chemists themselves, $858 for chemical engineers and, at the bottom of the scientific heap, $443 for high-school chemistry teachers, according to a report by the American Chemical Association.

Among the professional scientific workers, the physical scientists are earning the biggest rewards. A National Science Foundation survey found physicists and geologists the best paid, followed in that order by mathematicians, biologists, meteorologists, astronomers and, finally, psychologists. These 1954-55 salaries ranged from the physicists's $7,275 down to the psychologist's $5,850. They would be somewhat higher this year, but still below the salary being quoted for engineers and chemists.

Actual cash is no longer the only measure of your compensation from a job. Pensions, life and medical insurance and other fringe benefits, from 8¢ soup at company cafeterias to housing loans and scholarships for your children, have become a new kind of pay more workers now want and get.

In fact, smart employees are looking at the fringe benefits even more closely than the cash pay, because a fringe dollar has more actual take-home value than a taxable cash dollar.

By 1956, at least three-fourths of all office and plant workers were getting life and health insurance benefits, and about three out of four office workers and three out of five plant workers were under some form of pension plan. Too, more such plans are now noncontributory—fully paid by employers alone. Generally, manufacturing plants and utilities give more fringe benefits than do retail and service trades. Profit-sharing plans also have been on the increase recently, with about 13 per cent of office and 7 per cent of plant workers now participating in them.

Banks and insurance companies trail manufacturing and utility companies in pay for office personnel, but do have the shortest work week —generally under 40 hours—for

AVERAGE WEEKLY SALARIES IN WHITE COLLAR JOBS (1955-56)

AREA	Average Weekly Factory Earning (Sept. 1956)	Accounting Clerks (Women; Exp'd)	Secretaries	Stenographers	Senior Draftsmen (Male)
NORTHEAST					
Newark-Jersey City	$85.02	$71.50	$75.50	$61.50	$100.00
New York City	74.71	73.50	78.50	63.00	108.50
Philadelphia	84.85	64.00	70.50	56.50	97.50
Providence	66.73	58.50	61.50	51.50	85.00
SOUTH					
Atlanta	71.73	68.00	71.00	59.50	96.00
Dallas	*	64.50	70.00	60.50	84.50
Memphis	73.39	64.00	62.50	54.00	99.50
New Orleans	74.52	68.00	67.50	54.50	94.50
MIDDLE WEST					
Chicago	93.25	76.00	78.50	66.50	106.00
Detroit	107.89	78.00	81.00	69.50	120.50
Milwaukee	94.08	69.50	74.50	58.50	98.50
Minneapolis-St. Paul	83.73	66.50	68.50	56.50	93.50
St. Louis	83.94	70.00	73.00	59.00	106.00
FAR WEST					
Denver	84.46	63.50	70.50	59.50	104.00
Los Angeles-Long Beach	91.18	76.00	79.50	68.00	98.50
Portland	86.70	74.00	75.00	63.00	97.50
San Francisco-Oakland	95.32	75.00	79.00	68.50	94.50

BASED ON BUREAU OF LABOR STATISTICS DATA

those more interested in leisure than money.

New Yorkers work the country's briefest office week: seven out of eight white-collar girls there are now down to about 35 hours.

You can measure the value of retirement plans by this guide from the AFL-CIO Department of Research: most plans now give 30-year workers pensions of $50 to $100 or more a month, most often, $65 to $75. More and more plans give the employee a permanent right to his accumulated pension after ten years of work. Two out of three plans now pay pensions for disability retirement.

The financial future belongs to the professional and technical worker. Besides the impressive demand for engineering and scientific personnel, the U.S. Labor Department says the greatest need is for more teachers and medical people (doctors, dentists, nurses, etc.). For example, 70,000 nurses are wanted. Science teachers are scarce. So are social workers.

Some of the people-hungry occupations have reached this stage because their pay has fallen behind

HOURLY RATES IN BLUE COLLAR JOBS (1955-56)				COMPARATIVE LIVING COSTS
Tool & Die Makers	Electricians	Auto Mechanics	Truck Drivers	New York (equals 100)
$2.53	$2.51	$2.22	$2.42	*
2.56	2.33	2.23	2.36	100
2.49	2.35	2.19	2.08	101
2.31	1.95	2.01	1.83	*
*	2.27	1.90	1.57	105
2.33	2.17	1.91	1.55	*
2.42	2.30	1.81	1.47	*
*	2.20	1.94	1.29	*
2.79	2.65	2.48	2.27	105
2.75	2.60	2.39	2.20	105
2.65	2.47	2.25	2.12	108
2.55	2.52	2.19	2.02	105
2.67	2.50	2.25	2.13	103
2.32	2.25	2.23	1.81	*
2.67	2.57	2.36	2.15	107
2.66	2.49	2.32	2.10	103
2.68	2.49	2.55	2.36	108

*FIGURES NOT AVAILABLE

that of other professions, as our chart of professional earnings shows. In the publishing business, for example, a beginning editor fresh out of English class often gets the same $65 a week from a New York book publisher as a stenographer. A graduate chemist starts at as much as $400 a month in private industry; in a New York hospital, he starts at $260.

But the demand for personnel in these fields is beginning to push up the price, as recent teacher increases indicate.

Among engineers, electrical, mechanical and aeronautical are in keenest demand this summer. Scientific workers in shortest supply include physicists, ballisticians and mathematicians, State Employment Services report.

In the crafts, metalworking skills dominate the shortage. Specific skills in short supply around the country, besides auto mechanics, are draftsmen, toolmakers and diesinkers, pattern and model makers, machinists and machine-shop workers, tinsmiths, sheet-metal workers and aircraft mechanics. And, of course, girls who can write shorthand.

grin and share it

RETURNING after a lengthy absence to his family's spot on the beach, the youngster found them preparing to leave.

"Come along," said his mother. "We're going to a restaurant for a good dinner."

"I'm not hungry," was the reply. "I've eaten seven ice cream cones and three frankfurters."

"Where on earth did you get seven ice cream cones and three frankfurters?" asked his astounded mother. "You didn't have any money."

"I didn't need money. I just wandered all around the beach crying and making believe I was lost."

—*Pure Oil News*

MOST OF THE U.S. ATHLETES at the Pan-American track and field games in Mexico City last summer could speak no Spanish. But somehow they managed, through luck and gestures, to get by. Then on Sunday one of the boys got in a taxi to go to church but couldn't make the driver understand what he was trying to say. Finally, inspired, he put his hands together in an attitude of prayer.

"Ah-h-h!" exclaimed the driver. "Si, senor!" And he rushed the athlete to the municipal swimming pool.

—*A.M.A. Journal*

THE YOUNG BRIDE hadn't done too well in her first encounter with the cookbook and gas stove.

Telephoning her mother, she sobbed, "The cookbook says, 'Bring to a boil on a brisk fire stirring for 2 minutes, then beat it for 10 minutes,' and when I came back it was burned to a cinder."

—MARILYNN CARTER

WHEN BURLEIGH GRIMES, famed former National League pitcher, was managing the Brooklyn Dodgers back in the '30s, he optioned one of his rookie pitchers to Nashville, Tennessee, in the Southern Association for seasoning.

A week later, Grimes received this telegram from the Nashville manager: "Pitcher you sent us is too green. Please wire instructions."

He promptly dispatched this answer: "Paint him another color and ship him to Elmira!" —CHARLEY SCULLY

ONE OF OUR foreign representatives brought a large supply of canned goods to his new post so he would be sure of adequate meals. All went well until the day he found his cook in a dither over the contents of a can of "fruit," claiming he was unable to prepare it in any palatable form.

The envoy looked at the empty can. The label read in large letters: Tennis Balls. —*Woolery Digest*

AN ANTIQUE COLLECTOR passing through a small village stopped to watch an old man chopping wood with an ancient ax. "That's a mighty old ax you have there," he remarked.

"Yup," said the villager, "it once belonged to George Washington."

"Not really!" gasped the collector. "It has certainly stood up well."

"Of course," admitted the old man, "it's had three new handles and two new heads." —*Sunshine*

WHEN A MAN just returned from his vacation complained of the rainy weather he'd had, a friend interrupted, "It couldn't have been so bad—you're sunburned!"

"Sunburn nothing," he replied. "That's rust!" —*Voo Doo*

THE POLICE-CHIEF in a small western Texas town confiscated some counterfeit bills and wired the FBI in Washington to ask what to do with them. He was told to send the bills there at once. Several weeks passed and the bills didn't arrive. The FBI wired him inquiring about the money. The chief studied the wire and then sent a wire in return: BILLS SHOULD BE THERE. SENT THEM BY MONEY ORDER FOUR WEEKS AGO. —*Texas Ranger*

MY NEIGHBOR'S three-year-old daughter loves dogs. One day while she was playing in front of her home she saw a huge boxer down the street and ran toward him, shouting, "Hi, doggie! Hi, doggie!"

The dog bounded to her, stopping just when they were nose to nose. She gazed up at him a moment with a puzzled expression, then breathed, "Hi, horsey!"

—DOROTHY RAIFORD (*Dixie Roto Magazine*)

I'M AFRAID the Western Union office must have been a little upset when my mother sent me the following telegram concerning my two sisters—Dorothy, who was married and expecting a child, and Marjorie, who was about to be married:

"JUDY BORN LAST NITE SEVEN POUNDS TEN PM STOP MARJORIE WILL BE MARRIED TUESDAY MORNING"

LOVE

MOTHER

—EUGENE J. COLEMAN

Why not send your funny story to "Grin and Share It" Editor, Coronet, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.? Please give your source. Payment is made upon publication, and no contributions can be acknowledged or returned.

TV's Blue Pencil Man

As Tsar of Taboos, Stockton Helffrich has put purity in westerns, barriers on bosoms, an unbreakable halo around Santa and joy in a dentist's drill

by MARTIN L. GROSS

ELVIS PRESLEY'S original uninhibited rockin' and rollin' on the Milton Berle TV show brought in a torrent of telegrams and letters from outraged parents. All of them ended up on the desk of 45-year-old Stockton Helffrich, NBC's Director of Continuity Acceptance—and the man who decides what you can and cannot see and hear on NBC television programs.

Soon afterward, Steve Allen requested Elvis for a guest appearance on his Sunday night show. The touchy question was put to censor Helffrich. His answer: "O.K." Presley could go on, but only if the camera pickups of his "pelvic gyrations" were cut down.

The new toned-down Presley, like so much on television today, is the product of this well-mannered, former page boy's ideas on "good taste." Helffrich's taming of Presley is only one of the many behind-the-screen tussles between the expert blue-penciler and top TV performers—all part of his job of keeping "vulgarity" out of the nation's living rooms.

Helffrich and a staff of 35, many working in key cities across the country, carefully scrutinize every script, commercial, old Hollywood film and even Shakespearean classic and popular song for material that might jam the NBC switchboard with complaints.

One of his biggest problems has been the female bosom. More than any other man, Helffrich deserves credit (or censure) for covering up the lavish spreads that were synonymous with early TV.

For this he has been called a "killjoy bluenose." In his own defense, he quotes the letter from a mother that spurred him to action. "I'm no prude," the woman wrote. "I have a grown daughter who wears strapless gowns. But some of those I see on television are almost *topless!*"

Helffrich immediately "suggested" that all female performers bring along an extra gown—just in case. When this failed to do the trick he achieved his purpose by having directors mercilessly *flatten* the offending protrusion with powerful overhead lighting. "The girls much prefer flattering sidelighting," he points out.

The censor carefully studies his weekly flood of complaints ("already totalling more than in the 35 years of radio") to gauge what the public wants in its living rooms. A typical day's mail, for example, included the following pet peeves: A mother complained that the lower case lettering on the *perry como show* was fouling up her son's education. A viewer protested the showing of Richard III because the villain was malformed. A worried mother pleaded that for the sake of her son all "schmos" on television programs didn't have to be named "Melvin." (A sympathetic directive on "Melvins" was immediately sent out to all network producers and directors.)

Helffrich worries a lot about the children. His office has files on tens of thousands of films and cartoons with notations on the cuts necessary for an audience of youngsters. The old beloved chaps-and-thunder western with dozens of corpses littering the mesa, for instance, is now a TV taboo.

"We cut lynchings and excessive violence from the old western films and try to discourage it in new ones," he says. "Instead of all that killing, we prefer *wingings* and *nippings* in the arm or leg. There is no reason for bad grammar; and the good guy and bad guy could just as well shoot it out in front of the town post office as in the local bar."

Five films of "Fabian of Scotland Yard" were cut off completely because the combination of violence and sexy negligees was allegedly unfit for the child audience in early evening. When the time slot was moved later, four were released for adult audiences. The fifth is still under wraps. It contains, according to Helffrich, too good an explanation of a so-called perfect crime.

Helffrich has a number of TV sacred cows. Old Glory can't be used in commercials. The children's untouchable is Santa Claus, whose believability *cannot* be punctured, especially around Yuletide. Not long ago the censor deleted an entire skit of a famous comedian (comedians are his biggest problem children) because it involved a lecherous old Santa Claus who only climbed down the chimneys of fair young damsels.

Stockton Helffrich is not bashful

about cutting. Once, over the howls of the producers, he took a 90-second sequence of a Caesarean operation out of "Medic" as "pointless realism." But he much prefers to find ways to keep things in. "I'd rather say: 'This is how you can do it,' than 'You can't do this.' "

When NBC produced Richard Strauss' "Salome," Helffrich was faced with one of the most ticklish questions of his career: What about the historic strip tease of the seven veils? He went into a characteristic huddle and finally came up with an answer that was calculated not to offend the varied television audience.

LOVE
GAVE THEM LIFE
They lived in
the dark abyss of
mental torment. Then
they found psychiatric
help—and each other.
An inspiring
true love story
IN JULY CORONET

"Dress her in a flesh-colored leotard," he told the producers. "Have the camera pan on her neck. Then, once everybody knows she's wearing something under the veils, you can go to town."

He had kept his impeccable "good taste," but there is no way of knowing how many cherished illusions about the famous Biblical strip he destroyed throughout America.

In addition to his perhaps controversial handling of s-e-x, Helffrich has the serious job of making TV conform to modern sociological morals. Old "Our Gang" comedies, for instance, have been edited to delete racial prejudice; and he has worked hard to keep national and religious stereotypes off the screen. No one mentions the fact, he bemoans, that most hoodlums on whodunits now have names of varied or untraceable origin as part of his efforts to destroy the myth of Italian gangsterism.

Helffrich's pet uplift project is mental health. With blue pencil and scissors he tries to keep old, dangerous cliches about mental illness off our screens.

A basic TV rule, as legislated by Helffrich, is: Robert Montgomery can say it, but Sid Caesar can't. This means that a cuss word used flippantly on a comedy show is bad taste, while in the proper context it can heighten good drama.

On one occasion, Montgomery came to Helffrich with a problem. The word "damn" had never been allowed on television, but Montgomery was about to put on Scott Fitzgerald's play *The Great Gatsby,* a study of Long Island society. At the climax of the drama a character says to Gatsby: "Jay, you're better than the whole *damn* lot of them!"

Helffrich pondered and pondered and finally gave Montgomery his now momentous "O.K." *Damn* has since been allowed on television a few dozen times; and *hell,* another former taboo, about as many.

The censor's perennially persistent critics are the special interests. "It seems that nothing can go on television that doesn't annoy some industry, product or profession," he says.

Cigar manufacturers squawked some months ago when the victim in a play was asphyxiated with cigar smoke. The warehouse people wanted to know why the respectable warehouse had become a TV rendezvous for killers. Alarmed florists frantically complained about a line in another show wherein a new widow sent out cards: "Please omit flowers."

Some special interests, however, do get through Helffrich's tactful exterior. Dentists complained that a patient yelling "ouch" in a dentist's chair on TV keeps thousands from seeking needed care. So now Helffrich has passed the word along that all is to be smiles in the dentist's chair.

In the matter of commercials, Helffrich would just as soon do without toilet tissues and athlete's-foot cures. All athlete's-foot commercials are carefully edited and scheduled for showing at other than mealtimes. And TV can sell toilet tissue only if the camera avoids the actual toilet.

Little escapes the tasteful censor's eye. His office has rewritten numerous pop and rock 'n' roll tunes to make them palatable for TV. Greats like Cole Porter, a master of the sexy sentimental lyric, are treated more gingerly, but even two of Porter's tunes have had the "good taste" treatment.

Some critics maintain this good taste is a bit overdone, but the censor (he winces but doesn't disown the word) feels he operates with a modern attitude toward the job. "I personally think the TV audience is a mature one and getting more so all the time," he says. "They will accept broader programming than ever before."

As examples, he cites the showing of Sinclair Lewis' *Dodsworth* on the Producer's Showcase in the face of anticipated protests. The story shows divorce as one solution to marital difficulties. He is also proud of the passage of films of Osa and Martin Johnson despite the nakedness of the African natives.

The censor has long since learned that, no matter what he does, he'll never please everybody. The lesson was brought home graphically recently when he opened his morning's mail to find a pair of letters commenting on a Perry Como show. "It had a variety of wholesome entertainment," said one. The other complained that it wasn't fit fare for children because "it was a slinky night-club-type thing."

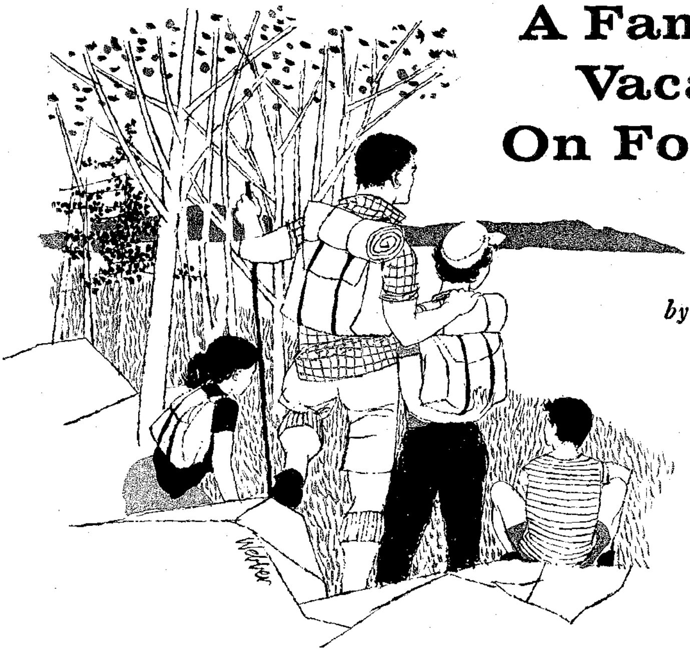
Stockton Helffrich, Director of Continuity Acceptance and guardian of good taste, threw up his hands: "See what I mean?"

Why Is It?

IN THE OLD DAYS a person who missed a stagecoach was resigned to waiting a day or two for the next one. Now, you often see a man annoyed if he misses one section of a revolving door. —*Catholic Digest*

TO A WOMAN the perfect husband is one who thinks he has a perfect wife. —*Talananac*

A WOMAN will look into a mirror any time except when she's about to pull out of a parking place. —*Quote*



A Family Vacation—On Foot

by Lester David

In the next few months, thousands of American families will shoulder packs and hit the woodland trails on hiking and camping trips. The number of devotees to this simple, healthful, inexpensive—and uniquely different—form of vacation has risen astonishingly since the end of World War II.

Typical of the growing band of wilderness walkers is the Stephenson family of New York City. Beth and Robert met on a hike 21 years ago, married and are about to start their 20th anniversary jaunt. Their two sons, David and Edward, have gone along on every trip for the past ten years. David, the younger, went on his first overnight hike before he was three. The Stephensons have hiked in New Hampshire, Vermont, New York, New Jersey, Colorado and other states. Mrs. Stephenson says, "We estimate we must have walked the equivalent of the distance from New York to Wichita, Kansas. Before we call it quits, we want to walk the equivalent of the rest of the way to the Pacific."

Where do they go, these hiking families? Most head for the nation's remarkable yet little-known network of wilderness trails. These are special pathways, some many hundreds of miles long, which have been created through wild and semi-wild regions all across the country and are easily accessible.

They are strung together from woodland paths once used by Indians and early settlers, back roads, abandoned pastures, even city parks and auto roads when necessary. They have been cleared and made safe over the years by dedicated, volunteer organizations like the Horse-Shoe Trail Club of Pennsylvania, Green Mountain Club of Vermont, Sierra Club of California, and the Maine Appalachian Trail Club, which maintain them for the exclusive use of walkers and riders—horses, not cars.

For the less hardy, many trails have lean-tos and other shelters available at intervals. Accommodations are also to be had at tourist camps not far from main pathways and at places sponsored by the American Youth Hostels. In a number of areas, you can stay at comfortable motels and go out on ranger-conducted hikes for an afternoon, a day, overnight or even longer.

Those preferring to rough it can head for wilder areas in forested ridges or canyon country where the going is strenuous and the living primitive. There they can pitch tents or unroll sleeping bags under the stars. Incidentally, most trails are completely safe for hikers and many are patrolled regularly.

In the east, extending 2,007 miles from Mt. Katahdin in Maine to Mt. Oglethorpe in Georgia, is a marked footpath called the Appalachian Trail, which winds through 13 states. While often swinging close to densely populated areas, it remains bracketed by unspoiled wilderness for most of its length. This pathway is supervised by the Appalachian Trail Conference, which is composed of district clubs, each responsible for maintaining its own link.

Hikes along the Appalachian Trail take you through lushly green forests, across incredibly blue streams, up mountain summits, past rugged cliffs. You see country as it was when Daniel Boone pushed westward. You can choose any part of the trail, entering at practically any point. Maps and guidebooks are available for all sections.

In Maine, for instance, 277 trail miles pass through extensive wilderness, far from towns and cities. For steep mountain climbing, try the western section from Blanchard to Mt. Bigelow. Plenty of canoeing and swimming is available along most of the route. In Virginia, 100 miles go through the Shenandoah National Park, with innumerable side trails, and you never get far from a base of supplies.

The Long Trail in Vermont, stretching 255 miles from Massachusetts to Canada, is part of the system and ideal for inexperienced hikers. Some 85 side trails provide frequent access, and there are 58 shelters spaced from a half mile to eight miles apart. One lodge en route has bunks for 34, and some shelters even provide axes for woodcutting, and cooking utensils.

The Horse-Shoe Trail, which winds 116 miles through the high ridges of eastern Pennsylvania, is another excellent route for the beginner. At convenient intervals are youth hostels equipped with cots, bunks, blankets, mattresses, toilet and washing facilities. Kitchens have stoves, cooking utensils and dishes. Resident house parents supervise these lodgings which are offered to members of the American Youth Hostels. One official guidebook says of this trail: "The forest land it traverses is unspoiled and there are no billboards or hot-dog stands."

On the West Coast, running continuously from the Canadian border into Mexico, is the Pacific Crest Trail, over 2,000 miles of wilderness footpath literally unmatched anywhere for scenic grandeur.

In northern Washington, this trail passes through rocky, glacier-hung crests, then dips into the gentler slopes of Oregon with its abundant trout-fishing lakes. In California, it winds through the snow-covered Sierra Nevadas, past spectacular canyons and silent lakes, down to the desert ranges in the south.

In general, the Pacific Trail has fewer shelters and public accommodations within reach than the Appalachian. The hiker must use tent or sleeping bag; but camp sites are frequent, the grades are fairly easy, except for certain mountain areas, and the trail is well marked.

The Pacific Trail can be traversed on horseback as well as on foot, and in some sections professional packers who set up camps and burros to carry equipment are available. Even though it lies deep in national park and forest lands, it is crossed by many highways, making it easily accessible.

The John Muir Trail, one of the Pacific's 16 sections, begins in Yosemite National Park, continues along the crest of the Sierras and ends at the headwaters of the Kings River in California. This famous pathway, named for the noted naturalist, is breathtakingly beautiful. Some areas are isolated—and you may chance on hidden lakes few know about—while others are close enough to roads so that hikers may spend only a day or a week end in its wild, lovely glades.

In addition to the two vast networks in the east and west, there are hundreds of other trails all over the U.S. The country's 150 national forests, 29 national parks and countless state parks are honeycombed with hiking pathways. Many national parks have ranger-conducted tours lasting from a day to a week or longer.

Cost of a hiking vacation. Figure $1.50 a day per person for three meals, or $40 a week for a family of four. Lodging depends on you and the area you choose—camping out, no charge except the initial expense of sleeping bag or tent. Overnight stays at youth hostels cost 75¢. You need an American Youth Hostels' pass to stay at their shelters. Family passes cost $7 and are good for a year. Inns and tourist homes are more expensive.

Equipment you need. This depends on the section and the length of your trip. The Appalachian Trail Conference suggests: travel as light as possible. Reduce your load to the absolute minimum, otherwise your hike becomes an endurance contest.

Proper footgear is vital, including enough socks so that you can always wear two pairs, the outside pair loosely knit wool, the inner pair white, lightweight wool or cotton. Shoes should be six or more inches high and of rubber or composition sole, never leather. Test shoe size by standing with full weight in wool socks while being fitted. There should be a half inch between the toe and the end of the shoe.

Clothing should be adequate for the climate and length of trip undertaken—durable, warm and lightweight. Girls: shorts aren't a good idea because of brambles and insects. Wear slacks or breeches.

Packs come in two general types, rigid-frame and nonrigid. Rigid are better for longer trips because they ride well with full loads, carry bulky articles and allow good air circulation. Important items to take: flashlight, guidebook, compass, matches, pocketknife, first-aid kit, sewing materials, extra shoelaces.

About food. Excellent literature is available on trail cooking, including what to bring and suggested menus. Check first if you can replenish stocks en route, thus you won't have to go out like a walking commissary. To keep your pack light, carry as little liquid as possible and don't bring too many canned or bottled foods. Use dehydrated foods and vegetables whenever possible. You will experience a curious craving for sweets in the woods, so bring along gum or hard candies.

What you do besides walk. If you get hot and tired, stop for a swim in a mountain pool or river; and spend all day there if you wish. Canoes, rowboats—even speedboats—are often available for hire when the trails pass near settlements. Lakes and streams where you can catch your own dinners abound. In many areas you can rent saddle horses.

You can take side trips to explore fascinating caves, historic old forts, bird sanctuaries, mineral springs.

Pursue, or start, a hobby like bird-spotting, collecting minerals or insects, photography.

Can you get lost on the trails? Hardly, because special markers point out the routes as plainly as road signs. The maps and guidebooks explain very clearly what these markers are and where to find them.

One hiking father put it this way after a trip over the Horse-Shoe Trail: "Our children delighted in leading the way, soon learning that a double blaze on a tree, or a horseshoe with toe pointing to left or right meant a change of direction, and treated each day's journey as a voyage of exploration."

Special hints to beginners. 1. Don't attempt a week-long hike straightaway. Work up to it gradually with longer and longer walks, and a couple of overnight trips.

2. Never travel after dark. Break camp early and start making camp about 4 P.M.

3. Respect private property. Always leave shelters or lean-tos as you find them, neat and litterless for the next party.

4. Take the most extreme precautions against fire. Rake all debris from the circle of the flames and make certain no fire remains when you leave.

5. Never travel alone on a wilderness trail.

6. Adjust your pace to the terrain,

slowing up on grades and stopping when you're tired.

For specific information on where to hike. For the Appalachian Trail, write to the Appalachian Trail Conference, 1916 Sunderland Place NW, Washington 6, D. C., enclosing 25¢ for a booklet of general information. This describes the paths, tells you what is available and discusses everything from accommodations to trail etiquette.

After you have chosen the area you want to travel, you can send away for all the detailed maps and guidebooks.

A guide to the Pacific Trail is published by the Pacific Crest Trail System Conference, and may be consulted in libraries.

For information about other trails, write the Director, National Park Service, Washington 25, D. C., and ask for general data on paths and recreation areas. Study the areas, then send for detailed maps of the section that appeals to you. Information on trails is also available from local national forest supervisors, local forest ranger stations, and from your state recreation and park agencies.

An excellent general guide to wilderness lands, the first complete one ever published about the U.S., is "The Handbook of Wilderness Travel," available in libraries or from the publishers, Harper & Brothers in New York City. This lists more than 1,000 trails.

Full information on youth hostels can be obtained from American Youth Hostels, Inc., 14 West 8th Street, New York 11, N. Y.

For the real delights of a hiking vacation, listen to John Muir: ". . . nature's peace will flow into you as sunshine flows into trees; the winds will blow their freshness into you, and the storms their energy; while cares will drop off like autumn leaves."

Complaints! Complaints! Complaints!

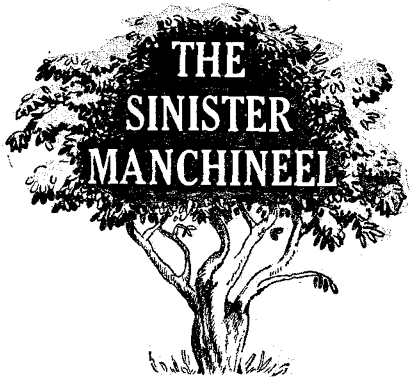
BUS DRIVERS in a small Ohio town asked mothers to stop using them as baby sitters. They complained that too many children were put on buses with orders to keep riding around town until mother finished her marketing.

IN CANADA, a bandit wrote a local newspaper to correct its report of his robbery, which described him as between 45 and 50 years old. He complained that he was only 34 and did not look a day older.

A MOTHER of ten children filed suit for divorce in Massachusetts complaining that her husband was cold and indifferent.

A WOMAN VISITOR at a zoo complained that when she fed tidbits to a camel he pulled a $4,000 ring from her finger and swallowed it.

—*A.M.A. Journal*



THE SINISTER MANCHINEEL

by John Krill

Hunting and fishing parties in the subtropical regions of southern Florida and the Keys are often startled to hear an alert guide cry sharply, *"Don't touch that tree!"*

And with good reason, for Florida's unpretentious manchineel, which looks very much like the familiar pear tree, is said to be the most poisonous representative of the vegetable kingdom in North America.

Sap of all parts of the manchineel acts as a violent poison to human flesh. Even rain or dew blown from it is highly toxic to the skin. Eating its fragrant red-cheeked "crab apples" is generally fatal.

According to Dr. Werner M. Lauter, Professor of Pharmaceutical Chemistry at the University of Florida, the exact nature of the manchineel's virulent sap is not yet known. Externally it forms great wheals on any part of the skin it touches. Internally it causes extremely painful intestinal ulcers.

While studying this sinister tree, Dr. Lauter himself became one of its victims when drops of moisture fell from its leaves on to his ear. At once, the ear became painfully swollen and blistered. A drop of juice from the fruit entered a tiny hole in a rubber glove he was wearing. Severe infection followed and Dr. Lauter's right arm became swollen and then paralyzed. Ugly ulcers covered it for days.

Early settlers had many unfortunate experiences with the innocuous-looking manchineel. Many were tempted into eating its attractive apple-like fruit, and children especially had to be guarded against picking it.

Attempts were made to destroy the tree by cutting it down. But when the keen axes of the settlers bit into the yielding wood, sap flowed copiously and spattered over them. It was many days before any of them were able to swing an axe again.

They then struck on the expedient of burning the accursed tree to avoid the poisonous sap. Here once more the manchineel struck back. Bare skin touched by the smoke immediately broke out in the symptoms of manchineel poisoning. They learned the hard way to start the fire and quickly move well out of range of the smoke.

Today, fortunately, the manchineel can be destroyed readily and safely primarily by this method of burning and, as a result, it has vanished from most areas of human habitation.

Only one kind thing may be said for the manchineel. It has a very dearly loved cousin—the beautiful poinsettia.

How to Love Your Husband

by HANNAH LEES

Married love has many phases, some wondrous, some baffling. Here a noted authority tells how a wife can gain greater understanding of her mate and perhaps add years to his life

AN EMINENT PSYCHIATRIST told me he believed the basic unfulfilled need of the American married man today was for more warm sexual love. He emphasized the words "warm" and "love."

Men probably don't take refuge in their jobs—and work themselves to death—to escape sexual frustration as much as to escape the basic loneliness of never feeling really close to anyone. Yet I think we women often have trouble helping them feel really close and warmly loved because we get a little mixed up about love and desire.

Our love varies tremendously. All of us feel more loving at some times than at others. But desire varies a great deal more.

When two people who love each other also want each other physically, it is hard to tell where love stops and desire begins. But we all know the difference. We all know what it is to feel very deep tender love with no physical desire in it. And many of us know what it is to feel desire and acute pleasure when we may be feeling temporarily quite unloving. These variations of feeling are completely normal and over a lifetime of marriage almost inevitable.

When it comes to physical desire, every individual—man or woman—has a different wave length, a different cycle of need and not so much need, of response and less response. The cycles repeat themselves over and over through everyone's life-

From *Help Your Husband Stay Alive*, by Hannah Lees. Copyright 1957 by Hannah Lees. Published by Appleton-Century-Crofts, Inc.

time. The happiest couples are those who comfortably accept the fact that their cycles cannot possibly coincide all the time.

Many women who married with a tremendous hope to love and be loved begin to worry that they are falling out of love after a few weeks or months when they find they are not as responsive to their husbands as they were formerly. The chances are they are simply running through their own normal cycle of want, and have hit a point of low need while their husband's physical need is still high.

This can create a lot of unnecessary unhappiness if one doesn't understand the reasons. It can make a tender, loving wife feel guilty and a tender, loving husband feel clumsy and anxious. It can raise the silly specter of incompatibility.

Even people who understand that desire ebbs and flows like the tide are often inclined to resent it. Love, they feel, should be above any dependence on cycles. Of course it not only should be, but is, even though our ability to express love varies. Love-making is simply one expression of love. When it gives two people the feeling of shared emotional fulfillment, it is one of the most important foods that love can grow on.

For many women, love-making is sometimes magnificent, sometimes pleasant and sometimes, inevitably, downright frustrating. Our capacity to give ourselves up to it depends on so many factors: whether we are worried about something, whether we are consciously or unconsciously cross with our husbands, or whether we know he is the greatest guy there is. It depends even more on where we happen to be in that exasperating, but to be reckoned with, cycle of desire. It's an unhealthy waste of time to try to figure out the cycle. You can't really, for so many elements of our daily lives are constantly affecting it.

Love-making can't always be passionate. It probably shouldn't always be passionate. There is room in a lifetime of marriage for the whole spectrum of emotions. Over the years, a wife's high moments of love and desire and her husband's high moments of love and desire are apt to coincide again and again. There is no necessity for frustration for any woman who really understands this. She will be too full of the miracle of closeness that such love creates.

A man's mystical hunger for a woman he loves is, after all, a tremendous gift. There is probably no time when he is trying more eagerly to let her into his life. Yet it is often hard for a woman to trust her husband—and herself—enough to take it as the gift it is.

A woman I know once told me that when she and her husband were first married it used to upset her because he always had a smile on his face during their most intimate moments. She was afraid he was mocking her.

"Don't laugh at me," she said at last, wretchedly.

Her husband looked at her aghast. "Laugh at you?" he said. "Why, I was only smiling because I was so happy."

Desire is always a gift. Why do we put so much emphasis on sex appeal in dressing, in behavior, in our social judgment, except that we consider desire a tremendous gift we deeply want? If a wife realizes that whenever her husband wants to make love, he wants *her* and that he wants her because he loves and needs *her,* how can she help but respond with warmth and tenderness?

There is a reverse to this, inevitably. Some men have been brought up feeling so ashamed of their sexual needs that they have repressed them. They often feel less vital than they really are, and may seem to want considerably less love-making than their wives do. It is quite likely, however, that these men need the warmth of physical love far more than all the frankly hungry men.

It is essential to a man's well-being that he feel virile and physically attractive. Men who don't may literally worry themselves sick or else wear themselves out trying to find the nourishment of love in work.

Yet in our culture men are traditionally the sexually hungry ones. Women are not supposed to want or need as much love-making as men. So a wife, whose physical need is greater than her husband's, is likely to make him feel inadequate, and then hostile, because he feels inadequate. She herself is likely to feel abnormal, possibly even immoral. This all conspires to make her hostile too. So there is the making of a vicious circle. But it's one that a wife can easily step out of, though it may take considerable love and courage.

The whole question is whether her want warms him or scares him. It will scare him if she expects him to make love to her. Yet it can be the nourishment he has always needed if she is willing to make love to him.

The basic axiom that desire and physical hunger are always gifts is just as true with a wife as with a husband. Everyone wants to be wanted, and what could possibly make a man feel more like a man than knowing his wife wants *him.* He may even need to be wooed, as a man woos a woman, to break down his anxieties. Thus a wife who is willing to do this may change her husband's whole life and save him from early old age and even death.

SAVE YOUR TEETH
A simple test
and a
special, temporary diet
add up to an
amazingly effective
weapon against tooth
decay. Read how
it can save *your* teeth
IN JULY CORONET

There are relatively few marriages where a wife may have to do most or even all the wooing. What happens in many marriages is that sometimes a man feels dominant and wooing, and sometimes he feels dispirited and wants desperately to be wooed into feeling dominant again. A wife has a happy advantage here. For, while it is hard for a man to woo his wife into ardor if her love cycle is at a low ebb, most men only need to feel loved and wanted to find their own desire is far less dormant than they had thought.

Each year a man grows older it is more important for his wife to let him know freely how much she wants him. Men may need attention from other women at parties in order to help them feel dominant and still young, but the most important reassurance is bound to be what they receive from their own wives in their own homes.

Some women never feel quite the same need of love-making that men do, and never the same pleasure. It is hard for women like this to understand a husband's need and make him feel loved in return. But these wives can go a long way toward making love a substitute for desire.

I talked to a woman a few years ago who had found a solution to this problem in a down-to-earth and very unselfish way.

"I never have that feeling," she said, "that wild emotion that many other women have. But my husband, he expects it. I love him. So I try to make him feel happy." She spread her hands and shrugged, and her face was soft and tender.

Maybe by technical definition that woman was physically frigid. But she wasn't emotionally frigid. Maybe her husband was missing something by not having a wife who could match his strong physical need with hers. But I had an idea it made no difference.

WE ARE ALL TAUGHT to try not to think about sex. I wonder if maybe this teaching hasn't been considerably overdone. Even allowing for all those shifts in everyone's cycle of desire, imagination plays a tremendous part in whether love-making is warm and fulfilling or cold and empty. It does seem to be a fact that men do much more daydreaming about sex, that it has a far bigger place in their imagination than in most women's. I wonder if many of us wouldn't be warmer and more responsive wives if we could give our imaginations a little more rope.

You can't, as the old saying goes, be put in jail for what you're thinking. Nevertheless, a good many of us have a vague, uneasy feeling that maybe we can. I've an idea if we let ourselves daydream about our husbands, our dreams might carry over to the times in each other's arms. We might often find *they* have been dreaming the same way, but were afraid to let *us* know it. What we all want is to be closer to the person we love. The basic function of love-making, whether it is gentle and tender or wild and abandoned—and there is room for both in every marriage—is to give the two people a feeling of closeness.

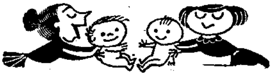
There is still the problem of how to be warm and loving if your husband is clumsy or even brutal; if he seems only interested in his own needs and insensitive to yours. I rather doubt if most men are ever *really* insensitive or *willfully* brutal. They are hungry, and afraid to show their hunger. They are even ashamed of the hunger, but they desperately want mutual fulfillment. They simply don't know how to help achieve it.

Physical desire can be a terribly strong emotion. What may seem to an unimaginative, inhibited woman like brutality is often pure intensity of want because her husband finds her unbearably attractive. Most women—if they know this—can find a great joy themselves in their husband's violent need of them. Probably the most relaxing and necessary present that any wife can ever give her husband is to allow him to be himself.

Sometimes men are impulsive because they are afraid the moment will be lost. I think to be happy and relaxed a man needs to feel that the supply of love is unlimited. If a wife can convince her husband that he will not be rebuffed at the first false move, she can take time to tell him what makes her happy and what does not.

This is difficult for most women, but it is probably almost as important to their husbands' happiness as it is to their own.

Love-making means such different things to different people; and above all it means such different things to the same people at different times. It can symbolize the comfort you wanted as a child, and never got until you were married. It can be fiercely primitive, a release from the bonds of civilization. It can be, and very often is, a feeling of truly religious communion. There is no room in marriage for preconceived ideas about love-making—except that love-making literally does make love, which all people basically need and which men especially need today.



Baby Talk

TWO MOTHERS chanced to sit together on the same park bench while their toddlers played nearby. One struck up the conversation with: "When did your baby start walking?"

"Eleven months," replied the other.

"Mine took his first step the day he was ten months," was the boastful comment. Then, "When did yours drink from a cup?"

"Oh, I think it was around nine or ten months."

"Five months here!" crowed the first mother. "Tell me, when did yours cut his first tooth?"

"I really don't remember," was the quiet reply. "You see, we're raising him, not racing him." —K. PARKES

A BABY was arriving prematurely to young friends of mine. While awaiting word from the delivery room I tried to distract the worried father-to-be by discussing possible names for the child. As further distraction I asked, "Suppose it's twins?"

He stopped in his tracks and looked at me with a dumfounded expression. "It couldn't be," he said. "We haven't been married long enough!"

—MRS. MARQUENTE E. BELVIN

CANTINFLAS

The Mexican Mirthquake

by DAVID HELLYER

OUTSIDE MEXICO CITY'S plush Teatro Roble the waiting line stretches for two blocks along the Paseo de la Reforma. Inside, the movie house is jammed with laughing Mexicans—cabinet ministers elbow-to-elbow with workers wearing huaraches, Indian women nursing babies, taxi drivers, newsboys. They have come to enjoy the antics of Cantinflas, Clown Prince of Mexico, the man hailed by Charlie Chaplin as the greatest comedian on earth.

On the screen, Cantinflas is acting the role of a janitor. His nondescript costume comes straight from the rag bag: white flannel underwear, no shirt, tattered pants sprinkled with patches, floppy shoes, a ridiculous boat-shaped hat.

His pants have fallen to a point just inches above indecency. They are held aloft, miraculously, by an anemic shred of rope—a Cantinflas trademark worn even on tuxedo pants. The audience is convulsed.

Though virtually unknown in the United States until his recent English-language debut in *Around the World in Eighty Days,* Cantinflas is said to be the world's highest paid entertainer, making as much every month as the President of the U.S. is paid in a year. Today he is the best-known man in Mexico, if not in all of Latin America. His films have made box-office history in the hemisphere for nearly two decades. And now, in the U.S., his portrayal of Passepartout in the Jules Verne story has won him wide acclaim as the outstanding star in a galaxy of stars.

To North Americans conditioned to the Bob Hope-Jack Benny brand of humor, Cantinflas may appear somewhat short of funny. This is understandable. Cantinflas, in his classic role as the underdog, is funny mostly to other underdogs. And these form the vast majority in Mexico, as elsewhere in Latin America.

The Mexican underdog, or *pelado* (literally, "hairless one"), portrayed by Cantinflas thrives in the big cities. He is the city fellow who fights his way upward toward middle-class status. He is Mexico's tomorrow.

As their spokesman, Cantinflas is a pop-off valve through which their repressed feelings find expression. He is Everyman, with chili. In talking back to the cops or spilling beans on the boss' necktie, Cantinflas liberates the underdog's secret desire to do likewise.

His apparent stupidity—really a front for fox-like sharpness—delights the taxi drivers and newsboys who tell and retell his jokes. Like W. C. Fields, Cantinflas can talk endlessly and say nothing. The Mexicans have added a word to the Spanish language to describe this nonsense. It's "cantinflar," a verb meaning "to talk endlessly without saying anything."

Cantinflas learned the trick accidentally. In his early days in vaudeville he suffered stage fright, stumbling over his words. The audience roared. He recognized the failing as an asset, and adopted it as part of his standard technique.

Cantinflas' peculiar talent defies description. He manages to roll into one superb caricature the mimicry of Chaplin, the deft double talk of Fields, and the homespun philosophy of Will Rogers—in Spanish.

No one writes dialogue for the comic. He speaks his lines spontaneously, altering them to suit the mood and situation. His best "takes" seldom reach the screen because they are ruined by the helpless laughter of cameramen and production workers.

In every role, Cantinflas wears two tiny mustaches, riding at either end of his upper lip like lost toothbrushes. Nothing will persuade him to part with these trademarks on stage or screen. Mike Todd, producer of *Around the World,* argued vainly for their removal.

To watch this deft-spined artist dance the tango with his pants at half-mast is a treat, as is his bullring technique. He pokes fun at this most sacred of all Spanish art forms by reading a paper or answering the telephone while the bull charges.

But even as he performs these sacrileges in the ring, Cantinflas displays the perfect timing and execution of a master. You do not joke with a charging bull. Experts say that had he chosen, he could have been one of the great classic toreadors of all time. He has been gored several times but not seriously.

In his native Mexico, Cantinflas—whose real name is Mario Moreno—is more than a funnyman. He is a national hero whose drawing power is so great that the poor are said to pawn their clothing to buy tickets for his rare personal appearances.

LIKE ALL OF history's great clowns, Cantinflas is richly endowed with wisdom. He believes his acting ability is not merely a talent, but a gift of God. This gift, he says, was given him for a purpose: to help his countrymen find the comic in the tragic which overshadows their lives.

In private life, Moreno differs from his stage self as black from white. Serious and somewhat shy, he lives in a Mexico City suburb with his Russian-born wife, Valentina Zubareff.

Moreno speaks a little English, and some Russian. He is an avid reader, and says he likes Shakespeare and Cervantes. The walls of his Mexico City office are lined with English and Spanish reference works.

Moreno's versatility showed up early, when as a youth he won a marble-shooting championship. Today he is an accomplished guitarist and plays moderately good piano. His excellent voice has the resonance of a bass-fiddle string. He dances superbly, displaying the same mastery of footwork and timing which distinguishes his bull-ring performances.

Baseball is one of his passions, and he sometimes forms his own teams from actors and production crews at the studio. He is a licensed pilot, and has his own plane.

Moreno was born in 1911, the son of a postal clerk and a schoolteacher, when Mexico was firmly launched on its bloody revolt against poverty and the dictatorship of Porfirio Diaz. Moreno himself led another great upheaval: a revolt against pain and sorrow. His weapon was laughter. More than perhaps any other man in Mexican history, he has taught his compatriots how to laugh.

One of a family of nine boys and two girls, Mario found that his mother had big ideas for her sixth boy. After he had finished high school, she saw him enrolled first in law then in agricultural school.

In the classroom, Mario was the despair of his professors. He kept the students in stitches with his mimicry and caricatures of themselves and their instructors. His studies failed to challenge him. Besides, that small army of brothers and sisters needed lots of money for food, clothing and education.

So Mario ran away and joined a *carpa*, or tent show. This is a Mexican equivalent of the North American circus, traveling from town to town and staging the kind of crude vaudeville which delights the countryfolk.

The youngster knew that his mother—a stern woman of great character to whom he still looks for guidance—would frown on this move. So he changed his name. From thin air he plucked "Cantinflas."

"Besides, it looked better on the billboards than my own," he explains.

Though the name has no literal meaning, one theory holds that it comes from "cantina," for saloon, with "flas" tacked on for good measure.

The fledgling comic's first wage was $1 a day. This later was boosted to $3 when he threatened to quit for better money in the boxing ring.

About this time he met and married Valentina Zubareff. Valentina and her parents—Russian circus performers—fled Russia before the Bolsheviks seized power in 1917. They came to Mexico by way of Siberia and Japan.

Valentina felt herself fortunate to find work in the traveling vaudeville at 50¢ a day. Moreno then was making $3.

"I still think she married me for my money," he laughs.

By 1940, Cantinflas was becoming known. Santiago Reachi, a producer, signed him to make a film called *Neither Blood nor Sand,* a fun-poking parody on the U.S. film version of the classic *Blood and Sand* starring Tyrone Power. Cantinflas' rollicksome take-off outsold its Hollywood counterpart throughout Latin America.

Since 1940, Cantinflas movies have outranked all other films, foreign and domestic, in the Latin American republics. His latest release, *Down with the Curtain,* last year grossed more than such best-sellers as *The Robe* and *20,000 Leagues Under the Sea.*

The heart of the Cantinflas entertainment empire is Posa Films, of which he is board chairman and principal stockholder. Royalties from 17 films produce most of his income of $100,000 a month.

For playing the role of Passepartout in *Around the World* he reportedly received $300,000. For an eight-minute bullfighting stunt on a recent U.S. television show he collected $15,000—nearly $2,000 a minute!

The comedian now limits himself to one picture a year. The rest of his time he manages numerous sideline enterprises (mask, puppet and doll representations of his pixilated face may be bought in the remotest hamlet), makes a selected few personal appearances, and enjoys himself.

Associates claim that the comedian gives more than half of his earnings to the poor. He does not distribute this largesse through organized charities, preferring to broadcast it in his own way. He shuns publicity on his charities, and will not discuss this phase of his life with anyone.

His charities speak for him. In Mexico City, aided by a group of friends and some bank financing, he built a colony of homes for the poor. Residents make token monthly payments which, in ten years, give them possession of their homes. None of the money goes to Moreno; his share of the financing was a gift.

Moreno's major affection is reserved for children. He treats youngsters—both on screen and off—with a special tenderness. He and his wife have no children of their own.

An associate once told him about an Indian child with a racking cough. He rushed the child to a hospital. A motorcycle policeman led the procession, siren open.

The doctor Moreno asked for had gone home to bed. Moreno jumped on the motorcycle and sped to the doctor's house. There he routed the physician from bed, made him dress. Then he treated the astonished medico to a hair-raising ride to the hospital aboard the 'cycle's rear seat.

Moreno receives more than 6,000 requests yearly to perform benefits. He accepts perhaps ten, giving special attention to those benefitting children and schools. At his ranch in San Luis Potosi, he personally teaches his peon laborers to read and write. However, some of his critics claim that he is very harsh in his dealings with labor, and that his charity performances usually bring the biggest benefits to Cantinflas.

Some Mexicans say Moreno could have any political office in the nation, should he choose to run for it. In fact, during the 1946 balloting for president he received 2,000 write-in votes.

Cantinflas' influence on national politics cannot be measured. One Mexican president remarked that he must be considered one of the great forces in the molding of public opinion.

Nothing delights a Mexican audience so much as the barbed jibe which punctures a politician. At this art, Cantinflas rates as an acknowledged master, and it has made him many enemies.

During the Avila Camacho administration, the Spanish minister of war visited Mexico. After watching a Cantinflas performance, the minister soberly advised President Camacho to silence the comedian. It was just such political ridicule, he warned, that caused the downfall of the Republican government in Spain. The advice was, of course, ignored.

Moreno has never been jailed for his political jesting, though other comedians have.

Moreno believes all his pictures carry a message for the underdog. Asked if he could summarize that message in one sentence, he considered the question thoughtfully, then replied: "I can do better than that. I can summarize it in one word. The word is 'hope.'"

Keep up your hope, Cantinflas is saying to the little people. Better times ahead.

Ups and Downs

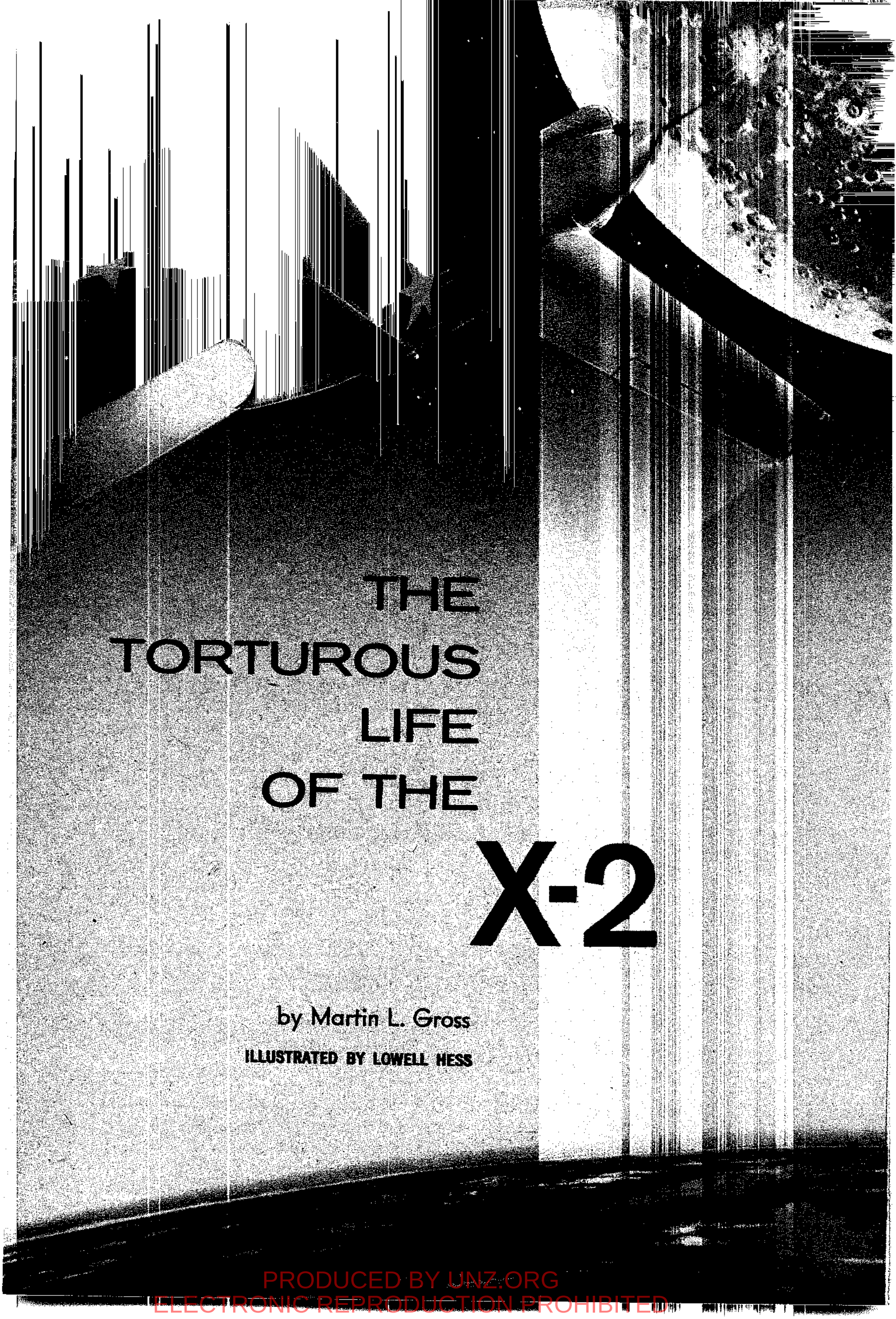
A VIRGINIA DRUGSTORE knows the full meaning of service. One day a boy walked up to the soda fountain, handed over a water pistol and said, "Fill her up." The clerk obliged.

A PROSPECTIVE MIDWEST FATHER was in the hospital delivery room when his wife gave birth to a girl, their fifth child.

Mother and child came through in fine shape.

Daddy fainted, fell, broke his jaw, broke his nose, suffered concussion and was put to bed.

—*Associated Press*



THE TORTUROUS LIFE OF THE X-2

by Martin L. Gross

ILLUSTRATED BY LOWELL HESS

EARLY ONE MORNING last fall, a squat bullet-shaped airplane was towed out onto the rock-hard bed of the Muroc Dry Lake in the California Mohave Desert. The strange craft, with stubby steel wings and a skid where its wheels should be, was locked into the belly of a waiting B-50 bomber like some giant futuristic bomb.

The mysterious craft was the famed X-2 rocket research plane whose forebear, the X-1 (X for experimental), had first broken the sound barrier. Now, almost ten years later, the X-2 was dedicated to solving the stubborn riddles of ultrasonic manned-rocket flight and the "thermal barrier," the aeronautical bogey that threatened to ignite high-speed planes like so many mete oids hitting our atmosphere.

Before man could fly above t stratosphere at thousands of mi per hour, or take the first step ward space travel, he had to sol these riddles. He also had to lea to fly a plane in the thin air, 15 40 miles up, where human blo boils at body temperature and a plane controls fight desperately bite into enough air to keep the sh maneuverable.

The job belonged to the en matic rocket plane, the X-2. In t few months since its first powe flight on November 18, 1955, diminutive $5,000,000 ship's achie ments had been fantastic.

On July 25, 1956, with Lieuten

Colonel Frank K. (Pete) Everest, Jr., at the controls, the X-2 had flown a record 1,900 miles per hour, approximately three times the speed of sound! A few weeks later, 28-year-old Captain Iven C. Kincheloe, Jr., had taken the X-2 closer to the moon than any man has ever been—up above the stratosphere to 126,000 feet (23.8 miles) where the air is only 1/250th as dense as on earth.

Now it was Thursday, September 27, 1956. Pete Everest had left for the Armed Forces Command School after completing 13 successful flights in the X-2. His replacement was balding 32-year-old jet pilot and aeronautical engineer Captain Milburn G. Apt.

CAPTAIN APT, trying to hide his excitement, said his usual goodbys to his wife and two children that morning and drove from his modest home on the Edwards Air Force Base at Muroc over to X-2 operations. Apt had never flown a rocket plane, but he had been checked out on an ingenious electronic ground simulator. On the ground he had "experienced" the frightening instability of high speed flight when the simulator suddenly acted like a giant gyroscope, pitching over on its side and bouncing uncontrollably up and down.

He knew the X-2 academically and had been tipped to its many idiosyncrasies, especially about gliding safely back down to earth after the few minutes of rocket fuel were burned up. To encounter trouble, Apt would probably have to fly faster than the record 1,900 mph. But there seemed little chance of that happening on his first flight.

Apt climbed into the nose of the giant B-50 and, once the mother ship was aloft, catwalked back to the X-2. He thoroughly checked the erratic rocket propellants, then took his place in its cramped cockpit.

At 30,000 feet, the call came from the B-50 pilot: "Ready to count. Five. Four. Three. Two. One. Okay. Let's drop her."

The pilot pulled a red handle beside his seat. Two finger-shaped shackles in the bomb bay retracted, and the X-2 dropped clear. Following a punctilious flight plan, he lowered her nose to pick up extra speed. Almost immediately he cut in his powerful rocket engine.

Captain Kincheloe was flying "chase" nearby in an F-86. A faster Super Sabre F-100 sat a few miles above him waiting to spot the X-2 as it roared by.

"You're going good," Kincheloe radioed Apt encouragingly. "You've got her . . . suck up her nose . . . pull it back. That a boy . . . keep her coming back . . . you got her."

With the X-2's needle-nose pointed almost vertically into the sky, Apt opened up with a blasting power equal to a modern naval cruiser.

The flight was going well. The plane had dropped away perfectly, the rocket fuel had ignited at exactly the right second, and now the X-2 was climbing at the optimum flight angle—all a 1,000 to 1 shot.

The rocket plane ripped effortlessly through the sound barrier, then passed Mach 2—twice the speed of sound—and was soon out of sight of the escorting chase planes. At close to 75,000 feet, Apt "pushed over" into level flight. The machmeter raced madly. Soon the X-2 was going 1,600, 1,700, 1,800 mph.

Near the peak of his arc-like path, the captain suddenly felt strangely light. He almost soared out of his seat, straining heavily against his safety belt. The accelerometer indicated almost an absence of gravity. He was experiencing the closest thing to the weightlessness of space —another sign of a perfect flight.

The X-2's rocket engines blasted for almost 2½ minutes, six seconds longer than ever before, and the machmeter kept moving until the X-2 was flying at an unbelievable 2,200 miles per hour!

"She's cut out," Apt radioed calmly to the ground. "I'm turning."

For six seconds, with the deafening sound of his rocket engines trailing miles behind him, there was the eerie silence of space. Then from the X-2's cockpit came an unintelligible gasp, almost a death shriek. The ship bucked, yawed and buffeted madly as Apt wrestled with the mushy, unresponsive controls. Then it spun uncontrollably toward the earth some dozen miles below.

The X-2's remains were found dug nose first into the sands of the Mohave. The ejected pressurized cockpit with the captain's body—his seat belt still fastened—lay a few miles away. The pilot had died with the valiant little rocket ship which had dared to challenge some of nature's most inscrutable laws.

The story of manned-rocket travel, which ended temporarily in that Muroc desert, covers the birth, growing pangs and untimely death of the youthful X-2 and its predecessors, the X-1 and X-1A, all built by the Bell Aircraft Corporation. That story, once locked in official secrecy, is full of frustration and tragedy, as well as heroism and success.

On December 12, 1953, almost 50 years to the day after the first Wright flight, the X-1s reached their culmination when the X-1A flew a record 1,650 mph.

Before that, Captain Chuck Yeager had taken X-1A up to 70,000 feet where he made his "push-over." When the plane passed 1,500 mph, he looked out of the cockpit and actually saw shock waves buffeting his wings violently up and down. Then suddenly he was slammed with an unexpected force that snatched the plane completely out of his control.

Yeager wrestled desperately with the stick but only succeeded in bending it. The bucking plane threw him around the cockpit and the mysterious forces of acceleration heaved him against the canopy, cracking it and knocking him punchy. Meanwhile the plane dropped like a whirling stone 30,000 feet, where Yeager finally regained control.

"It weren't no soft ride," he later drawled.

The inexplicable slam that almost killed Yeager is one of the chief obstacles to ultrasonic manned-rocket flight. It is generally believed to be a result of "inertia coupling," a situation created by high-speed flight in painfully thin air. It would obviously take more of an airplane than the X-1A to solve the riddle.

This had been anticipated back in the spring of 1946, when Bell engineers received a $10,000,000 contract to produce two copies of a superior rocket offspring, the X-2. This plane's mission was to beat the bogies of ultrasonic, high altitude flight: control despite the mysterious shock forces, maintaining pilot safety in a hostile physical environment, and conquering the thermal barrier.

The primary inspiration for the X-2 came from a German technical report uncovered by Air Force Intelligence. "It was Buseman's Theory of Swept-Back Wings," a Bell engineer explains. "It showed that by using swept-backs we could delay the dangerous shock waves. We decided to build a rocket plane which would take advantage of the information."

The two X-2s, which were seven years in design and construction, had the bullet-shape of the X-1, but were infinitely more powerful. The new rocket engine, which Curtiss-Wright was to build, was designed for 15,000 pounds of thrust, 2½ times more than that in the X-1. It was also to have an infinitely more powerful alcohol-LOX fuel system. This fuel consists of ordinary alcohol, mixed three parts to one part of water, fed by LOX (liquid oxygen) to supply the oxygen needed for combustion in the rarefied region where the rocket ship flies. The technical engine problems proved so complex that it took Curtiss-Wright more than eight years to make delivery.

With the new power, Bell designers were forced—for the first time in history—to cope with the deadly thermal barrier. At 2,000-plus miles per hour, the air around the X-2 would heat to 1,000 degrees Fahrenheit, which would melt the conventional aluminum fuselage and wings into a soft, spongy death furnace.

The X-2 was built of two heat-resistant metals, stainless steel for the wings, and a fuselage and cockpit of K-Monel, an International Nickel alloy of copper, nickel and aluminum. "The X-2 was the strongest plane ever built," says Stanley W. Smith, a Bell engineering manager who was the X-2's project engineer. "But it took us years to learn how to work the new material. I remember when we first heat-treated the K-Monel sheets they came out cracked and brittle-looking. I got so frustrated, I grabbed one up and started to beat it with a hammer. Surprisingly enough, it proved to be very malleable."

Unlike the fuselage, the X-2's pilots could not be heat-treated. Pilot protection for conditions resembling space travel had to be built-in. The usual plastic canopy, which would melt at 2,000 mph, was replaced with a special heat-resistant glass which also protected the pilot against serious sunburn caused by infra-red rays. At 100,000 feet, the almost airless sky is a space-like midnight black. The cockpit, however, is flooded with an eerie sunlight which is especially intense because of the lack of shielding dust in the air.

Temperature in the X-2's heavily insulated cabin was expected to get quite hot for a few moments at top speed. Could the human body take it? Bill Smith, Manager of Bell's Rocket Division, decided to find out by using himself as a guinea pig. A special room was heated to 220 degrees. Smith walked in, and remained in the boiling atmosphere for over a minute.

"His eyes bothered him for a while afterwards," a Bell scientist says, "but there was no other damage. We knew then that our pilots could stand the heat."

The X-2's cockpit was a pressurized cocoon with an atmosphere ceiling of 35,000 feet—even when the plane was at 125,000. The pilot wore a T-1 "flying skin" pressure suit. A spray of dry nitrogen gas helped keep frost from forming on the windshield from moisture in the pilot's exhalation and perspiration.

The cocoon was the only chance for survival in an emergency. Direct bail-out from the X-2 was impossible at high speed and at high altitude. The pilot who was not killed from the speed and cold would perish when his blood boiled above 63,000 feet. The cockpit was fitted with an explosive charge which would separate it from the plane in an emergency. A ribbon chute would then brake the capsule's fall and stabilize it. Once it reached a safer altitude the pilot could bail out from the cockpit itself.

Control of the X-2 at very high speeds was Bell's most important design problem. Engineers knew that, in addition to sweep-backs, thin wings and stabilizers would help. Meanwhile, new research discovered the fact that blunt ailerons—called "cigar boxes"—would increase control tremendously by reducing the turbulence of "air separation." The ingenious "cigar boxes" were incorporated into the X-2.

To save space in the fuselage for more propellants, Bell designers decided to eliminate the X-2's main wheels and substitute a wide, two and a half foot long steel skid, slightly curved at the bottom. The X-2, which was still awaiting its rocket engine, was shipped to Muroc for a glide test. It floated beautifully down to earth, but as the skid touched ground the plane began wildly bouncing and wobbling. First one steel wing-tip, then the other scraped against the rock-hard ground.

"WE shipped her back to start over again," Project Engineer Smith recalls. "We made a two-foot model of the X-2 complete with skid and front wheel. With a homemade rubber slingshot we scooted it 200 feet down a concrete runway. We watched the landing skid intently, and kept shooting the model, watching, and making changes. Finally we had the answer: by flattening out the bottom of the skid, placing it only six inches below the plane to lower the center of gravity, and eliminating some friction in the front wheel, the model operated perfectly. We made the changes in the X-2 and she never again made a bad landing."

On May 12, 1953, an engineless X-2 was going through a dry run 30,000 feet over Lake Ontario while in the belly of a B-50.

"We had been checking the plane's propellant system and only had one more check before we came home," William G. Leyshon, the B-50 pilot, recalls. "On that last one, the X-2 suddenly blew up. The explosion bent the B-50 in the middle and blew up 2,000 feet up into the air. The wings and flaps were ripped and fire was raging inside the plane. Burning particles were flying all over.

"There was just a big hole where the X-2 had been. The X-2 and our chief test pilot, Skip Ziegler, had disappeared into nothing. An observer in the tail, Frank Wolko, bailed out when he heard the explosion, but he was never found. I decided to bring the B-50 in, and we landed while still on fire, without brakes, flaps or hydraulic system. All of the X-2 they ever found were a few strips of balsa wood."

The remaining X-2 made its first power flight at Edwards on November 18, 1955, just in time to replace the record-holding X-1A which had been destroyed by explosion over Muroc that summer. The new queen of the skies proved brilliant as well as temperamental.

In July, 1956, Lt. Col. Pete Everest, Jr., flew the X-2 his record 1,900 miles per hour. In August, cigar-chewing Captain Kincheloe, with his controls getting mushy, pushed the ship up to 126,000 feet altitude, the region of cosmic radiation and meteors.

On September 27, Captain Apt set his unofficial record of 2,200 miles per hour, and paid for it with his life and the life of the X-2. Recovered films showed that Apt had exploded the cockpit away, but in his shaken condition never quite managed to bail out before the capsule crashed to the ground.

Only two of the pioneering rocket Xs, the slower X-1B and X-1E, are still flying. The X-1 that pierced the sonic barrier is immortalized in the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, D. C.

During the next two years, North American Aviation's rocket-powered X-15, a more powerful steel offspring of Bell's X-2, will continue the exploration of high speeds in near space—possibly with rocket-powered space controls that will not rely on the fickle thin air, and thus conquer the mysterious shock forces that destroyed the X-2.

Not long ago, veteran rocketeer Pete Everest attended a meeting of the American Rocket Society in New York. He listened attentively to the predictions of how man would fly to the moon by rocket in the not too distant future, then rose to say a few words of his own. They were a fine tribute to the valiant X-2.

"Gentlemen," drawled Everest. "Remember, I want to be the first one to make that trip."

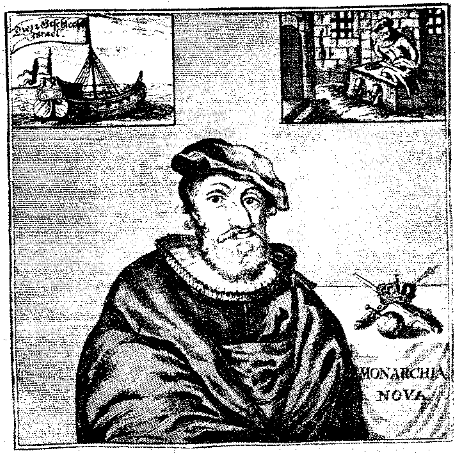
Partying Remark

"DID YOU HAVE a nice time?" I asked my little nephew upon his return from a party.

"I've never been to a worse one," he answered. "There was a lady there who didn't do anything but try to restore order."

—Dixie Roto Magazine

THE FAKE MESSIAH OF IZMIR



Wooing fame, he hoodwinked thousands and "wed" the Bible—and almost had a tryst with the Sultan's executioner

by Bernard Postal

The year was 1648 and the day Rosh Hashanah, the Jewish New Year. The place was the largest synagogue in Izmir (also called Smyrna), Turkey. Amidst the murmured prayers of the devout, a slim, handsome youth of 22 rose in his seat and strode to the altar, his dark, deep-set eyes burning with mystic fervor. While the worshipers sat in horrified silence, in a magnetic voice he called out the full holy name of God, a name that was spoken only by the high priest in Jerusalem; by martyrs at the stake; or, at the end of days, by the Messiah.

This youth—Sabbatai Zevi—claimed to be the Messiah. And no one in Izmir rightly knew whether he was a mere blasphemer, a madman, or indeed a saint; whether he was a downright fraud who manipulated a bizarre series of coincidences to his own advantage, or a man caught in his own religious fervor and delusion.

The religious leaders of the city were shocked at Sabbatai's sacrilege. He was immediately threatened with excommunication, and a ban was placed upon him. The boy left his native city with a small group of followers and thus began one of the strangest careers in the history of the Judaic-Christian tradition.

The date of Sabbatai Zevi's birth even had something of the prophetic in it. The eldest son of a humble poultry dealer, he was born in July, 1626, on the anniversary of the destruction of the Second Temple in 70 A.D. According to an ancient legend, the Messiah's birth was to be linked with that date.

SABBATAI was an intellectual prodigy. He had mastered rabbinic literature before he was 15, and found the mystic philosophy of the cabala, which proclaimed that one day a man would arise to restore order to the world: a Messiah.

Still in his teens, the boy's scholarship and piety won him the title, Wise Man; but he led a secluded life of prayer, fasting and self-mortification. Twice married before he was 20, both of his wives divorced him, claiming he had never consummated the marriages.

Sabbatai grew up against the background of a Europe devastated by the Thirty Years War and rocked by a series of disastrous natural calamities. Suffering and chaos created a wave of religious ecstasy and widespread expectation of a Messianic age among Jews and Christians alike.

In 1651, Sabbatai embarked on a journey through the Levant where the sheer boldness of his actions won him the support of the credulous. As he moved from country to country, he found the roads jammed with refugees longing for some mystic protector.

In Salonica, he created a tremendous stir when, in the presence of a company of learned men, he produced a marriage canopy and a copy of the first Five Books of the Bible and had himself married to the Bible.

In Constantinople, he carried a bassinet containing a fish, wrapped like a baby, through the streets. To the curious he explained that Israel would be released from bondage under the sign of Pisces. There, too, he encountered a forger of old documents who "discovered" in a cave a manuscript which "proved" that Sabbatai was destined to messiahship. Sabbatai knew the scroll was a fake but he saw to it that his followers made good use of this certification.

On his way to the Holy Land, Sabbatai acquired a rich patron in Raphael Joseph Chelebi. An ascetic and supporter of a school of cabalistic scholars, Chelebi not only put his fortune at Sabbatai's disposal but became his devoted disciple.

En route to Jerusalem in 1662, Sabbatai met Nathan Ghazati, a brilliant but fanatic scholar, impassioned orator and effective propagandist. Through a whirlwind campaign of letters, circulars, pamphlets and manifestos, Ghazati flooded the world with communications proclaiming Sabbatai the Messiah. Ghazati claimed he was the reincarnation of the Prophet Elijah and sent out communications signed, "I, the Lord your God, Sabbatai Zevi."

The masses in Jerusalem embraced

Sabbatai with fervor, although the rabbis and scholars remained skeptical and hostile. He overcame most of the opposition through the rescue of the Jewish community from threatened exile by the Turkish governor who had demanded an impossibly huge sum in gold. Sabbatai paid it himself, by drawing on the purse of Chelebi.

In the summer of 1665, Ghazati announced that "our Messiah is come to life in the city of Izmir and his name is Sabbatai Zevi." The proclamation declared that "soon he will show forth his kingdom to all and will take the royal crown from the head of the Sultan and place it on his own." With amazing speed for those days, thousands of copies found their way throughout Europe and Asia Minor.

Sabbatai was now ready for a real test of strength—a return to his native city, which had denied him in 1648. Excited demonstrations, all carefully prepared by Ghazati, marked his way from Jerusalem; and his arrival in Izmir was greeted by a frenzied outburst of religious ecstasy.

Wrapped in a large prayer shawl, he rode into the city in the middle of a procession led by men clad in magnificent garments covered with the dust of travel and singing psalms at the top of their voices and dancing with maniacal abandon. About him were hundreds who had abandoned homes and families to follow him. In the streets, tens of thousands shouted, "Messiah! Messiah!" as he passed.

On December 14, 1665, Sabbatai ceremoniously led his followers to the synagogue. As the blast of the ram's horn filled the sanctuary and the congregation rocked with excitement, he cried out, "I am the Messiah!"

The congregation shouted back, "Long live our King, the Messiah, Sabbatai Zevi!"

For the next two weeks, Sabbatai was virtually king of Izmir. He introduced drastic changes in synagogue rituals, replaced fasts with feasts, and ordered that henceforth God's name be pronounced in full at all times.

In the synagogues, worshipers did homage to him, pointedly omitting from their prayers the customary reference to the Sultan. Simultaneously, thousands gathered in synagogues throughout the Middle East to bless him. The isolated few who refused to recognize him felt the wrath of the outraged populace or were driven into hiding.

The religious frenzy that engulfed the city was incredible. Prophets appeared on every street. Young and old saw visions. Miracles attributed to the Messiah were reported hourly.

The unbridled orgy of joy led to riotous feasting, unprecedented licentiousness. Practical men of affairs disposed of their property, workmen left their benches and all made ready for the great journey to the Holy Land where Sabbatai was to usher in the Messianic era. As the news spread through Europe and Asia, thousands of the downtrodden and miracle-hungry likewise prepared to take to the road for Jerusalem.

To celebrate 1666, the Messianic year, Sabbatai announced his determination to dethrone the Sultan of Turkey, whose realm included the Holy Land; and blithely he divided the empire into 26 parts, each to be ruled by one of his followers.

This mad act had its inevitable result. When Sabbatai's tiny vessel docked in Constantinople, the Messiah was immediately arrested and imprisoned in chains in the fortress of Abydos. But this setback in no way impaired his reputation. Accepting his claim that his imprisonment was a sign that the sins of the people had not yet been sufficiently atoned for, his followers provided funds and gifts in a tremendous torrent that enabled him to live like a king in prison, where he held formal court and received delegations from foreign lands.

One of these visitors, Nehemiah Cohen, thought himself a prophet of a Messiah yet to come. After three days and nights of questioning Sabbatai, Cohen concluded that Sabbatai was a fraud. To escape the vengeance of Sabbatai's worshipers, Cohen embraced Islam and thus gained access to the Sultan's grand vizier to whom he revealed Sabbatai's schemes.

Brought before the Sultan in Adrianople, Sabbatai was challenged to prove his claims or die. Only the intervention of the Sultan's physician, a converted Jew, saved the fake Messiah from speedy execution. Almost immediately, Sabbatai agreed to become a Moslem if his life were spared. Adopting the name Mehmed Effendi, he was given a job as chamberlain in the Sultan's seraglio. Sabbatai's closest associates also accepted Islam.

As news of Sabbatai's apostasy slowly trickled out to the Jewish masses of Europe, the majority sadly turned back to the leadership of saner heads, though some preferred to believe that it was not Sabbatai but a delusory image that had betrayed them while the real Sabbatai had ascended to heaven.

Ghazati tried desperately to keep the Sabbatain movement alive and Sabbatai himself secretly maintained his Judaism. When this was discovered, he was exiled to Dulcigno, in Albania, where it is said he died on the Day of Atonement, 1676.

A hard core of Sabbatai's fanatical followers formed a sect within Islam called the "Dönmeh," which still survives in some parts of the Balkans and Asia Minor. Its members continue to await the return from exile of Sabbatai Zevi, the fake Messiah.

Signs of the Times

SIGN on battered old Ford chugging down the Los Angeles Freeway:

PEEP THEE HORN, AMIGO. THEE ROAD, SHE'S YO'RS, I TINK.

—MRS. DELLA V. APPLEBURY

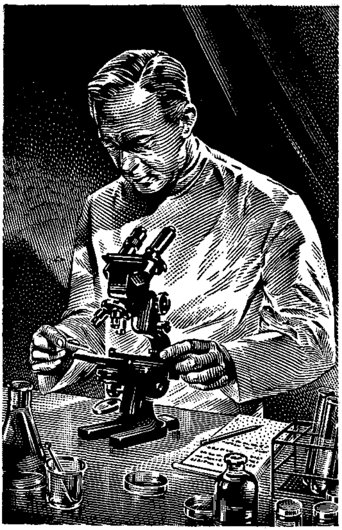
THE FOLLOWING ADVERTISEMENT appeared in the Michigan Business Women's bulletin: "If you've married, moved or died, please let us know."

—*Toronto Daily Star*

Science Shrinks Hemorrhoids New Way Without Surgery

By James Henry Weston

Finds Healing Substance
That Does Both —
Relieves Pain —
Shrinks Hemorrhoids



For the first time science has found a new healing substance with the astonishing ability to shrink hemorrhoids and to relieve pain – without surgery.

In one hemorrhoid case after another, “very striking improvement” was reported and verified by doctors’ observations.

Pain was relieved promptly. And, while gently relieving pain, actual reduction or retraction (shrinking) took place.

And most amazing of all – this improvement was maintained in cases where doctors’ observations were continued over a period of many months!

In fact, results were so thorough that sufferers were able to make such astonishing statements as “Piles have ceased to be a problem!” And among these sufferers were a very wide variety of hemorrhoid conditions, some of 10 to 20 years’ standing.

All this, without the use of narcotics, anesthetics or astringents of any kind. The secret is a new healing substance (Bio-Dyne*) – the discovery of a world-famous research institution. Already, Bio-Dyne is in wide use for healing injured tissue on all parts of the body.

This new healing substance is offered in *suppository* or *ointment* form called *Preparation H.** Ask for individually sealed convenient Preparation H suppositories or Preparation H ointment with special applicator. Preparation H is sold at all drug stores. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

***Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.**

(ADVERTISEMENT)

The Wonderful Sweeny Tribe

by ROBERT MINTON

19 of them gaily dwell in an 8-room apartment, where worry is swept under the bed and tomorrow never comes

JOHN P. SWEENY's favorite Biblical admonition is: "Take therefore no thought for the morrow" (Matthew 6:34). In following it to the letter, this New York criminal lawyer and his wife are raising their 14 children without too much strain on an annual income that never has exceeded $10,000, and for many years was half that.

The lighthearted Sweeny and his sprawling tribe's whole way of life is bound up in a refusal to worry about the future—or about much of anything, for that matter. And almost every major rule for successful living is disregarded by this happy Irish-American family that lives *19 people in an eight-room apartment* with no desire for more comfortable circumstances.

Oddly, here is a brilliant lawyer who could earn, according to his legal colleagues, three or four times his present income and keep his enormous brood in style. But he is not so inclined. Nor is he under any

Hot weather and high speed driving are tough on batteries. Here are . . .

Useful tips to help you avoid trouble on your vacation trip

Thousands and thousands of vacationing motorists will run into unexpected and unnecessary trouble this summer when their car batteries suddenly go dead.

Some will fail because of the heavy work they did last winter—a rough time of the year on batteries, as you well know. But the majority will fail because of high under-the-hood temperatures and the overcharging that so often results from high-speed, open-road travel. Not too many car owners know that these conditions are just as rough on batteries as winter driving.

Here's how you can avoid sudden, annoying battery failure . . .

Before you start your trip, have your battery tested and be sure it is filled with water to the correct level . . . that cables are in good condition and tightly clamped . . . that hold down bolts are tight . . . that the top of the battery is clean. Your Exide dealer is a good man to make this check. He knows batteries.

On your trip, check the water level frequently. If you must add water repeatedly, the chances are the battery is being damaged by overcharging. This means you should have your voltage regulator checked and properly adjusted. At the midpoint of your trip have your battery tested—it takes only a few minutes.

When you need a new battery remember Exide, producer of the first practical starting battery—way back in 1911. Because of these years of experience, you can be sure that the Exide you buy will give you more for your money in long life and dependable service. Your Exide can be Dry Charged or Factory Filled and will cost you no more than an ordinary battery. Exide prices start at $12.95 exchange.

This 32-page manual tells how to get the most out of your battery—send 10c to:

Dept. 15, Exide Automotive Div.,
The Electric Storage Battery Co.,
P.O. Box 6266, Cleveland 1, Ohio.

strong pressure from his family to upgrade his practice, which is mainly the defense of penniless criminals.

"Money complicates life," Sweeny explains.

It never occurs to him that a huge family with small financial resources is complicating. A self-employed attorney, Sweeny, now 59, has never carried hospitalization insurance. His only saving is a $10,000 life insurance policy against which he has borrowed $3,200. There is no Sweeny car, no TV. And though it's a pinch to get by, the Sweenys don't budget.

Why have they chosen this way of life? And how do they live it?

THE SWEENYS live in upper Manhattan at Broadway and 105th Street on the second floor of an old five-story building. The apartment has five bedrooms, living room, dining room, kitchen and *one* bath. The 19 occupants are: father, mother, four sons (ages 28, 24, 19, ten), seven daughters (26, 23, 20, 17, 15, 12, 11), a daughter-in-law, five small grandchildren—a total of six males and 13 females. Three others have left home: two girls, 25 and 21, are married; a son, 27, is a state trooper.

The daughter-in-law and grandchildren belong to John, Jr., a true chip off the old block. At 28, he has just finished his internship at Bellevue Hospital. Already the father of five and scarcely launched on his medical career, he has lived at home with his growing family for the past three years for obvious economic reasons. The fact that he will soon be moving to Chicago to become a Navy doctor makes his mother and father very sad.

"We'll gain two bedrooms and lose the little children," his mother says with a sigh. "I won't know what to do without them."

Eight rooms don't provide too much space for 19 people. But unlike millions of Americans, the Sweenys have no desire for a house in the suburbs with a yard and extra bathrooms. As a matter of fact, they moved *into* Manhattan from a house in Brooklyn 18 years ago. Peace and quiet? They have peace, and noise doesn't bother them.

On a typical evening around dinner time, half a dozen adults sit in the small, sparsely furnished living room on a couple of daybeds chatting and reading the papers. An equal number of children from two to eight play vigorously on the linoleum floor in a semi-permissive atmosphere.

Even the smallest are allowed to stand on a stool and half hang out the window. The rule is that their feet must always remain on the stool. Still it is a bit unnerving to an outsider.

"Watch that child!" one exclaimed to pretty Mrs. Sweeny, Jr., in involuntary alarm. Without raising her voice she told two-year-old John Paul to keep his feet down.

On another occasion, Patricia's baby fell in the hall and split her lip quite badly. Little anxiety was shown by anyone except Sweeny himself, who mumbled that falling was a sign of stupidity.

"He always used to spank us when we fell," Joan, 26, says. "We never fell much."

"I wish I was dead!"

Terrible words to come from the lips of a little child . . .

SHOCKING, isn't it? But the little girl was simply expressing what countless thousands of other children feel . . . the forgotten children of the city slums, compelled to live in a world of dark hallways and filth-littered alleys, or rancid garbage smells and nameless fears. They sleep in musty rooms, sometimes *three or four in a single bed. They are hungry* so often that the ache has become habit. They see and hear things that no child should be permitted to see or hear.

For these children the worst time of all is the summer. Then the air is most poisonous with exhaust fumes and fetid smells. Tempers are shortest in the stifling heat. Wailing babies, blaring radios, the din of traffic fill the days and nights. The slum child is trapped between the sweltering walls of his tenement and the blazing street.

But every year, up at Nyack on the Hudson, *there is a refuge for many of these children* . . . a pleasant haven high on a hill where they may escape for two glorious weeks. Here they romp on wide green lawns among tall, shady trees . . . they take hikes through the woods . . . they go swimming in a beautiful modern pool. They eat nourishing meals three times a day. They sleep in their own beds, *between clean, cool sheets.*

Mont Lawn offers these children a real vacation from the heat and dirt of the slums . . . and it does more. Friendly, sympathetic counselors prove to them that not all adults are *to be distrusted and feared.* In the interdenominational chapel they learn of God's love. For most of these children, Mont Lawn is an experience that may spell the difference between a lifetime of poverty, bitterness, and even crime . . . and a happy, useful future guided by God.

This summer there are hundreds of children still waiting to go to Mont Lawn. Unless we receive immediate help, many of these children will not be able to go. The very tot in the picture is typical of these unfortunates . . . condemned to go on staring hopelessly at a world they have reason to hate, not only throughout the long, hot, weary summer months . . . but perhaps for the rest of their lives! Two weeks at Mont Lawn could make such a world of difference . . . but some one *must make it possible.*

Will *you* be the one to send a child such as this away from the slums for two weeks? Just $35 will pay the entire cost, but even the smallest contribution will help. Remember, *one of these little ones is depending on your* kindness. Mail your contribution now!

$500.00 ***endows a bed in perpetuity***
$35.00 ***gives a child 2 weeks at Mont Lawn***
$17.50 ***pays for 1 week*** • **$3.00** ***pays for 1 day***

Christian Herald Children's Home
Business Office: 27 East 39th Street,
Room 619, New York 16, N. Y.

Yes, I want to help some poor child spend two wonderful weeks in God's outdoors.

Here is
my gift of $..............................

(I understand that the Christian Herald Children's Home is a completely non-profit organization, and my contribution is fully-tax-deductible on my income tax return.)

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City..........................**Zone**....**State**.....

Discipline among the Sweenys is firm but not severe. Voices and even hands are raised to restrain the exuberance of the small. With so many people around, no child is subject to the constant attention (or nagging) of one person. The result is that the kids pass from adult to adult without staying long enough to fray anyone's nerves. The tensions of a small family are thus avoided.

"I always trained one to watch the other," Mrs. Sweeny explains. She has never read a book or an article on child care.

The Sweeny sleeping arrangements are interesting. Four of the grandchildren sleep in two small beds; they sleep not side by side but foot to foot! In another bedroom are the four youngest Sweenys, ten to 15.

When the adults turn in, the four oldest girls sleep on the double daybeds in the living room. The two older boys sleep in a double-decker bunk in another bedroom. The two married couples, senior and junior, have their own bedrooms; but "the Doctor," as John Jr. is affectionately called, has a desk and there is a baby carriage, a stroller and a crib in their room.

The Sweenys talk freely of hygienic matters. "I should say that we average ten baths a day," Sweeny Sr. says. "That's pretty clean, isn't it?" When you stop to think of it, most bathtubs are idle about 23 hours a day. The Sweenys just get more use out of theirs.

Conflicts of course develop in the evening among the older girls about who gets the tub first. But the rest of the family has learned to pick its time. Some rise early for this purpose, others wait until the working people have gone for the day.

In one respect, the Sweenys eat better than most—practically everything they eat is fresh. Canned and frozen foods are seldom served.

Mrs. Sweeny, an attractive, placid woman of 49, and Helen, 23, may cut up a dozen oranges, six grapefruits and ten bananas for a dinner's fruit salad. Then five pounds of asparagus have to be scraped, and five pounds of potatoes peeled and cooked with the ten-pound roast of lamb.

Martin Michel, the butcher across the street, sells them ten to 15 chickens a week and about 30 pounds of beef, pork and lamb. Other daily provender of the Sweenys includes 18 quarts of milk, five loaves of bread, two dozens eggs, one pound of butter, one pound of coffee.

In effect, Mrs. Sweeny runs a small restaurant, but she doesn't seem at all overworked. Once dinner is served, Helen and Mrs. Sweeny turn the job of table clearing and dishwashing over to the other girls who take turns. The men do no domestic work—though Sweeny does spend 20 minutes a day *carving*.

Actually, there is little heavy housework. There are no rugs and hence no vacuum cleaner. The beds are made by the women. Helen and her mother sweep and dust. Everyone over ten does his own laundry in what must be one of the most overworked washing machines outside a laundromat. The girls take turns ironing the men's shirts. Sheets, changed once a week, are dried out the window over a back yard constantly shrouded by Sweenywear, and are folded, not ironed.

In order to figure the Sweeny finances it is necessary to question the whole family because no one person seems to have the total picture. After some argument, it is agreed that the rent is $75 a month. The phone bill, produced from a file in the dining room by oldest daughter Joan, a statistician for a department store, is just about the same as the rent! That means an average of 14 outgoing calls a day. There is an equal number of incoming calls, largely from Runyonesque characters with the singular salutation: "Sweeny dere?"

Food costs $170 a week, or $8,840 a year. "That's where the money goes!" Sweeny smiles, patting a formidable paunch.

These expenses have been shared in recent years by Joan; Denis, 24, who is a clerk; and Mary, 20, who works for a life insurance company. But this gain has been somewhat offset by the addition of the doctor's family to the fold. The fact that Sweeny has borrowed against his life insurance is one sign of pinch. Another is that Paul, 19, is going to City College of New York, which is free, instead of burdening the family with the tuition of Manhattan College, his father's alma mater.

To save money, Mrs. Sweeny makes most of the clothes for the nonworking children. She finds time to turn out *30 dresses* a year on her sewing machine.

The possibility of emergencies does not seem to alarm the Sweenys, probably because there have been only four serious illnesses in 29 years of marriage. Last year, Joan had appendicitis and no hospitalization. That took her year's savings.

Mrs. Sweeny keeps right on sewing and makes 30 dresses a year.

"Look at it this way," Sweeny argues. "We owe nothing but last month's electric bill. We live from day to day on a cash basis. How many people are so well off?"

Pinch or not, the Sweenys find $625 every summer for a cottage at Rockaway Beach, where Mrs. Sweeny takes the younger children for three months. And there is money for small pleasures like a movie or a Broadway show. Beyond this, the Sweenys ask little.

To describe the Sweeny living arrangements gives little idea of the gaiety of spirit in which they carry them on. Having little space to move in, no garden to keep up and no hobbies to pursue, they sit around the dinner table for hours and talk.

This atmosphere is not very conducive to privacy, but few of the Sweenys want to be alone. Only Denis and Paul tend to withdraw to their small bedroom to talk quietly about more masculine topics than the girls provide. The Sweenys have been brought up with such a strong clannishness that when Michael, the state trooper, was stationed temporarily at the Tappan Zee Bridge in Tarrytown, 25 miles away, he spent all his off days at home, even though it meant sleeping on a cot.

The natural right of privacy that any young courting couple deserves is recognized by the Sweenys, but there isn't much they can do to provide it at home. They'll provide all the food and conviviality a couple wants. But to be alone on a date with a Sweeny means being somewhere else than in the Sweeny apartment. The only time lights are low in the living room is when there are four people sleeping in it.

Before that, the talk goes on and on, much of it concerning Sweeny's criminal practice.

Most of his cases come to him from the Eugene E. McManus Democratic Club in the Hell's Kitchen district, where he grew up. His criminal practice provides fascinating stories, some far more grisly than those recounted on television, a medium of entertainment Sweeny will not permit in his house.

The children have thus picked up legal tricks. Paul, a bright student, was once caught doing homework with a comic book beside him.

"Paul, how can you write a book report on Galsworthy's 'Man of Property' when you've only read the comic-book version?" his father asked.

"My name is Paul Sweeny," said Paul. "I'm 19 years old. I live at 2754 Broadway. I have nothing to say until I see my lawyer."

Such banter goes on among half a dozen Sweenys every night until at least 1 A.M., the bedtime of all over 16. Amidst the talk and laughter, homework is done and, since report cards are full of good marks, it must be assumed that these children have strong powers of concentration.

About two hours of Sweeny's night is spent on the phone in conversation with colleagues, clients, judges and politicians. Two or three nights a week he is out counseling

No baby-sitting or bedtime-story-telling problem in *this* family.

clients, generally for no fee. Incidentally, judges say that his knowledge of law is exceptional and that he never indulges in lachrymose pleading to help his clients, but rests his case on legal grounds.

A college education is optional in the Sweeny family, despite the high intelligence quotient. Paul, a lean, silent, gifted student will teach after he graduates from college. Tim, ten, hopes to be a doctor. The girls have no interest in college.

All the Sweenys have gone to Catholic schools and religion plays an important part in their life. But there is no ostentation in their devotion, no self-righteous talk of making the sacraments. They don't say grace at meals. The only religious picture in their home is on a calendar. Good examples of the doctrine of grace, they are blessed not by their own efforts but because they have unconsciously yielded themselves to God's power.

To be honest, the Sweenys are not paragons of selflessness. Recently, Sweeny successfully defended a man accused of selling 11 suits he had stolen from a clothing store. "And the end of the story," one member of the family says with some impatience, "is that the defendant is broke, so there'll be no fee."

Like any of us, the Sweenys would like more money. But Sweeny himself takes almost a perverse view of filthy lucre, probably as a result of watching his father spend more than he earned from a prosperous grocery business that finally went under in the Depression.

Eugene McManus, Sweeny's political patron, despairs of Sweeny's lack of shrewdness. "He'll spend as much time with a woman who wants a refund on a busted TV set as he will with someone of importance who can pay handsomely for legal advice. And in either case I have to *force* him to render a bill."

His family deplores this charitable trait; but Sweeny, the jolly patriarch, rules with a soft voice and laughs off such criticism. In return, they adore him, and grudgingly admire this sense of sympathy for which they pay such a high price in austerity.

Food for Thought

(Answers to quiz on page 49)

1. Bring home the bacon; 2. Spill the beans; 3. Bad egg; 4. Apple of her eye; 5. That takes the cake!; 6. Proof of the pudding; 7. A crab; 8. Hot dog!; 9. In a stew; 10. Corn; 11. Duck soup; 12. No spring chicken; 13. Talk turkey; 14. An old chestnut; 15. Toast of the town; 16. Stop beefing!; 17. Play for peanuts; 18. In a pickle; 19. Too old to cut the mustard; 20. My cup of tea; 21. Bread-and-butter notes; 22. Selling like hotcakes; 23. In a jam; 24. Good gravy!; 25. The big cheese; 26. Hot potato; 27. A lemon; 28. Cheesecake; 29. A tomato; 30. Apple-pie order; 31. Packed in like sardines; 32. Peaches and cream complexion; 33. A clam.

A mother, two children alone in a cabin . . .
Suddenly out of the dark loom unbidden guests

"A Night I'll Never Forget"

by Millie McWhirter

WINTER came early in Tennessee that year of 1927. A heavy snow blew across the fields, and a cold wind edged under the doors, chilling the linoleum floor.

It was our first year in the teacherage, the little house built near the country school in Madison County. Mother had gone into teaching after my father died, and when she was offered this place in the country where she could live rent-free, plus a small monthly salary, she had accepted.

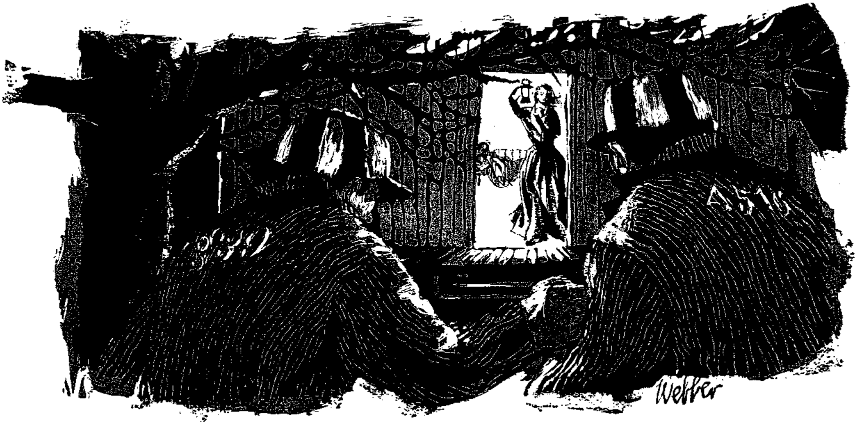
I've often wondered if Mother was not frightened to move out there alone with two small daughters. Polly, my sister, was seven, and I was five. And the small wooden house—it was just one big room with a kitchen alcove—creaked and trembled in the wind. It was built down near the creek where the woods had been shoved back to make room for the house; but at night, when the wind came up, you could hear the woods stirring and threatening to push in again. I shake a little, even now, with the memory of it. But if Mother was frightened she never showed it—not even *that* night.

Mother and Polly and I had walked by the general store after school. The store comprised the entire town of Malesus. It housed the post office, dry goods, groceries and, most important to me, the candy counter. I can still remember the tart taste of black licorice ropes that Mr. Kelly, the proprietor, gave me when I sang.

Mother was a musician and had taught me to sing when she taught me to talk. One day, when we first moved to Malesus, Mother asked me to sing for the folks sitting around in the store. I did, both verses of "I Passed by Your Window." Afterwards, Mr. Kelly gave me licorice.

Now, on this particular afternoon, Mother was suggesting again that I sing. But I'd had my feelings hurt that day at school, and I was standing stubbornly in the corner feeling sorry for myself.

As I stood there I heard one of



the men say, "There's been trouble over near Memphis." He'd just come from town and was full of news. "Two fellas broke out of the jailhouse."

The cane chairs creaked as the others leaned forward.

"Reckon they'll come this way?"

"Nope," the man answered. "Folks in town're blocking the road east."

The conversation switched to the freezing weather, unusual for this time of year, the sad condition of hogs, crop losses.

Finally Mr. Kelly said, "What're you going to sing for us, Millie?"

I shook my head. "I'm not."

Mother took my hand. "Why not?"

I drew my hand away. She knew as well as I.

During lunchtime at school I'd been sitting by the stove chewing on my cold biscuits and country ham. The ham, like most of our food then, had been given to us by one of the farmers. They were always coming by with a side of bacon, sack of sweet potatoes, smoked pork.

A girl with dark, swinging braids stood for a moment watching me chew. Then she grabbed the biscuit from my hand.

"Give that back!" I shouted.

She took a bite. "I guess I can have a bite if I want to," she said. "It was my daddy gave it to your ma 'cause you didn't have any."

It was true, and with the angry pride of a child, I hurled my remaining biscuit at her.

Mother came over to me. "You shouldn't have done that."

I thought she meant I shouldn't have thrown the biscuit away and I said, "But I couldn't hit her. She's bigger than I am!"

Mother patted my head. "Try to be nice to her. That'll make you bigger than she is."

And now here in the store Mother was asking me again to be nice, to sing, to accept candy because we couldn't buy it ourselves. I kept shaking my head and Mother, as if now she knew what was bothering me, opened her purse and bought licorice for Polly and me. It was the end of the month and she'd just been paid, and for a few days anyway we could buy some of the things we needed.

Walking back to the house, Mother turned to me and, as if we were continuing a conversation, said, "You would've been giving them something too, you know."

THE HOUSE was freezing cold and dark. Mother made a fire in the grate, lit the coal oil lamps. She took the bills from her purse, secured them with a rubber band and shoved them beneath the few logs in the woodbox. For years the woodbox was Mother's hiding place for money. Then she shoved a straight chair under the knob of the kitchen door, and another under the knob of the front door which opened out onto a wooden porch.

There were actually locks on the doors, but the old house had shifted and settled until they no longer worked. We felt a kind of security when the doors were propped shut and supper was brought in before the fire where the warmth and crackling from the grate seemed to scare away the noises that pushed out from the woods.

Later, Mother took the brick that had been propped against the grate, wrapped it in newspapers and placed it inside the bed to warm the sheets. Then we all went to bed—Mother in the middle, Polly and me on either side—and Mother began telling us a story.

Suddenly Mother drew in her breath sharply. Then I heard the sound. It was not a loud sound, but it was different from the wind or the woods or the dying murmur of the fire. It was the creaking of the wooden porch as someone walked cautiously across it. It made my heart beat so hard that for a moment I could hear only the pounding of blood in my ears.

For what seemed a nightmare of time, we lay there, hardly daring to breathe. Then Mother got up out of bed, walked over to the hearth and picked up the poker. The sounds were moving nearer the door and there was a low murmur of voices.

Mother stood for a moment with the firelight silhouetting her long flannel nightgown and her blond hair that hung nearly to her waist. Slowly she put the poker back, then pulled a coat over her nightgown, struck a match and lit the lamp.

Holding the lamp in one hand, she removed the chair and opened the door. The cold wind leaped at her, whipping her hair across her face.

"Hello out there," she called. "Come in."

Then I saw, at the edge of the lamplight, the faces of two men. They had on caps with bills that shaded their eyes, and their chins were dark with beard. Mother was holding the lamp high and they could see into the house. They looked at each other, then shifted their eyes over to Polly and me, sitting up in bed. They looked back at Mother.

She stood aside and motioned toward the dimming fire. "You must be very cold."

The men walked in, looking cautiously around.

Mother backed over toward our bed and stood in front of us. "The children and I were in bed," she said. "But there's still fire in the grate."

And the tallest of the men did a strange thing. He removed his cap.

Mother set the lamp down and reached into the woodbox for the last couple of logs. The tall man walked over to her. "Here," he said. "Let me."

He reached into the woodbox. And the money was there. He couldn't miss seeing it, there under the logs. The man picked up the logs and held them for a second, looking into the box. Then he turned away, tossed the logs onto the fire and watched the sparks fly.

Mother was breathing as if she'd run too hard. Now the tremor of a smile warmed her face. "I have some ham and biscuits," she said.

She got the piece of ham and cold biscuits left from supper, put them on a plate and brought them over to the fire where the men were holding their palms out to the grate. They didn't speak but they took it, eating in gulps. And their faces, that had looked so tired and drawn, softened a little. Now it seemed as if they were not frightening strangers, but friends come to share our food.

I was able to breathe again, and I was hungry, and I got up out of bed, took a biscuit and sat down on the hearth. I wanted to lean my head against Mother's knee, to feel close to her, to make up to her for having behaved badly this afternoon.

I swallowed the biscuit and began to sing. I sang both verses of "I Passed by Your Window," while the men ate and the firelight was warm on their faces.

They never spoke at all the entire time, and when the song was over and the plate empty, they nodded to each other and walked toward the door. Mother opened it for them and as they left she smiled at the tall man. "Thank you," she said. "You are very kind."

They walked out into the night and Mother closed the door. For a moment she leaned her back against it, closed her eyes and breathed hard. Then we all got back into bed.

The next day we heard that the men had been captured over near Jackson. We never knew what happened to them after that. But I like to think they served their terms and then went back into the world with the knowledge that kindness can make a person bigger and stronger than any weapon he can use, that when we give kindness it is often given back to us.

I like to believe they discovered the same thing I did that winter night in Tennessee.

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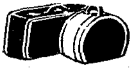

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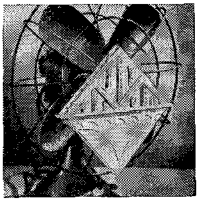

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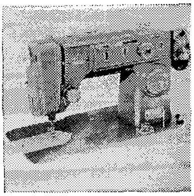

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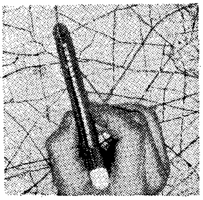

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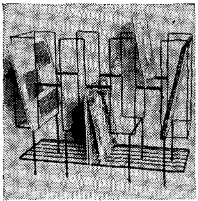

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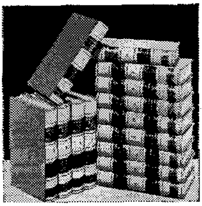

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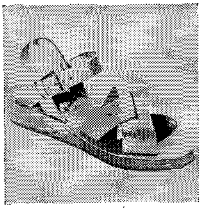

To Advertisers interested in placing ads in the Coronet Family Shopper—See bottom of page 185

Silver Linings

A LANKY MOUNTAINEER strolled into the circuit clerk's office where I was employed in an Ozark county seat and asked, "How much will a divorce cost?"

"That depends," I said. "It will cost $15 to file, plus $10 extra if publication is necessary. Then there will be your attorney's fee."

He stroked his chin thoughtfully for a few moments and turned away. At the door he paused. "That's a lot of money, young feller. We'll have to save a spell."

A year later he came back. This time he had his wife with him. He placed a fruit jar filled with coins on the desk.

"We been savin'," he said, pointing at the jar.

"And now you want to file for a divorce?" I asked.

He grinned and shook his head. "Reckon not, son. Just wanted to tell you about it, though. We both thought sure we wanted that divorce—but we wanted some other

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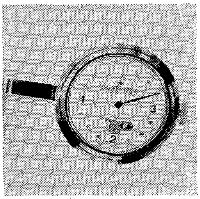

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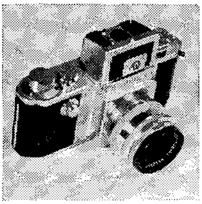

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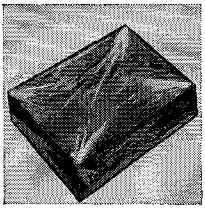

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(Continued on next page)

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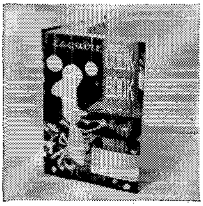
Charles Falkner's improved complete natural vitamin & mineral supplement for adults & children. Made from 100% natural vitalized foods. Contains 30 vitamins & minerals including trace minerals of Lecithin, Alfalfa, Parsley. 50 Capsules $4.50 ppd. 100 Capsules $7.50. Healthful Living Magazine with each order. C. Falkner, Inc., 1445C First Ave., New York 21.

MAGNIFICENT COOK BOOK—NOW $2.95



For the man with a taste for fine food, and for the woman who wants to be a perfect hostess, here is Esquire's beautiful, unique and practical guide to the best in eating, with over 750 delicious recipes spread over 322 pages. More than 200 color illustrations. Special Reduced Price — $2.95 ppd. Ideal gift. Send to Buy-Products, P.O. Box 402, Radio City, N. Y. 19.

things worse. We've come into town to buy 'em with that money. Then we're goin' home and start savin' again. You see, we been broke all our lives—fought over not havin' no money. All we needed was a good reason to save."

And they left arm in arm.

—CARL WEDEKING

THE DESEGREGATION ISSUE was in the public eye when I first started teaching in Baltimore, Maryland. I was quite concerned when I found, on the opening day of school, that my class of first-graders had one lone Negro child in it, and that the mothers of the other youngsters loudly declared their children must be kept away from little Willie.

As soon as the grownups had left, I rearranged the seats, placing Willie in the center of the room. Within a day or two the children seemed to have forgotten the fuss their mothers had made. No one ever mentioned the incident again, but I still wondered if the children felt a distinction between Willie and themselves.

My worries were allayed at our Halloween party. All the children were instructed to come in costume, with masks covering their faces, so that we could make a game of trying to guess each one's identity. Willie came dressed as a ghost, all in white. When the time came to guess who Willie was, they tried in vain; and I was as happy as Willie was when he took off his mask and accepted his prize. They hadn't even noticed the two little brown hands showing out of the sleeves of his white costume.

—BARBARA LEVY

DURING THE TIME my husband served in Korea, I was living in a small town in western Texas. One evening he telephoned unexpectedly to say that he was in Japan and it would be a matter of only a few days until he started for home and as soon as he found out when, he would either call again or cable.

The next morning, the local telegraph office phoned. My cable had arrived. I waited breathlessly for the message while the girl went into great detail verifying my name, address, phone number, then reading my husband's name and complete address, even his serial number, just as it had been sent from Japan.

Finally she said, "And here's the message. Are you ready?"

"Yes," I answered.

"It says," she read, "I forgot to tell you again I love you," signed 'Al.' "

Not a word about when he was leaving for home.

"Is that all?" I asked the operator, disappointedly.

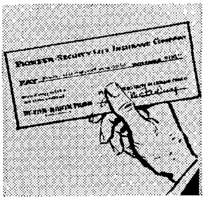
"For heaven's sake, honey," she admonished. "He loves you—ain't that *enough?*"

—MRS. A. A. PRICE

Do you know a true story or anecdote that lifts your spirits and renews your faith in mankind? For each such item accepted for our column, "Silver Linings," we will pay $50 upon publication. Contributions may run up to 250 words. Manuscripts should be typed double-spaced and none can be acknowledged or returned. Address manuscripts to: "Silver Linings," Coronet Magazine, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.

CANCER—HOSPITAL—LIFE INSURANCE

$1300 in benefits up to age 80. No medical examination; no one will call. *Don't burden others with* sickness or final expenses. Find out how you or any member of your family can qualify for this low-cost protection. Everything sent by mail; no obligation when you write Pioneer Security Life, Dept. C1, Chicago 26, Illinois.



SAFE, SURE INSECT KILLER

clean house kills insects

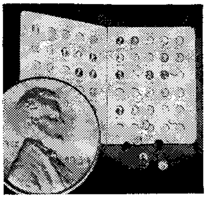
In 2 hours your home is completely rid of pests. Light Incense Cone, place in ashtray. Airborne chemical penetrates every corner, kills flies, ants, moths, gnats, roaches, spiders, bed bugs etc. Harmless to humans, pets, plants. No after odor. 17 cones $1.00 ppd. Money back guarantee. Mrs. Dorothy Damar, 34F Damar Building, Elizabeth, New Jersey.

REAL ADDING MACHINE ONLY $2.95

Only machine of its size & price that counts up to 999,999,999. Adds, subtracts, Mult., divides. Ideal for business, home students, tax work. Send name, address. Only $2.95 plus postage COD, if check or M.O., we pay pstg. Beau. leatherette case. 10-day money back guar. Agents wanted. Calculator Machine Co., Box 126, Dept. TK-57, Huntingdon Valley, Pa.

BABY
CALCULATOR

$16 PAID FOR 59 LINCOLN PENNIES



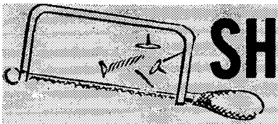
Send $1 for a Lincoln cent album (to hold your pennies). Fill the spaces with dates shown in album, return complete and receive $16 by return air mail plus $1 back for album (total $17). Save other sets worth hundreds of dollars! All information sent with 1st album. Send $1 to: Bybymail, Box 67, Dept. E-48, Oakland Gardens Sta., Flushing, N. Y.

IDEAL HANDBOOK FOR HOSTS

A giant 288 page volume with over 190 color illustrations. Three books in one: a cook book, a home bar guide, and an entertainment folio. All the tips and tricks you need to make you a perfect home host. Only $4.95, ppd. Send check or money order to: Handbook, Box 402, Radio City, New York 19, N. Y. Edited by Esquire, published by Grosset & Dunlap.

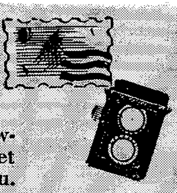
Esquire's
HANDBOOK
FOR HOSTS

(*Shopping Guide continued on next page*)



SHOPPING GUIDE

Classified



The special Shopping Guide below offers you a showcase of many unique products and services. Coronet hopes you will find items of interest and value to you.

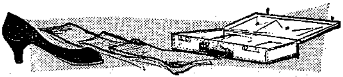
FOR GARDEN FANS

LAWN-TABLE, made of durable Swedish red granite, size 60" x 36" will last outdoors indefinitely—100 year written guarantee. Send for free folder and price. D. DeNigris Inc., 2270 Bruckner Blvd., Bronx, N.Y.C.

FOR THE WOMEN

TALL-GALS of all ages buy Direct Via Mail. Our 5th Ave. shoes as low as $9.95. Perfect fittings. Sizes to 13; AAAAA to C. Send today for new Free 28-page booklet ET. No risk to you with Money-back guarantee. Shoecraft, 603 Fifth Ave., New York 17.

MAKE Money Sewing at Home, part or full time. We instruct. No Selling. Free details: Jud-San, 518 E. 105th, Dept. F-24, Cleveland 8, Ohio.



EARN $50 Fast sewing our precut products during spare time. $3.00 per hour possible. Information 3¢. Thompson's, Loganville 26, Wisconsin.

$2.00 HOURLY possible doing light assembly work at home. Experience unnecessary. Write Sanco Manufacturing Company, 8507-A West 3rd Street, Los Angeles 48, California.

HAIR gone forever! With the famous Mahler Hair Removal Epilator, you can destroy unwanted hair permanently in the privacy of your own home. Absolute money-back guarantee. Send 5¢ for informative booklet "New Radiant Beauty" to Mahler's Inc., Dept. 327-G, Providence 15, R. I.

FUR-REMODELING. Send for Free Fur Style Booklet today. 50% savings. Direct by mail. Your old worn fur coat in glamorous new style cape or jacket for only $22.95. For this special price we clean, glaze, repair fur, resewing weak seams, lusterize to like-new sheen, remodel completely, add new lining, interlining and your monogram. Write, I. R. Fox, 146 W. 29th St., Dept. L-14, N. Y. 1, N. Y.

WIDE Shoes for women of all ages. Get guaranteed fit & comfort in all styles & heel heights, sizes 4 to 12, widths C to EEE from America's largest selection of custom shoes. $4.95 to $10.95 and worth much more! Write for free catalogue today. Syd Kushner, Dept. C, 733 South St., Phila. 47, Pa.

FOR THE FAMILY

SEAL your favorite photo, newspaper clipping, fishing lic., etc. in plastic. Size up to 3" x 4" 50 cents, 4" x 5", 75 cents, 5" x 6", 95 cents. Specify color or clear. No C.O.D. Rainbow Plastics, Box 526, Meadowview Station, North Bergen, N. J.

FOR THE CHILDREN

IF your child is a poor reader—See how The Sound Way to Easy Reading can help him to read and spell better in a few weeks. New home-tutoring course drills your child in phonics with records and cards. Easy to use. University tests and parents' reports show children gain up to full year's grade in reading skill in 6 weeks. Send postcard for free illustrated folder and low price. Bremner-Davis Phonics, Dept. K-16, Wilmette, Illinois.

FOR PHOTO FANS

COLOR-PROCESSING—High Quality—Fast Service and Low Prices. Kodacolor developing 85¢; prints 27c. Kodachrome: 35 mm processing, 20 exposures—$1.45; 36 exposures—$2.25. 8 mm movie rolls $1.25; 8 mm magazines—85c. Send for complete price list and free mailers. Photo-Mail, Box 216C, Madison Square Station, New York 10, N. Y.

SAVE Film $$$! Fresh 8mm, 16mm color or B&W film. Write for Free Catalog. Color Film Bargains: 8/8 mm-25' Spool—$2.79; 16mm-50' Spool—$7.99; 16mm-50' Magazine—$4.69. Free Processing Incl. Superior Bulk Film Co., 440-442 N. Wells, Chicago 10.

FROM Old Kentucky—Beautiful, Sparkling Jumbo Prints—B&W—8 Exposure Roll—40¢, 12 Exposure Roll—60¢, 35mm. 20 Exposure—$1.00. Color Processed at Popular Prices. Write for Mailers. Webb's Studio, Madisonville, Ky.

FREE roll of guaranteed fresh film, popular size, with your order to develop and print 8 B&W pictures at Special Price of 60¢ (12 exp., 80¢). Fast service, all work guaranteed. Write for Free Catalog to Snapshots Co., P. O. Box 979, Newark, N. J.

COLOR SLIDES

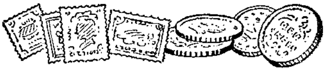
170,000 COLOR-SLIDES in stock covering the United States and 70 foreign countries. Fill in the scenes you missed on your trip. Send 9¢ for 88 page catalog to Capt. M. W. Arps, USN, ret., Box 1715, Washington 13, D. C.

FOR HOME MOVIE FANS

BEAUTIFUL fully titled Kodachrome movies of U. S. Nat'l Parks, Can., Alaska, Fla., Hawaii, historic shrines, weird underground caverns. 8mm. or 16mm. descriptive 150 subject catalog free. World in Color Productions, P. O. Box 392-C, Elmira, N. Y.

FOR STAMP COLLECTORS

115 UNUSUAL Stamps from all 5 continents including Airmails, Dead Countries, Pictorials, etc., value over $2.00, all for 10¢ to introduce our superb service of U. S. and Foreign Approvals to collectors. Globus Stamp, New York 10, N. Y. Dept. 14.



CANADA-Newfoundland collection including early issues, commemoratives, pictorials and high values. Plus set of fascinating triangle stamps. Plus set of unused British Colonies. Plus large stamp book. All four offers free. Send 10¢ to cover postage. Empire Stamp Corp., Dept. CO, Toronto, Canada.

FOR COIN COLLECTORS

WE offer Scarce Lincoln Cents 1909vdb, 13d, 15d, 16d, 16s, 17d, 17s, 18d, 18s, 19d, 19s, 20d, 20s, 25d, 25s, 26d, 27d, 27s, 28d, 28s, 29s, 30s, 32d—10¢ each. Special 12 diff. Indian Head Cents $1.00. Reynolds Coin Shop, 209 E. Kearsley St., Flint 2, Mich.

FOR AUTHORS & PUBLISHERS

MANUSCRIPTS Invited for books. We have made and published books on the co-operative plan for more than 30 years; circular free. A world-wide publishing service is offered. Meador Publishing Co., 324 Newbury St., Boston, Massachusetts.

LOOKING for a Book Publisher? America's largest co-operative firm offers a tested plan for getting your work published, promoted, distributed. Many successes, one a best seller. Write for booklet 52—it's free. Vantage Press, 120 West 31st Street, New York 17, N. Y.

BOOK Manuscripts Considered by cooperative publisher who offers authors early publication, higher royalty and national distribution. All subjects welcomed. Submit MS to Greenwich Book Publishers, Inc., Atten. Mr. North, 489 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 17, N.Y.

AUTHORS! We can help you gain recognition. We will publish your manuscript—edit, design, promote, advertise and sell it. Low subsidies, good royalties. Send for free booklet. Comet Press Books, Dept. CO6, 200 Varick Street, New York City 14, N. Y.

FOR HEALTH & HYGIENE

UNHAPPY because of pimples, oily skin, blackheads? Improve the appearance of your skin by simple home treatment with Sixteen Lotion. Quick and effective—money back guarantee. Send $1.25 for your bottle. Postpaid. Sixteen Laboratories, Darling 6, Pa.

"HEARING Loss, How To Keep From Getting Worse"—a free booklet offered by Maico, with tips on how to get the most out of your present hearing. Sent in plain envelope. Write Room 116P, Maico Co., 21 No. 3rd St., Minneapolis, Minnesota.

FOR HOMESITE BUYERS

TEXAS Resort-Site, at Falcon Lake, adjoining city. Excellent fishing! Full price, $149.50. Payments $7.50 per month. Utilities, including City Water. Ideal vacation or retirement. Write for Free Photos. John Matlock, Box 7487, Fort Worth, Texas.

FOR INVENTORS

PATENT Searches, including copies of nearest patents, $6.00. Reports airmailed within 48 hours. More than 100 registered patent attorneys use my service. Free invention protection forms. Miss Ann Hastings, P. O. Box 176-A, Washington 4, D. C.

FOR SPORTS & OUTDOOR FANS

CRAPPIE—want 'em? The Mini-Ghost will get 'em! Positively guar. to catch Crappie or money refunded. It will produce when live bait won't! Order Mini-Ghost flyrod lure from Flycasters Guild, Box 1384-N, Springfield, Ill. 2 for $1. Dealers Inquire. $4—Doz.

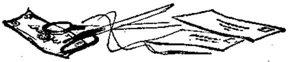
FOR CONTEST FANS

WIN contest money. Every issue of the General Contest Bulletin has helped others win; gives hundreds of tips. Lists current contests and rules. Sample copy of magazine 25¢. General Contest Bulletin, 1609 East 5th, Dept. 400, Duluth, Minnesota.

FREE copy of "Prize Ideas" the publication that has launched many successful winners. Packed with prize winning aids, entries that have won, news of current contests. All-American School, Dept. CO, 1429 Spruce St., Philadelphia 2, Pennsylvania.

SPARE TIME OPPORTUNITIES

MEN—Women! Start Money-Making Plastic Laminating Business at home in spare time. Material that costs 11¢ brings back $2.58. No canvassing or selling but mail orders bring in $20 a day. Write for full particulars Free. Rush name on postcard to Warner, Room 2-H, 1512 Jarvis, Chicago 26, Illinois.



EARN $240.00 A Month at home, spare time doing only Two $5.00 Invisible Mending jobs a day. Big money paid for service that makes cuts, tears, disappear from fabrics. Steady demand. Details free. Fabricon, 8324 S. Prairie, Chicago 19, Illinois.

START Big Pay Business At Home in spare time. No experience needed to operate little table-top machine for bronzing baby shoes. Make $5.46 profit on every pair. Full particulars Free. Send postcard to Mason, 1512 Jarvis, Room 2-H, Chicago 26, Ill.

Will you wear new suits and topcoats without one penny cost and agree to show them to friends? You can make up to $30.00 in a day even in spare time, without canvassing. Pioneer Tailoring Co., Congress & Throop Sts., Dept. J-1234, Chicago 7, Illinois.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

EARN Extra Money selling Advertising Book Matches. Every business a prospect. Start without experience; men, women. Free sample kit furnished. Match Corp. of America, Dept. GM-19, Chicago 32, Illinois.

WANT To Make Big Money At Home? $10 profit in an hour possible with Invisible Reweaving. Make tears, holes disappear from clothing, fabrics. Steady demand from cleaners, homes. Details Free. Fabricon, 8322 S. Prairie, Chicago 19, Illinois.

MEN And Women Wanted to start home business in spare time with little table-top rubber stamp machine. Easy to earn up to $9.80 an hour without previous experience. Full particulars Free by mail. Send postcard to Roberts, 1512 Jarvis, Room 2-H, Chicago 26, Illinois.

(*Continued on next page*)

To Advertisers interested in placing ads in the Coronet Family Shopper—See bottom of page 185

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES (cont'd)

MAKE Extra Money—Cash commissions. Full or part time. Everybody buys easy-selling Advertising Book Matches. Union label. All styles. No experience necessary. Powerhouse selling kit Free. Superior Match, Dept. N-657, 7530 Greenwood, Chicago 19, Ill.

IF you're interested in making money in selling, see the hundreds of exceptional opportunities in Salesman's Opportunity Magazine. Send name for your copy, absolutely free. Tell us what you're selling now. Opportunity, 848 N. Dearborn, Dept. 49, Chicago 10, Illinois.

$1,000.00 A month possible for making dramatic 3-second demonstration of amazing lightweight Presto Fire Extinguisher. New chemical used by Airforce snuffs out fires instantly. Only $4.95. Terrific commissions. Millions want it. Free kit. Merlite, 114 E. 32nd St., Dept. X-52X, New York 16, N. Y.

BARGAIN Catalog! 30-80% Discount! Appliances, Gifts, Typewriters, Tools, Watches, Sporting Goods, Jewelry, Cameras, Housewares, etc. Consolidated Distributors, Clifton 18, New Jersey.

Raise $50 to $500 or more—quickly with big value Christmas, Everyday greeting card assortments, Gift Wrappings, Gifts, Costume Jewelry, Stationery, Imprinted Christmas Cards. Big profits. Bonus. Write for Samples on approval, Free Gift Offer, details. Hedenkamp, 361 Broadway, Dept. C-7, New York.

LEARN how to Make Money at Home Addressing Envelopes for Advertisers. Use Typewriter or Plain Handwriting. Good Pay, Full or Spare Time, If You Know How. Mail $1 for Instruction Manual. Sterling, Dept. 11, Corona 68, N. Y. Money Back Guarantee.

EXCLUSIVE Distributorship available in most areas for world-famous Cadmium Battery guaranteed to outlast your car. Tremendous profit opportunity. Investment for merchandise only. Free Franchise. Cadmium Battery Corp., Dept. 106, El Segundo, Calif.

60% PROFIT Possible on Cosmetics—Why make less? Famous nationally advertised Studio Girl Hollywood Cosmetics pay up to 60%! Make up to $25 a day and more! Hire others. Write or wire for free samples, details. Studio Girl, Glendale, California, Dept. 1876E.

SELL Knapp "Aerotred" Shoes. Nationally Advertised by America's Largest, Most Progressive Direct-Selling Shoe Company. The Knapp Franchise offers Big Daily Commissions plus Monthly Cash Bonus, plus Liberal Insurance Protection under the Knapp Security Benefit Plan. Complete Selling Equipment furnished Free. Write; Knapp Bros. Shoe Mfg. Corp., Dept. 65-B, Brockton, Mass.

FUND RAISING

CLUBS and Church Groups, earn $100 to $500 cash plus 24 handsome sturdy card tables. No deposit. No risk. In 17 years have satisfied over 3,000 plan users. Write for details, F. W. Mathers, Advertising Card Tables, Dept. C.T., Mt. Ephraim, N. J.

MISCELLANEOUS—PERSONAL

HIGHEST Cash Paid for Old Gold or Broken Jewelry, Gold Teeth, Watches, Rings, Diamonds, Silverware, Spectacles, Platinum, Mercury, Gold Coins. Write for Free Information. Satisfaction Guaranteed. Rose Refiners, 29-CB East Madison St., Chicago 2, Ill.

PEACE of mind? You can find it in the Catholic Religion! Write for our free correspondence course, explaining the teachings of the Church. No obligation. Paulist Fathers Information Center, Dept. C, 2 Columbus Ave., New York 23, New York.

SCHOOL and COLLEGE DIRECTORY

BOYS' PREPARATORY SCHOOLS

TILTON School. Thorough college preparation. Grades 7-12. Builds character, leadership. Small classes, understanding masters. New gym. Sports for all. Est. 1845. Early app. advised. Catalog. J. Rolland Crompton, D.D., Hdm., Box A, Tilton, N. H.

FORK UNION Military Academy—Our one subject plan in Upper School (grades 9-12) increased honor roll 50%. Accredited. ROTC highest rating. Sep. Jr. School, grades 4-8. 60th year. Catalog. Dr. J. C. Wicker, Box 996, Fork Union, Va.

JUNIOR Military Academy—Boys 4-14. Kindergarten—8th grade. Family life, affectionate care. Enter any time. 12 month enrollment, Camp Whooppee. Moderate rate. 38th yr. Catalog. Maj. R. De Berry, Box K, Bloomington Springs, Tenn.

KEMPER Military School—Rounded educational, military, recreational program. Accredited. Small classes, 8th grade, H.S. and Jr. College. Approved ROTC. All sports, horsemanship, 113th yr. Dir. of Adm., 1567 Third St., Boonville, Mo.

WENTWORTH Military Academy — Thousands of business, professional leaders started here. 4-yr. H.S.; 2-yr. College Accredited. Sr. ROTC. CAA flying. Sports. Summer school & Camp. 78th yr. Catalog. Col. Sellers, 467 Wash. Pl., Lexington, Mo.

COLLEGES AND JUNIOR COLLEGES

VERMONT Junior College — Women. 123rd yr. Accredited. Assoc. degrees. 2-yr. liberal arts, home ec., journalism, art, nursery teaching, sec'l, med. sec'l, med. tech., pre-professional, gen'l courses. Catalog. R. K. Noble, Pres., Montpelier, Vermont.

SECRETARIAL SCHOOLS

SHORTHAND in 6 Weeks. Age no obstacle. Lowest cost. Famous Speedwriting shorthand. No symbols, no machines, uses ABC's. Easiest to learn and use. Fast preparation for a better position. Nationally used in leading offices and Civil Service. 120 words per minute—50% faster than Civil Service requirements. Over 350,000 taught at home or through classroom instruction. The very low cost will surprise you. Typing available. 34th Year. Schools in over 400 cities in U. S., Canada, Cuba and Hawaii. Write today for free booklet which gives full details —and free sample lesson that will show you how easily and quickly you can learn Speedwriting shorthand. School of Speedwriting, Dept. 4906-7, 55 West 42nd St., New York 36, N. Y.

SCHOOL and COLLEGE DIRECTORY

Coronet lists the following schools and colleges for those readers interested in verified educational opportunities. For additional information write directly to the schools mentioning Coronet as the source of your interest.

HOME INSTRUCTION

BE A Real Estate Broker. Insure Security for yourself and your family. Study at home. Prepare for state examination. GI Approved. Write for Free Book Today. Weaver School of Real Estate, 2016J Grand, Kansas City, Missouri.

CALVERT School—Educate your child at home. Kindergarten—9th grade. Accredited. Easy-to-follow teaching manual; lessons, books, supplies. Guidance by Calvert teachers. Start any time. 51st yr. Catalog. 690 W. Tuscany Rd., Baltimore, Maryland.

ENGLISH Course for Adults—With my new self-correcting method you can stop making mistakes—speak & write effectively. 15 minutes a day at home. Free 32 p. booklet. D. O. Bolander, Career Institute, Dept. 296, 25 E. Jackson, Chicago 4, Illinois.

WHY Don't You Write? Writing short stories, articles on business, homemaking, hobbies, sports, travel, local, club and church activities, etc., will enable you to earn extra money. In your own home, on your own time, the New York Copy Desk Method teaches you how to write the way newspaper men and women learn—by writing. Our "Writing Aptitude Test" tells whether you possess the fundamental qualities essential to successful writing. You'll enjoy this test. Write for it, without cost or obligation. Newspaper Institute of America, Suite 5497-H, One Park Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

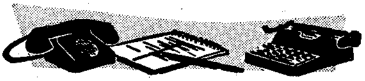
INTERIOR Decoration: Approved supervised home study training. Fine starting point for career. No classes. Text and work kit furnished. Diploma awarded. Low tuition and payment. Send for free booklet. Chicago School of Interior Decoration, 835 Diversey Pkwy., Dept. 141A, Chicago 14, Ill.

SPEAK Correct English. New Speechphone Method teaches you good pronunciation and diction. Learn quickly, easily at home. Widely used by professional people, etc. Write for Free Booklet. Speechphone Division—Linguaphone Inst., Box 425-D, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y.

WANTED: More new writers for TV-radio, magazines, business and social publications. Learn *at home for extra income or exciting full time career.* Many students earn while learning. Professional instruction. Send for free book of opportunities and free typical lesson. Send now before you forget. Palmer Institute of Authorship, Desk CM-67, 1680 N. Sycamore, Hollywood 28, California.

GIVE The Gift of Language to family, friends. A Linguaphone Set makes languages easy. At home, master French—34 languages by Linguaphone's Conversational Method. Free Book, Details of Free Trial. Linguaphone Inst., TC-067 Radio City, N. Y. 20.

FINISH High School at home—no classes. Standard text furnished; credit for previous schooling; diploma awarded. If you've completed 8th grade and are over 17, write for free catalog. Wayne School, Dept. HGX-7, 2527 Sheffield, Chicago 14, Ill.



EARN more money—astound your boss, customers, friends with a better memory. Amazing new method of memory training now available by mail. Case histories prove any average person, regardless of age or education, can achieve tremendous memory improvement, greater self-confidence the easy Dr. Bruno Furst way. Featured in leading national magazines. *Cost is small, benefits huge. Write today for free* details to: Dr. Bruno Furst Course in Memory & Concentration, Dept. 4-B, 365 West End Ave., N.Y. 24.

COMPLETE your high school at home in spare time with 60-year-old school. Texts furnished. No classes. Go as rapidly as your time and abilities permit. Booklet free. Write American School, Dept. XA17, Drexel at 58th, Chicago 37, Illinois.

PROFESSIONAL & VOCATIONAL

CAN I At My Age Become A Hotel Hostess or Executive Even Though I Have Had No Previous Hotel Experience? Would you like to step into a well-paid position as Hotel or Club Manager, Purchasing Agent, Social Director or Assistant Manager, etc.? The success of Lewis graduates from 20 to 50 proves you can. Harry Barnes writes: "After Lewis Training, I became Assistant Steward in a fine hotel." Our Free Book explains how you qualify for a well-paid position at home or through resident classes in Washington; how you are registered Free in Lewis National Placement Service. Write today. Course Approved for All Veteran and War Orphan Training. Lewis Hotel Training School, Desk CH-1124, Washington 7, D. C.

INDIANA Technical College—B.S. degree in 27 mo. Engineering, Aero., Chem., Civil, Elec., Mech. & Electronics (inc. Radio & TV.) B.S. in 36 mo. (Math., Chem., Physics.) Prep courses. Enter June, Sept., Dec., March. 9567 E. Wash. Blvd., Ft. Wayne 2, Ind.

TO MAIL ORDER ADVERTISERS: Through the Coronet Family Shopper you can expose your products and services each month to more than 10,500,000 discriminating and budget-wise Coronet readers. For full information on insertions in any of the three Family Shopper divisions: (1) Display Section, (2) Shopping Guide—Classified, or (3) School and College Directory, write, indicating the division in which you are interested, to: Coronet Family Shopper, 488 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y. (Future closing dates: June 20 for September issue: July 20 for October issue.)

they called it justice

by Will Bernard

In India, some years ago, four Hindu businessmen invested equally in a quantity of baled cotton. Worried about rats in the warehouse where it was stored, they bought a cat, agreeing that each of them should own a leg of the animal.

One day the cat injured her left hind leg and the leg's owner bound it up with an oil-soaked bandage. Soon afterward, the cat hobbled too close to the fireplace that heated the warehouse—and the bandage caught fire.

In panic, the cat scrambled away among the bales, and cotton, cat and warehouse were destroyed.

The other three owners, enraged, sued their erstwhile partner for damages, claiming that he and he alone was to blame because: "It was his leg of the cat that set fire to the cotton."

The judge listened to their arguments, then reasoned: While the cat was at the fireplace, the blazing bandage was no menace to the cotton. It became a menace only when it was carried to the cotton. And the cat's three good legs did all the carrying, since she couldn't use her fourth leg. Therefore, the owner of the fourth leg was the only one who bore no responsibility.

Judicial reasoning can be a wondrous thing. Take the case of the man brought before an Illinois magistrate charged with theft.

"Your Honor," said the alleged thief, "you can't convict me. I'm crazy.

"Ten years ago," he went on to explain, "I married a woman with the disposition of a wounded bobcat. She would start her yammering at the breakfast table, and never let up until she went to sleep at night. I had to get a divorce. So, did I stay single? Not me. I up and married again. And this wife . . . well, she made the first look like an angel by comparison.

"But Number Two was sweetness personified, next to Number Three. Number Four and Number Five hit new lows. And Number Six, the one I'm married to now, has the temper of the first five all rolled up together.

"Your Honor," he concluded sadly, "no sane man would make that many mistakes. I *must* be crazy."

The judge charged the jury to bring in a verdict of not guilty by reason of "matrimonial insanity."

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